

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

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EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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PART THE FIRST

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.



PART THE FIRST.

THE DAYS OF PROSPERITY.

CHAP. I.

THE LABOURER'S RETURN.

THE much-abused climate of England has its advantages both in point of the picturesque and the agreeable. Not only have we an infinite variety, which in itself is one of the great sources of pleasure, but we have beauties which no other land possesses. I have stood under the deep blue sky of Italy, longing more for a cloud than ever I did for sunshine, when, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, went by, without a film of vapour as big as a man's hand coming to relieve the monotony, or cast a flitting shadow on the earth. I have stood beneath the burning suns of Spain, and longed for a refreshing shower, or even a softening mist, while through the whole of a long summer not a drop has fallen to moisten the stones in the dry watercourses, or wet the crisp leaves of the cork tree. The cloud and the shower have all the time been giving beautiful variety to the English summer, and our own fair land has been alternately in shadow and in light, glittering with drops, or sparkling in the beams.

There may be a blaze of glory and a fiery power in southern countries which our island never knows; but where is the silvery light which so often at morning or at evening steals through the prospect, casting its gentle gleam upon the waters, the woods, and fields, like the blessed influence of a calm and gentle spirit upon all that it approaches.

One of the peculiar advantages of more northern lands is the long twilight which follows the close of day. There is certainly something grand and fine, in hotter climates, in the sudden plunge of the sun beneath the horizon, and the instantaneous darkness that succeeds, but it little compensates for the calm half hour of waning light, when the star of day seems to withdraw his beams as with regret, and to leave a blessing when he bids good night.

The sun had just sunk—indeed, I cannot be sure that he was absolutely below the horizon, for there were lines of black-blue cloud drawn across the verge of the sky, and the lines were edged with gold. Above

was a wide sheet of heavy cloud, low down and flat, like a ceiling of black marble, beneath, and confined by which, the whole rays poured on in horizontal lines, catching the edges of mountain and fell, and wood and moor, and casting long shadows from a solitary fir-tree and the finger-post with its long bare arms. That finger-post pointed, in one direction, to a small town in Cumberland, which I shall call Brownsaid, and in the other, to a village, which probably would not have had the honour of being pointed out at all, had not several gentlemen of the fore-mentioned town thought fit to build themselves country-houses in its neighbourhood. The attraction was a little lake, much less in dimensions indeed than Windermere, but hardly less beautiful in the scenery which surrounded it. No indication of such scenery being in the vicinity was afforded from the spot where the finger-post was placed. It was a dull wide moor, covered with withered heath, and here and there patches of broom and gorse. On one hand you saw down a wide, broken slope, presenting nothing but irregular undulations for several miles, except a pit or a little pond, till, in the extreme distance, blue lines of wood and field were seen, not at all unlike those of the sky on which they rested, only broken by the spire of a church, and what seemed an old solitary tower. On the other hand the moor continued to rise, showing a high bank, which cut off the view of every thing beyond. It was a desolate scene and chill; heavy and hard, but not without its sublimity—from the extent, and the solitude, and the depth of the tones. Let the reader remark it, for we may have to do with it hereafter. At present, it is only necessary to say that just when the sun was setting, if not quite set, as I have said, two labouring men walked along the road, under the finger-post, taking a direction from the town and towards the village. It must be remembered that these two points were some nine miles apart, and that the finger-post stood about half-way.

Clothed in the common dress of the country, with smock-frocks upon their shoulders, and coarse leathern gaiters upon their legs, the aspect of the two labourers showed nothing more than that they were both stout fellows of about the middle age. One might be forty, the other forty-two or three. They were both tall, as most Cumberland men are, but one had an inch or so the advantage of the other. Their pace was slow, as if they were somewhat weary, and their gait was heavy and awkward, such as is gained by walking over ploughed fields at the tail of a plough or harrow; yet they were neither of them stupid, nor altogether ignorant men.

It has long been a common mistake, and even since the mistake must have been clearly perceived and corrected in the minds of most men, it has become a common party falsehood to draw comparisons disadvantageous to the agricultural classes, between them and the manufacturing class. Those whom it is intended to oppress, it is generally found necessary to calumniate, and the most popular means of promulgating a dangerous error, is to ridicule all those who oppose it. Such has been the case with the agricultural labourer and small farmer. In point of plain common sense, and natural strength of intellect, they are generally very far superior to parallel classes in the manufacturing districts. It is true they are practical more than theoretical in all their proceedings; that they are less quick, less ready, perhaps both in mind and body, than the artisan or shopkeeper of a town, but, at the same time, their notions

are sounder, firmer, more precise, as their bodies are more vigorous, healthy, and enduring; and no class of men have I ever met with more capable of arriving at a just opinion upon a plain proposition, than those classes which have been called stupid, ignorant, and prejudiced. Learning, perhaps, they do not possess. Scattered thinly over a wide tract of country, instead of gathered into the close communion of towns, they have few opportunities of expressing their sentiments as a body, or of uniting for one common object; but in those cottages, and there are many of them, where such excellent cheap publications as those of Chambers' and Knight have penetrated, I have heard reasonings on the subjects submitted, which, though the language might be rude, would not have disgraced, in point of intellect, any society in the world. I am convinced that if plain common sense be, as I believe it, the most excellent quality of the mind, that quality is to be found more frequently than anywhere else in the yeoman and peasant class of England.

As the two yeomen plodded on towards the home of rest, they were evidently busy with some subject that interested them deeply. More than once they stopped, turned round towards each other, and spoke earnestly with more gesticulation, at least on one part than is common among the phlegmatic nations of the North.

Let us listen awhile to their conversation, for it may have its interest.

"Fore half of them are paid for," said the shortest of the two men, "they will have to pull them down, and then all the money is wasted."

"Money enough to feed half of the poor of the country if it were well managed," said the other, jogging on by his companion's side; "but it is all a job, Ben. They wanted to put out the old rogues and put in new ones, and so they made places for them. The gentlemen pretended when they got up this new law, that the poor's-rates were eating up all the property of the country. That was a lie, Ben, in the first place; but even if it were true, I wonder whose fault that was if not the magistrates that suffered it?"

"Part theirs, part other folks," answered the man called Ben; "but it was a queer way to begin their saving to pull down, or sell for an old song, or leave to rot by themselves, all the old houses, and build new ones upon the plan of costing as much as possible. Why I calculate that our own union-house will cost as much as a quarter of the poor's-rates of all the parishes in the union for twenty years to come. They must pinch very close to save that, and something more into the bargain."

"I don't understand what you mean, Ben," said the other man, "about it's being only part the magistrates' fault; I think it was their fault altogether. Why, when I lived over at Brownswick, I saw how the overseers and fellows used to go on. They had eleven parish dinners, as they called them, at the Sun, in the year, and each man of them was allowed a half-a-guinea for his dinner, and there were all kinds of other perquisites. Besides that, they were for ever making jobs for each other. There was Mr. Weston, the hatter, found out that the court-yard wanted paving, though it had only been paved twelve months before, and Mr. Greensides, another of the board, had the paving of it; but then as a match for that, Mr. Greensides found out that it would be much better for all the parish boys to have hats instead of caps, and Mr. Weston had

the supplying of them. It was so well known a thing, that all the contracts for the workhouse went amongst themselves, that no one, unless he was one of the board, ever offered at all; so they got just what price they liked. Now what were the magistrates and gentlemen about not to stop such things? It was a very good law, Ben, if it had been rightly worked, but those who were put to look after it either cheated themselves or let others cheat, and then cried out that the rates were eating up all the rents. I tell you what, Ben, I have often thought that old poor-law was a very safe thing in times of famine or want of work. Men won't stand and see their children starve. If people don't give them food, they will take it, and once they begin taking, will take something more. I recollect hearing a lecturer man say, that the first duty of the soil was the support of every one upon it, and then I thought it was a very lucky thing that there was a law for making it do that duty in a regular sort of way, rather than let those who wanted support take it where they could find it."

"They would tell you that the same is the case now," answered Ben, "though it is not, Jacob, for it was a very different case when a man who could get a little work, and was willing to do as much as he could get, went to the parish for a few shillings to eke it out. He could then always go on and look out for more to do. He had something to hold fast by, but now if he can get only five shillings a week, and his family cannot be kept upon less than ten, he must either see some of them starve; or give up his cottage, sell his goods, put himself out of the way of all work, and go as a pauper to the Union, where he is to be separated from his wife and children, and fed and treated worse than one of the prisoners in the gaol. Then when he comes out, he comes out as a pauper, and finds it ten times more difficult to get work than before, let his character be ever so good. A thousand to one he is a ruined man for ever, and has no spirit left but to hate those who have been ill-treating him. Many a man who has no religion, thinks he may just as well pilfer a bit, and take his chance of getting into gaol, where he is sure to be better treated than in the Union; and all that might be saved by giving a few shillings a week where it is really wanted. Besides, you see, Jacob, it was a great check upon masters, the only check, indeed, we had. One farmer did not like another giving too little wages, because his men were sure to get the rest from the parish, and then the rates rose—but that brings me to what you asked; I say it was partly our own fault, Ben, that all these things have been changed in such a way—not mine, because I never had a sixpence of the parish in my life—but every blackguard used to go and cheat the magistrates through thick and thin. I recollect Jemmy Anderson, when he was getting sixteen or seventeen shillings a week as a carter's shoemaker, going out and getting ten shillings from one parish, and eight from another every week of his life."

"From two parishes?" cried Jacob.

"Ay, he managed it," answered his companion, "by a little hard swearing, and there was many a one like him. Our officers found him out, and refused to give him any more, but the impudent varment went up before the magistrates and took his oath, and the magistrate made an order upon the parish. So he had it all his own way."

"And was not that the magistrates' fault, Ben?" asked his friend;

"the law did not force them to do any thing of the kind unless they liked it."

"I don't know," answered the other, "I never saw the law, Jacob; but I do believe that very good laws are turned into very bad ones by the way that magistrates and other people go on, one changing a little of the meaning and another changing a little, till it is not the same thing at all. But one thing is certain, that there were many folks amongst ourselves who were in the wrong, though the magistrates were in the wrong too. Still there was no need of doing away a good law because foolish people had not used it right, and bad people had abused it; or, if they did change it, they might have made it better, not worse; less heavy upon the rich, but not throw all the weight upon the poor. They'll have to change it again, depend upon it, or else not act up to it, which is worse; for the people won't bear it much longer."

"They'll not change it unless they are driven," answered Jacob; "one of their objects is to lower wages, Ben, all over England, whether here or in the factories, and the new law is their greatest help; for, don't you see, we have no chance. We must take just what they will give, or starve, or rob, or go to worse than a prison."

"I'd rather starve in my own cottage than go to a Union," said Ben, "if it were not for the children. I could not bear to hear them cry for bread. However, I do not know that it is one of their objects to bring our labour down, though they've certainly taken a good way to do so, Jacob; and it is such laws as these that makes poor men wish they had some hand in making the laws; for they find none made by others for their good. Some of the gentlemen wish to do it, I do believe, but they do not know how; and the end is, they put the sheep into the paws of the wolf, and tell the wolf to take good care of them; and then they call that political economy. It is the same in factory places. The master can do just what he likes, and the workman has no hold upon him. Work as hard as he will, he is cheated one way or another of half his earnings; if he grumbles, he is turned out to starve; if he goes to the poor-house, he is worse than a galley-slave, as they call it, and if he goes to a new factory to seek other work, he will not get it if he has been turned off for grumbling at the last: for the masters are allowed to combine, as people say, against their workmen, though not the workmen against their masters. I heard it all from poor Will Simpson, when he came back, after having worked himself into a decline, to die amongst his own people."

"It is very hard!" said Jacob, "but these Parliament men never will reckon all the power that money gives to a man; and they do not consider either what a greed a man who is making a great deal has to make more, though he drains men's blood to do it. If they did but think of those two points, they would never put the labourer entirely at the mercy of his employer, or have the employer and employer's friends and cronies to take care of the laws that are made for the good of the labourer. We take these things quietly, Ben, because our master is one out of a hundred; but I can tell you that all the farmers about are already lowering their wages, and I heard Old Stumps grumbling at Mr. Graham for not lowering his."

"Master wont do that, unless corn comes down a good deal," said the other; "he knows what the value of a man's work is, and does not think how low he can get him to labour, but how much he can afford to give."

I think, Jacob, however, we had better be jogging on a little faster, or we shall get in wet."

"The blink of light is shutting up very fast," answered the other man, "and the wind is coming sobbing over the moor like a naughty child: signs of rain, sure enough; and there will be a gale too: don't you see how the dust is swirling round and round?"

As he spoke, they somewhat quickened their pace, and walked on for a mile without quitting the road that crossed the moor. By the time that mile was passed over, however, the clear space at the edge of the sky was covered with black cloud, and though the arch of the vapoury canopy above was still tinged with a faint shade of purple, all looked lurid and heavy, and twilight was waning fast.

At length, upon the edge of the moor—and, indeed, stolen from it about fifty years before—was a track of woodland, through which the rushing wind was heard rising higher and higher every moment, while a few large drops of rain fell pattering amongst the crisp yellow leaves that strewed the ground beneath.

"Hark!" cried the man named Ben, as they were following the path into the wood; "there is some one hallooing down below there."

"It is that devil's imp, Tommy Hicks," said the other; "I know his shout well enough. He is worse than a will-o'-the-wisp of nights, and I'll break his bones for him some day."

"Nonsense, Jacob, nonsense!" said the other; "he is but an idiot, man, and you would not go to hit a thing that's got no sense."

"He has sense enough to do a deal of mischief," answered Jacob; "and he never loses time when any is to be done. A licking would do him a vast deal of good. Why, he nearly strangled Mrs. Gibbs's boy t'other day, because he would not let him take away his mother's turnips."

"He is a spiteful chap," answered Ben; "and I don't let him come near our place for fear of his doing mischief to some of the children; but I don't hit him for all that. I wonder what he is hooting and hallooing at that way."

"Just because he sees us walking along, and wishes to lead us into a pond or a moss," said the other; "but the rain is coming fast, and we shan't get home very dry, do what we will."

Concluding that it was as his companion said, and that the shout proceeded from an idiot well known in the country, the other man pursued the path through the wood, merely saying,

"I wonder they don't shut up Tommy Hicks in one of their Unions, or such sort of places; there is many a man a great deal wiser than he is put into a madhouse for life."

The belt of wood was soon passed, and about a quarter of a mile more of moor succeeded, and then some patches of cultivated ground, amidst which were scattered eight or nine cottages of a very superior description to those usually met with in that part of the country. They were, in fact, all the property of one proprietor, a liberal and kind-hearted man, who took the repairs upon himself, and saw that they were always done in time and to perfection. No broken thatch, no unstopped wall, no door half off the hinges was there; but with a great deal for comfort, and a little for taste, each labourer of Mr. Graham possessed a home; certainly not superior to that which every industrious man through the

Margaret Graham.

land ought to be able to command, but very much superior to the hovels in which the peasantry of England are often to be found. Neither were they huddled close together; each house possessed its own little garden and bit of potato ground, and was, moreover, separated, from its neighbour, in most cases, by a small field or two inclosed by hedge rows—rather rare in that part of the country. Connecting them all together, however, were several paths, well covered with gray sand, and one principal road, though it seemed to be a private one, adorned from place to place by finger-posts directing the traveller towards Allerdale House. Where this road crossed the highway from the town, the two labourers separated, the one turning to the right, the other to the left, each in search of his own cottage. It was by this time as dark as pitch, with the rain falling, in heavy, but scattered drops, and the wind dashing it against every opposing object: a sort of night when the sight of a man's own door is very pleasant to him. It was so to Ben Halliday, and he laid his hand upon the latch, with the certainty of comfort and repayment for all the day's labour in the smiles of a happy home.

We must take one glance at the interior of his dwelling before we leave him, as we may hereafter have to return to it when a few short months have passed. As soon as he opened the door, a cheerful blaze presented itself from a large grate, well filled with fire, for it was a country where coal was cheap, and the inferior kinds might be had almost for taking. A good-sized pot hung above, heaving and sputtering with the broth for the evening meal, and Ben's wife, a country-woman of about four or five-and-thirty, who had once been an exceedingly pretty girl, and retained abundant traces of former beauty, was peeping into the black vessel to see that all was going on right within.

Ben and his wife had married early, and three children, of many, were still left to them: a stout, well-grown boy of about fifteen, known in history as young Ben; another boy of about eight, usually called little Charley, a rosy, curly-headed, cheerful urchin, full of fun and mischief; and a girl of about thirteen, very like her mother, who was knitting blue-worsted stockings for her father at the moment he entered, while her elder brother was cutting out the soles for wooden shoes, and the urchin was teasing the familiar cat till pussy put out her claws and took to the defensive. Round about were shelves, upholding various kinds of wares, well garnished in most instances, especially with neat, white plates and dishes, and manifold wooden bowls and spoons. Every one started up, or turned round, to welcome home the father of the family. The girl laid down her knitting, the son put away his work, the wife gave him a kiss of welcome, and the urchin pulled his smock-frock, and said, "You are wet, daddy." But we must not pause any further upon the cottager's welcome home, for we have other matter on hand, to which it is necessary now to turn.

CHAP. II.

THE IDIOT AND THE TOURIST.

"HALLOO, halloo, halloo!" cried a voice about half a mile down in the moor, just as the two labourers were entering the little wood, "here

here! you are going wrong, straight on, straight on!—halloo! hoy; halloo!”

These words were not addressed to the two men on the road, though the tone was loud enough and the voice was strong enough to be heard half over the moor. The figure from which this voice proceeded was not one which the eye could pass over without remark. It was that of a man perhaps of eight or nine-and-twenty years of age; but although plenty of time had been allowed him to grow, if he had been so disposed, yet he had never reached the altitude of five feet and an inch, and would have looked like a boy had not a head prematurely grey and a great width of frame shown that he had at least attained the period of manhood. In point of width, indeed, it seemed as if Nature, having curtailed him of his fair proportion in height, had endeavoured to make compensation, like a bad architect, by running out the building to an enormous extent on either side. His limbs, too, were all powerful though somewhat short, and the face was broad like the person, with coarse, bad features, perhaps not altogether without expression, though generally vacant, and when lighted up by a ray of intellect showing naught that was good or pleasing. The eyes themselves, small, grey, keen, and uncertain, rendered the look always sinister. One of them must have squinted violently, but which of them it was could not easily be discovered for it was alternately the right eye and the left that was nearest to the round and turned up nose. He was dressed, according to the old phraseology, in hodden grey, with a pair of strong but light lacing boots upon his feet, which were small in proportion to his body, and of which he was wonderfully vain. On his head was a knitted cap very much like those worn, or rather carried, I should say, by the boys of the Blue Coat School, and in front of this cap was stuck on all occasions a twig of heath, fresh when it was in blossom, withered when the season was passed. Such was Tommy Hicks, the idiot of Brownswick, as he was usually called, and as far as want of intellect to guide him aright was concerned, the appellation was correct. It is curious, however, to remark how Nature distinctly defines the difference between cunning and sense in such unfortunate beings as him of whom I speak. Very few of the wisest men in Brownswick could match Tommy Hicks in cunning; and it not unfrequently happened that when brought before the magistrates for some of his offences, he would pose the whole bench by his wild but shrewd replies. His mother had left a small property at her death to be employed in his maintenance, so that Tommy Hicks could always get clothes and food at the cottage of an old man and woman at the bottom of the moor. But very often he would be out for days, weeks, nay months, together, and in the course of his wanderings he had been the inmate of several workhouses and two gaols; for he did not at all deserve the name often bestowed on persons of his peculiar degree of capacity, and Tommy Hicks was by no means an innocent.

The person to whom his shouts were addressed had reason to feel that such was the case, for following incautiously the directions he received, he plunged up to his knees in a marshy piece of ground, and at another step would have had the swamp over his head, while Tommy Hicks stood looking on, with his hands in his pockets, enjoying the scene amazingly, but not suffering his satisfaction to display itself in any thing beyond a grin which stretched his wide mouth from ear to ear and showed all his

white irregular teeth. The stranger was a tall man, a strong and a quick one, and perceiving instantly the trick which had been played him, he drew back a step or two, walked quickly round the edge of the swamp to the spot where Tommy Hicks still stood, and catching him by the collar threatened to punish him on the spot for what he had done. For an instant the idiot struggled in his grasp with tremendous force, but he speedily found that his opponent was still stronger than himself, and ceasing his efforts, he said in a sullen tone, "It is your own fault, master; I told you to go straight on and you went too agee."

"You can lie, too, can you?" said the other, "come, march on, and show me the way as you engaged to do, or I will thrash you heartily."

"You may not catch me quite so easily another time," said Tommy Hicks.

"Oh, I will catch you," answered the other, "or find you out afterwards. What's your name, my man?"

"Jack o'Lantern," answered Tommy Hicks readily, and the stranger, laughing, gave him a push forward, saying,

"Well, get on, get on, it is coming on to rain, and you shall have the shilling I promised when we reach the house."

Tommy Hicks muttered something to himself in which the only distinct word was "Shilling," and then being free from his companion's grasp, walked on at a stout pace, talking wildly to the wind and rain as they blew and beat against him, and seeming to forget altogether the little quarrel that had taken place. It was not so, however. Tommy Hicks did not forget such things, and though his thoughts wandered, his purposes were generally fixed. Instead of taking his way direct towards the road above, the idiot sidled away in the direction of the wood, and when he had come within about fifty yards of it, at a spot where the ground was broken and irregular and the paths very difficult to be traced even in broad daylight, he darted away with a shout of laughter, and plunging into the wood was lost in a moment to the eyes of the person who followed.

The stranger stood and gazed around him for a moment or two, murmuring, "This is very pleasant. Well, it can't be helped; I have passed worse nights than this may be, let it rain as hard as it will, and though I may have no other bed than the moor. I will follow up the edge of the wood; I never yet saw a wood without a road through it," and pursuing this sage determination he turned his face to the wind and storm breasting the slope nobly.

It needed a good deal of precaution to find his way along without stumbling, for the ground was rough and uneven, covered with tufts of heath and gorse, and wherever a broken bank gave the bramble an opportunity of hanging itself, there it was ready with its long arms and sharp claws to seize upon the traveller's leg and scratch if it could not detain him. He was well loaded, too, for strapped upon his shoulder was a capacious knapsack, apparently completely filled, but nevertheless he strode on manfully, and at length reached the road along which the two labourers had walked some ten minutes before. Judging at once that his way could not lie to the right—not from any knowledge of the country, not from any dependence on the idiot's previous guiding, but from an habitual, or intuitive discernment of the bearings of places—he turned directly to

the left, walked on a little way, and then to his joy and satisfaction beheld a light like a bright eye look out over the hedge-rows. Advancing further in search of a path leading to it, he observed several more lights on both sides; but he was constant to his first love, and making his way onward, in about five minutes more he was knocking with his knuckles at Ben Halliday's door.

The loud "Come in," was pronounced in the broad Cumberland accent, and entering the cottage the traveller saw the labourer and his family seated round an abundant bowl of very good potato soup, with certain pieces of meat in it, to the whole of which an onion had lent a flavour by no means disagreeable to the nose of the hungry. Every thing was cheerful, contented, and happy. The handsome and intelligent faces of the labourer and his wife, the clean and respectable look and orderly demeanour of the children, all afforded assurance to their visitor that he had fallen into better hands than when he trusted himself to the guidance of an idiot, and he payed for a moment ere he spoke, gazing over the scene, where the assembled family stared at him in return.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, at length, addressing himself to Ben Halliday, who by this time had risen, "but I have lost my way upon this moor, and have got exceeding wet for my pains."

"Good Lord, then," exclaimed Ben, interrupting him, "it was you I heard shouting! Well, sir, I am very sorry I did not come down, but you see my cousin Jacob vowed that it was the silly fellow Tommy Hicks, and I never like to bring Jacob and Tommy together, for Jacob is always dire with the lad, and vows he will break his bones."

"I dare say it was the fool whom you heard," answered the visitor, "for the truth is, I was detained just at the foot of the moor by an accident that happened, and meeting with a fellow in a grey coat, I asked him if he could show me my way across, which he undertook to do and led me into a marsh."

Ben Halliday laughed; "Well, he's a mischievous devil!" he said, "and as full of spite as a cat. I beg your pardon for laughing, sir; but no one in these parts would have trusted Tommy Hicks to guide them. But pray come into the fire and dry yourself. Here's some broth quite hot. Poor stuff enough, but it will warm you."

The stranger accepted frankly and willingly the hospitality offered, sat down by the fire-side, threw off his knapsack, took a porringer of soup and a lump of bread, and soon was quite at home in the cottage. He talked and laughed with Ben and his wife, he played with Charley, he even stroked the cat when she came purring round his legs. His frank and unceremonious bearing was strong recommendation to the worthy people within; and his appearance was also very prepossessing.

He was a man of perhaps six-and-twenty, and, as has been before said, was uncommonly powerfully, though lightly, made; one of those thin, flanked, broad-chested men, who have more of the Apollo than the Hercules in their form. His features were straight and fine, with dark blue eyes and long black lashes and brows, dark brown hair and whiskers. His complexion, too, was fresh and ruddy, not with a rosy spot on either cheek like a head upon a sign-post; but all in one general glow from health and exposure. His hands, however, looked fine and delicate; and his dress somewhat puzzled the cottagers at first; for it was of that sort which might have belonged to several classes. It was all of one material, except

the shoes and the covering for his head, being of a black and white woollen check, then not so commonly worn by gentlemen as now; and when he entered, he wore a plain Lowland bonnet, which might have suited a grazier or good Cheviot farmer, perhaps, better than himself, for a certain sort of harmony was wanting between the person and the dress, and it was this discrepancy which, as I have said, puzzled the family of Ben Halliday.

As the moments passed by, however, their doubts ceased. There was no mistaking the station of their guest after a quarter of an hour was gone. The southern tongue, the clear, distinct, and rapid articulation, the grace and ease of every movement, the unconscious dignity of carriage, even when playing with the boy, had as convincing an effect as if he had given a long catalogue of honourable ancestors. During that quarter of an hour the visitor had said not one word of himself, whether he was going, whence he came, or what he sought; and with a delicacy not unfrequent in the cottages of mountaineers, the good peasant would not have asked a question for the world, as long as he saw his guest contented with his homely fare, and a seat at his fire-side. And he did seem contented; so much so, indeed, as to win greatly upon his hosts; for there is an implied compliment of a very kindly character in the cheerful and unaffected acceptance of what a poor man can do to entertain us, which is worth all the condescension in the world.

At length, however, the young gentleman rose with a sigh, as if he really felt regret at going, and said, "I must wend on my way, my good friends, with many thanks for your hospitality. I dare say it has done raining by this time; but as I cannot well go on to the place where I intended to sleep, so late at night, I will thank you much if you can direct me to some inn or public-house where I can get a good clean bed."

The principle upon which a peasant scratches his head in a case of puzzle has often been a question of deep interest to me, but I have never been able to solve the problem. Whether it is that he seeks by a natural instinct to stimulate the organ of cogitation, or whether it is that the unusual exercise of something within the skull, makes its external teguments itch, or whether there is an irresistible inclination in man's nature to do something with the hands when the mind is busy, and that the first thing that presents itself to work upon is the head, I do not know, but certain it is that Ben Halliday was in a puzzle, and did scratch a spot a little above the left ear with a great deal of vigour and determination.

"Well now, sir," he said at length, "if you had asked for any thing else in the world I could have better told you were to find it than a public-house. There is not a place where you would like to sleep, I think, nearer than Brownswick."

"Why, my good friend, that is just where I have come from," replied his visitor; "and I should not like to go back again over the moor to-night."

Ben Halliday was exceedingly disposed to be hospitable, and so was his wife, and they looked at each other for a moment or two, as if inquiring what could be done. But there are things in this world which are impossible, though I at one time thought there were not. Now such a thing as a spare room is not to be expected in a labourer's cottage, and no such convenience was to be found in that of Ben Halliday. All the beds he possessed had their tenants, and therefore to lodge the stranger seemed

quite out of the question. While he was pondering upon the subject, however, the conversation and cogitation were suddenly interrupted by the door being flung open and his cousin Jacob presenting himself. The man gave a hasty glance round the cottage, and then inquired, "Have you seen any thing of my boy, Bill? He has not come home yet, Ben, and he was out upon the moor."

Jacob Halliday's eyes had only rested casually on the stranger for a moment, but when Ben and his son had both replied that they had seen nothing of the boy, the young gentleman joined in the conversation, demanding in a grave tone, "What is he like, my good friend?"

"Why, sir, he is a boy of about twelve years old," replied Jacob Halliday. "He has got on a short jacket and leggings."

"Has he black curly hair?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir; have you seen him?" demanded Jacob, eagerly.

"Yes, I think I have," answered the young gentleman, "he was down at the bottom of the moor when I was coming up from Brownswick.—Now do not alarm yourself, my good man, for he will do very well and there is no danger, but he has met with a little accident if it be the lad I mean."

Jacob Halliday, a man of a warm and excitable disposition and quick imagination, sank down into a wooden chair by the table, and with his hands resting on his knees sat gazing in the stranger's face.

"I assure you he will do very well," said the stranger, who felt for his anxiety, "I had him attended to by a surgeon immediately, who assured me there was not the least danger—it was that which detained me so late," he continued, turning towards Ben Halliday, "and the people to whose cottage I carried him promised to send somebody up to let his father know."

"Will you have the goodness to let me hear all about it, sir?" said Jacob, with as much calmness as he could assume.

"Certainly," replied the young gentleman. "I have been taking a tour on foot through this part of Cumberland, and I set out about three o'clock from Brownswick, to walk up to the house of a gentleman on the other side of the moor, but just as I had come out of a village—I don't know its name—"

"Ay, it is Allenchurch," said Ben Halliday.

"And had gone about a half-a-mile upon the moor, just where the path crosses a little stream, I saw a nice-looking boy lying on his back on the bank."

"Ah, my poor lad!" cried Jacob.

"As he seemed in some pain," continued the gentleman, "I stopped to ask what was the matter, and he told me that as he was crossing the little wooden bridge a part of it broke down under his feet and he fell forward, catching his leg against the broken part. He had contrived to scramble to the bank, he said, but he could not stand, and after examining his leg I thought it better to take him up in my arms and carry him to a cottage which I had seen not far off. I found an old man and woman there of the name of Grimly, who kindly took him in and put him to bed. I sent the old man off to Brownswick for a surgeon, and waited till he had come and set the leg. He assured me that there was no danger, and that he would soon be well; and making the people promise to

let you know, I came on myself, for by that time the sun was going down."

"And so the poor boy's leg is broke," cried Jacob Halliday, starting up. "I will bet a crown that that devil, Tommy Hicks, is at the bottom of it, breaking down the bridge or something. I will break his bones for him, that I will."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Jacob," cried Ben, as the other moved towards the door; "don't you go to do the poor lad a mischief, for you don't know what. Go and see your boy, and how he is going on; but if you find Tommy there, have nothing to say to him till you find you have got reason."

"And I will go up and tell Margaret," said Mistress Halliday, "and stay with her till you come back."

"Thank you, thank you, Bella," said Jacob; "but you had better tell her I shall rest down there, most likely; for I won't leave Bill alone in that devil's den, and I'll bring him up to-morrow, if I can find an easy cart."

"I dare say Mr. Graham will lend you his spring-van," replied Ben Halliday. "I'll go up early to-morrow and ask him."

"Do, do, Ben," answered his cousin, "and send down young Ben to let me know."

Thus saying, he quitted the cottage, and was closing the door without uttering a word of thanks to the stranger, but suddenly his heart smote him for ingratitude, and putting in his head again, he said,

"I forgot to thank you, sir, for all your kindness to my poor boy; but it is not for want of feeling it, I can promise you, and I hope I shall be able to speak it out some other time."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," answered the young gentleman, "I require no thanks, my good friend. God speed you, and give your son a quick recovery."

As soon as the door had closed on Jacob Halliday, and while Ben's wife was putting on her worst straw-bonnet and thickest cloak to go out upon her charitable errand, the young gentleman turned to Ben, saying,

"You mentioned Mr. Graham's name just now. Pray is that Mr. Anthony Graham, the banker, of Brownswick?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ben; "Jacob and I are two of his men; and a better master or kinder man doesn't live."

"Pray is his house far from here?" demanded the visitor. "I found a letter from him at Brownswick, inviting me to stay with him for a few days; and it was there I was going when the idiot let me into all the swamps he could find."

"It isn't much above a half-a-mile," answered Ben; "why, we are upon his ground now, sir, and I am sure he will be very glad to see you. Lord, if you had told me that before, it would have saved us all that thinking about public-houses. Mr. Graham would never have forgave me if I had let you go to an inn, even if there had been one to go to, when you were invited to his house up there. He has a great sight of company with him, come to shoot, and all that; and if they expect you, sir, I should not wonder if they were waiting for you before they take their dinner; for they dine when we sup."

"I cannot well present myself in such a wet and muddy condition," said Ben's visitor, in a musing tone.

Ben looked at his knapsack which lay on the floor near the fire, as if he thought that it must contain wherewithal to improve his guest's outward appearance; but the other divining instantly what he meant, replied to the glance.

"No, that will not do. There is nothing in it but some geological specimens, and the linen I have used since I came from Keswick. I sent up my portmanteau from Brownswick. If you will allow me, I will stay half an hour longer here till I am sure they are gone to dinner, and then ask your boy to show me the way."

"I will go myself, sir," answered Ben Halliday; and while his wife went up to console Jacob's helpmate under the misfortune which had happened to her son, the good man remained to entertain his guest.

The sons and the daughter amused themselves quietly apart, and the conversation between the cottager and the gentleman took a more serious turn than it had previously assumed, running upon the state of the peasantry in that part of the country, their wants and wishes, their notions and their feelings. The stranger questioned, with apparent interest, and Ben Halliday answered with frank straightforwardness. His replies were not brilliant enough to admit of transcription, though there was a good deal of plain sense in them; but the stranger found, not a little to his surprise, that without any vehement discontent or political fanaticism, even Ben Halliday himself was a good deal prepossessed in favour of "The People's Charter." The good man assured him that the same feelings were very general throughout all that part of the country; and he seemed so calm and reasonable, that his guest applied himself to prove to him that what was sought could not be granted with safety to the institutions of the country, and, if granted, would only prove detrimental to the very classes who demanded it. He pressed him close with various arguments, and Ben answered briefly, from time to time, but at length the labourer paused for a moment or two thoughtfully, and then replied:

"I dare say it is very true, sir, what you say; and I never pretend that the charter is the best thing that could be invented; but of one thing I am very certain, that gentlemen must either allow us a hand in making the laws which govern us, or make laws to protect us against oppression. It is all very well saying, as I have heard some say, that labour must find its own market like any thing else, and that it is but a commodity that is bought and sold, and such like; but there's a difference between it and other commodities; for it must eat and drink, and will eat and drink; and the market is not a fair one, for every thing is done by law for the buyer, and nothing for the seller; and all the while, in the nature of things, the commodity won't keep, so that the buyer gets it at what price he likes. I don't understand much of these things, sir, although I have heard some of the lecturer people hold forth about them; but one thing I do know, which is, that hunger is a hard task-master, and that rich men can use him, if they like, to drive poor men to any thing. It is a sort of power they have beyond the law, and if those who govern the country—parliaments, or ministers, or whatever they may be—do not take care that masters, and farmers, and landlords, and such like, do not abuse that power, they may some time or another find out that patience and suffering will not last for ever. I should be very sorry to see that day, for I know well that the poor would, in the end, do no good to

themselves, and a great deal of harm to the rich; and amongst the rich, whether they be manufacturing gentlemen or landlords, or what not, there are a great many as good men as ever lived—such as my master here, and I am sure, I would fight for his property to the last drop of my blood; but I can see very well that there is a sort of bitter discontent spreading fast amongst us labourers, and growing blacker and blacker, just like a cloud coming over the sky, which will end in a storm. It used not to be so long ago, but the new poor-law has done a great deal to make the change, for that first showed the people clearly that the rich were ready enough to take care of their own money, while they refused to do any thing to better the labourer's condition, or make his master deal fairly by him."

The guest listened attentively, and then mused; but whether he saw that argument would have no effect, or believed that there might be some truth in the cottager's views, he did not answer, and at length, taking out his watch, he said,

"Now, I think I will go, my good friend, for it is half-past seven, and, in all probability, they will be at dinner before I reach the house."

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE?

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

WHY do Summer roses fade,
If not to show how fleeting,
All things bright and fair are made,
To bloom awhile as half afraid,
To join our Summer greeting?
Or do they only bloom to tell
How brief a season Love may dwell?

II.

Then, while Summer roses last,
Let's be friends together;
Summer-time will soon be past,
Autumn leaves around us cast,
Then comes wintry weather!
Surely as the Summer's day,
Friendship, too, will pass away!

III.

But, though Summer roses die,
And love gives place to reason,
Friendship pass without a sigh,
And all on earth pass coldly by;
'Tis but a wintry season,—
And Friendship, Love, and Roses, too,
The spring-time shall again renew.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC
MEN,* INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH
KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &c. &c.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. I.

THE kind reception already given to a few extracts, from the very voluminous documents before us, has been such as to induce the hope that more full and important "confessions" connected with those eventful times will not be wholly unappreciated. Consisting as they do of private letters, diaries, and other memoranda, which long protracted correspondence, embassy, travel, and, most of all, the "Open Sesame" into exclusive circles are apt to accumulate on a man's hands, they present a complete series of what may be termed "State Reports" made upon the spot; the time, the scene, and the actors being all brought vividly into display. A full-length portrait of the times, with its minutest accessories—the event of the passing hour—characters and manners, is repictured to the eye. The political "Cynthia of the minute," and all its chameleon hues and changes are here caught and reflected upon future history with the daguerreotype accuracy of nature itself.

Many and grave reasons might be assigned for records so interesting, so lively, and often so startling, not having hitherto found their way through the press. Of whatever nature they were, those reasons have ceased to influence; and the more imperative duty of entertaining if not instructing the world, on all questions connected with the political well-being and free progress of constitutional states, now more than ever exposed to calumny and peril, is at length free to act. Salutary truths, especially when happily and wittily illustrated in an age of despot-dullness, that has left us hardly the ground we tread upon, ought never to be withheld. While opposed to anarchy, brute force, and misrule of every kind, it will be seen that the able, sagacious, and humorous "Recorder of the Secret History," is a true defender of sound constitutional freedom, full of old English blood of the best breed, and wit to season it. For if valuable for future history, his "Secret Memoirs" are still more so by their amusing and satiric illustrations and spirited remarks, minutely painting characters and manners in all ranks as he found them. These belong to a period interesting in many points of view; exhibit the secret movements of royalty, aristocracy and government, with a master-hand—disclose real motives and objects, and combine graphic power with thrilling incident and dramatic effect. Humorous narrative and playful fancy mingle with keen and caustic reflections upon the meanness, selfishness, and irascibility of men in power, the low factions of the "outs," and the cold, trick-

* Among these will figure the "facile principes" of their tribe—Metternich, Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Polignac, the Orloffs, &c. In another class, Grey, Liverpool, Canning, Peel, Russell, Brougham, and their satellites.

ing, heartless, "immoveable system" of the Bureaucracy,* that little "imperium in imperio," which really rules the roast. Hence he shows the sudden transformation and miserable sameness of all men in power. His accurate delineation of the character of the French king—when Duke of Orleans—so like as to seem a prophecy, is of itself sufficient to stamp him a genuine diplomatist, nor are his characters of other princes, throughout these elaborate records less correctly and vividly drawn.

He proves to us in what quarters "education" is most wanted, not by the poor and lowly, but by "masters;" not by subjects, but by rulers—not by labourers, but by lords and stewards, and that education, a knowledge and practice of the common Christian duties.—Ed.

London, February 13, 1816.—We are here in a state of breathless expectation as to the measures of ministers, particularly those connected with the property-tax. The expectation out-of-doors is, that the measure will not be carried. I know otherwise; they are determined to carry it!! Liverpool is the only one who wants nerve; and hence, it is rumoured that he wishes to go out. The resumption of this tax we can easily foresee will create not only great discontent, but perhaps some tumult throughout the country. Notwithstanding this, the present "prosperous ministry" are resolved to make the experiment, as they say, "we are in that flourishing state we can bear any thing!!"

Irish property has sunk greatly, scarcely any rents collected for the last year. Of the Duke of Downshire's rental, 22,000*l.*, not a penny yet paid, or likely to be!! A gentleman observed to a noble lord, remarkable for taking every thing with good humour, "that he wondered how he got any person to be his steward in Ireland, the Irish being so disposed to hang those sort of gentry." "Oh," replied his lordship, "I always take care to send one who *deserves* to be hanged."

What think you of 300,000*l.* as a compliment to the commander-in-chief (the Duke of York), for his military services; one of the many applications, it is said, to be made to parliament this session. The Duke of C——'s debts, and a further provision are again talked of. It was only on Sunday last that I heard from something like authority, that the Prince Regent was determined to pull down the *china-shop* at Brighton, and erect a palace there. The return of his R. H. to town is uncertain; he is still in a precarious state of health, and innumerable rumours are afloat.

The Spanish ambassador gave a grand entertainment, on Saturday, to the Austrian princes; the whole foreign and domestic corps diplomatique being invited to meet them. The archdukes were observed to be uncommonly reserved; they conversed almost wholly with the Dutch ambassador.

The embassy to China is said to be merely complimentary. The present emperor has lately succeeded to the throne, and his kingdom been delivered from a serious insurrection. The Prince Regent has written him a letter highly illuminated on vellum. The embassy hope to obtain permission to return from Peking to Canton through the Chinese territory. The whole is a job.

Sir George Cockburn will shortly return from St. Helena; Sir Home Popham succeeds him. To the former I am known; he took the P.'s

* As shown in the personal influence and intrigues of, Louis Philippe, the camerillas of Spain and Portugal, and other powers.—Ed.

with him. Can I put any questions to him? The military club and the naval have formed a junction. The Duke of Wellington is expected to be vice-president, when the Prince Regent takes the chair! It is reported that the dinner will take place early in March.

The matrimonial alliance between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Saxe Coburg is to be ratified in April next.

You will laugh when I tell you that it was L—— himself (his wife was mentioned in the *Chronicle*) who eloped from Palace-yard. He is to be—what shall I say—lord chancellor!! and thereby hangs a tale. More of him anon. The papers of this day are filled with debates upon the ways and means. The chancellor of the exchequer stated the total amount of the supplies of the United Kingdom at 29,399,000*l.*!! Among the little items to meet this expenditure are 6,000,000*l.* of unexpired war taxes, 6,000,000*l.* of five per cent., property tax, and an advance of 6,000,000*l.* on the part of the Bank!!!

“Lord K—— arrived in London on Saturday. On Sunday he had a long interview with Lord Liverpool. The circumstance of his lordship having been compelled to quit Paris was the subject of a conversation in the House of Lords last night, but our government, as was observed by Lord Liverpool, cannot, of course interfere in the business.

“*Four o'clock, P. M.*—I have just heard that Lord K—— is writing a pamphlet in vindication of his conduct. Ridgeway is to publish it.

The total amount of our peace establishment, including the army maintained on the French frontiers, is about 150,000—artillery, cavalry, and infantry. But the army of France of 53,000, will be supported by contributions extorted from that country. The military peace establishment of Ireland alone is 25,000 men, equal to the entire amount of Great Britain, Guernsey, and Jersey. The seamen on the British and Irish establishment are 33,000 men, and the entire expense of both army and navy, including ordinary and extraordinary, exceeds 21,000,000*l.* Such are the results of those splendid triumphs we have purchased with so much blood and treasure!

A peace establishment of 24,000,000*l.* *Tempora mutantur* with a vengeance!

London, February 16, 1816.—Intrigue is now at its zenith! A thousand rumours are circulated by the contending parties. The public mind was never more agitated. An idle report that a dissolution may be expected, obtained some credit. The Catholic question is supposed to be connected with it. The opposition calculate upon the pledge given by Lord Castlereagh—they will be thrown over the bridge.

Brougham has been brought forward on the political stage to succeed Whitbread, “But,” say the ministerialists, “we fear him not. His professional avocations interfere too much with his parliamentary duties; besides he has much to learn before he can become formidable.”

The money to be paid by France as *droits* to the crown, and not to the people, has excited a great sensation!* We have a political club in Bond-street which is ably conducted; it is opened on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and has more than once been the subject of conversation in the cabinet. The debate this evening is, “Ought the projected nuptials of her R. H. the Princess Charlotte with one of the princes of the house of C—— to be

* As witness the case of the unfortunate Baron de Bode; not a solitary one.

hailed as the means of cementing the bonds of union between Great Britain and the continental states, or deprecated as sowing the seeds of future warfare, and endangering the liberties of Englishmen?"

This club is well attended. I have seen there some of the ablest men in the country, and not a few persons of rank.

We lose the Austrian princes on Monday. Their peculiar reserve is the topic of conversation. "Does this arise," it is asked among the *élite*, "from mental deficiency, or are they really arrived at years of discretion?"

Rumour already begins to calculate upon Napoleon's return. And brought back by our ministers to counteract the designs of Alexander!! "*Credat Judæus.*" At Sir Joseph Banks's the other evening, the military button containing the three eagles in the crown, the one in the centre, and the mantle with the bees; also the diamonds, afforded admirable food for the *cogniscenti*.

L——'s promotion is in a progressive state—he is made chancellor to the Regent. This is through the Hertford interest. It is a preparatory step to setting aside legal claims in favour of Lord Y——, who, as residuary legatee in the Q—— property, means to pounce upon a great part. "If that young gentleman's papa," said ——, "is not quickly made a *duke*, it will be too late; for *grace* is already extinct in the son."

The Regent does not return to town on Monday as was expected. A great change has taken place since his illness; it is said he has *again* turned his thoughts towards Methodism!!

The situation of Ireland is beyond all description dreadful. There is a chain of frightful calamities, which extends in one unbroken link from the hovel to the *castle*.*

The line adopted by the *Times* newspaper will perhaps surprise you. It is the most violent anti-ministerialist among all the journals. They take their stand on the broad basis of the Income Tax—"the *Curse!*" The paper has been falling hundreds in a day in consequence of its politics; people begin to open their eyes. That "*par nobile fratrum*," the immense military establishment to *keep* the peace, and the income-tax, are now before the public!!

Mr. Brougham's motion last night in the House for an address to the prince regent, requesting his interference in behalf of the Spanish patriots with the government, was negatived on a division by a majority of 123 to 42. In the course of the debate Lord Castlereagh stated that the government had already interfered to the full extent that promised any advantage.

Copies of the (hiatus) papers were laid before the House of Commons last night. They relate to a despatch from Lord B—— to the Duke of Wellington, informing his grace that the French king consented to the 12th Article of the Convention, which preceded the entrance of the allies into Paris in July last, only with an understanding that it was binding upon none but the British and Prussian commanders, and the commanders of such of the allies as may become parties to it. In this despatch, Lord B—— also directly disclaims, on the part of the prince regent, any accession to an engagement, "whereby it should be presumed that his most Christian majesty was absolutely precluded from *the just exercise of his authority*."

Another despatch is from the Duke of W——, in answer to the former,

* How perfect the parallel between 1816 and 1846!—*Ed.*

expressly declaring that the convention binds nobody except the parties to it.

In the Common Pleas, this day, Mr. W—— W—— obtained a verdict of two thousand pounds, against the printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, for a libel on his wife, under the head "*Faux-pas* with the Duke of W—— at Brussels."

P. M. The Royal Bank of Windsor has stopped payment this day. Petitions are preparing in every town throughout the United Kingdom against the property tax.

February 26, 1816.—It was generally expected yesterday that ministers had an intention to abandon the tax on income, but, referring to last night's proceedings in the House, it was soon seen upon what a false foundation that rumour rested. Mr. Baring noticed it, and asked an explanation from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who expressly stated that government had no such intention.

The Treaty of Peace was discussed in both Houses last night. In the Lords the grounds of the treaty were stated by the Earl of Liverpool; in the Commons, by Lord Castlereagh. The necessity of restoring France to her ancient limits, and the policy of keeping up, for the present, a proper military establishment, as a measure of security, were insisted upon. An amendment to the address was moved in the Lords by Lord Grenville; in the Commons by Lord Milton. Both Houses were occupied in debate until half-past two o'clock, when the Lords divided—for the address, 104; for the amendment, 40. The debate in the Commons was adjourned, and will be resumed this day.

I will now put you in possession of a piece of important information. A meeting of the mountain (the opposition) took place yesterday morning, upon the subject of the health of the regent; a long discussion. A member asserted that his royal highness could not live six months. It was decided that a motion should be brought forward in parliament for a regency, to be appointed immediately, that the country might not be left *again* without a government for six weeks. It is said that the Regent has not signed any paper for some time.

By a Mr. Kerr, who leaves London to-morrow, I send you Lord Kinaird's pamphlet in justification of his conduct in Paris. It is in the form of a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, and contains thirty-seven pages.

The Duke de Chartres resigns his post to the Marquis d'Osmond in about a month. In the interim, the latter resides at Grillion's Hotel, Albemarle-street. The duke gave a dinner to the foreign and domestic *corps diplomatique* on Saturday, to which the Archdukes of Austria were invited, but did not attend!

"The ministers of the country will manage the state, and it requires every man's whole exertions to manage his own," is the apology which Earl Grey makes for not attending his duties in parliament at the present crisis. Northumberland, as well as every other county, is in a bad state. As to Ireland, Lord Spencer has this day received a letter from his son-in-law, Lord ——, son of the Marquis of Headfort, in which he says, "We are all ruined inevitably;—all I have is gone. . . . Nothing left but the bare sod. As to the tenants they have all run away; no traces of them left."

In Scotland the failures at Glasgow alone exceed a million sterling. The Liverpool bankruptcies exceed two millions!! The house of Milne,

in Yorkshire has received an extraordinary order—for clothing for the Russian soldiery, and to no less an amount than one million five hundred thousand pounds!

The moneyed men in the city say that the ministers would rather lose the income tax, that they may tell the public creditor that as parliament had deprived them of the only means of paying him, they must have recourse to a reduction of the dividends—that they hope thereby to throw off the odium from themselves upon the opposition, who have sounded the tocsin throughout the country.

G—— says that six houses stopped payment yesterday in the city.

London, February 22, 1816.—There is a song getting into vogue in the higher circles. It is entitled “Les Plumes,” and contains a most virulent satire against the court. Never did Demosthenes in his philippics, or Tully in his oration against Antony, venture to be half so severe. I attempted a translation of a few couplets; but their merit depends so much on the idiom that their pungency can scarcely be felt in any other language. The author is said to be a poet of great celebrity, at present in disgrace at court.

Wellington and the ministers are still at daggers drawn; they most cordially hate each other. W—— sends all his communications to the Pavilion.

Your letter of the 15th came to hand yesterday. Kinnaird resides at 88, Pall Mall. I know not whether he has seen O.* In my next you shall have further information on that and every other subject; all is *en train*; and recollect “Rome was not built in a day.”

The Prince of Saxe Cobourg arrived at the Clarendon Hotel last night. I saw last evening more than one person connected with Carlton House. The “shrug” seemed to convey much. A part of the Naval Club refuses, I hear, to join the military one.

The Duke of Orleans resides wholly at Twickenham, at the villa called Pocke House (the abode of Sir George till his demise). It was furnished by Oakley, of Bond-street, who frequently sees him. The duke is extremely reserved; he sees very few persons, and seldom comes to town.

The proceedings against the *St. James's Chronicle* alluded to are said to be “an arranged thing,” an understanding. R. of Piccadilly tells me that the communication by post from this side the water is unsafe. He says a *denouement* took place very recently at the Old Bailey Sessions on the trial of a letter-sorter. What think you—would it not be better to address my letters to you under different names occasionally?

Now for the elucidation of the mystery relative to the “meeting at Calais.” It is a curious fact, that at the time your letter to me, dated the 21st of January, was on its way, my (word illegible) to you was likewise on his journey. Don't you think my agent deserves something more than thanks for his *expedition*?

The *Chronicle* of this day says—“We hear that the French Government have dictated *what* correspondence shall *not* be transmitted to Paris in the official bag addressed to our ambassador there.” . . .

Acknowledge the receipt of my letters as early as you possibly can. I am anxiously waiting. Pray relieve my mind as to doubts and fears.

* The then Duke of Orleans, and now King of the French.

London, February 24, 1816.—Political men are ill at ease here, as to the result of the present state of things. John Bull gives himself little concern about princes or their intermarriages; no idle curiosity; indeed his Highness of Saxe Cobourg is scarcely thought of. A thousand contradictory rumours are circulated relative to the regent's health. The Marquis of H—— and the Earl of Y——th positively stated this day that his highness was recovering fast. But the report in the medical world is, that the prince has a schirrous liver, and that the whole system is seriously affected.

Prince Leopold left town yesterday for the Pavilion, accompanied by Lord Castlereagh and Count Hardenberg; the marriage will take place immediately.

I send you herewith the "Last Reign of Napoleon," written by Mr. Hobhouse, son of Sir Benjamin —, M. P.

At the meeting in Palace-yard yesterday, Mr. Hunt read a list of sinecure-places and pensions, by which it appeared that 200,000*l.* are annually distributed between twenty persons. Several of these places and pensions would, we know, be justifiable as remunerations for public services from a prosperous people. But there may be a degree of public distress with which magnificent rewards to individuals are wholly incompatible. "Since the income-tax is to be contended for with the whole force of the administration, a reduction of expenditure to the last possible shilling we hope will be insisted upon by the united voice of the people."—See the *Regent's Gazette*, i. e. the *Morning Herald*, Saturday, February 24.

What think you of the above from such a quarter? The proprietor, one of the newly-made baronets with church preferments exceeding two thousand per annum. Here's a dereliction of principle for you.

The separation between Lord B—— and his wife arose from his introducing a favourite actress at his table in spite of her pressing entreaties and remonstrances. "Madam! if you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you are at liberty to quit my house!" The lady took the noble lord at his word, and disappeared. It does not seem that she has engaged in any intrigue. My Lord B—— is sinking fast in the literary scale. Speaking of literary men, Walter Scott has damaged himself in consequence of his "Waterloo!" It is truly contemptible!

There is so much aristocratic folly about K——, that I hesitate to hold any communication with him. As to B. K——, a gentleman whom I requested to give me an opinion of him, he said, "By the great God! he is the greatest liar in the circle, and has been black-balled at all the clubs." What think you of this?

R—— will not fail to send any books you may think proper to order. The Duke of Orleans you shall have something about in my next. I believe that the measures of opposition will be communicated to me in time to afford considerable interest.

Pavilion Amusements in my next, when Lord Castlereagh will appear on the carpet.

P. M.—The failure of a great mercantile house at Glasgow, will, it is said, involve nineteen others of considerable consequence.

Friday morning.—The report in circulation this morning, relative to the Regent's health is very unfavourable. Curran, the Irish member, says that Sir Henry Halford underwent a two-hours' examination yesterday before the privy council. Nothing has transpired. There are

whispers, however, abroad extremely alarming upon the subject. A meeting took place this morning in Palace-yard, to petition against the property-tax—the crowd prodigious!

Call of the House.—The following pithy dialogue is said to have passed between a gentleman and his steward in the northern part of Lincolnshire, prior to a journey to London.

Master.—"Well, Mr. —, what money have you brought me for my journey?—you saw the tenants yesterday?"

Steward.—"Ah! please your honour, sad times, indeed! But I think I have got enough to take you up to town; but the tenants 'hope to be agreeable' when they say, that without you stand up for them, and get their taxes, and their duties, and their rates taken off, there will be no use for your honour coming back again."

Mr. Preston, M. P., has just published a pamphlet on the state of the country, which makes a great noise. He talks about the drones being driven out of their hives by the bees.

At the military dinner the other day, a noble speaker addressed the company in a way somewhat new. He said he had endeavoured to have the neatest uniform, but he *could* not; he had tried to be the finest gentleman, but he *could* not; and he did all he could to have the best horse, but he *could* not. On which, one of the club whispered to his neighbour, "and he tried to be the greatest ass, and he *could* be!"

February 26. Half past four o'clock, P.M.—I have just heard that Lady B—— has instituted proceedings against her spouse, charging him with cruelty. Caulaincourt is in the vicinity of Holland House.

The court wind blows from all points of the compass, sixty times in the hour; so that it often happens that news coming from that quarter is more uncertain than the moon—now the regulating planet in the regent's councils. A new candidate has started up since the arrival of Prince Leopold, who, it is said, will wholly have the unanimous suffrage of the court; but his name is at present *au secret*. The ministers are playing at blindman's-buff, and with all their sagacity, each of them is said to be hoodwinked. Fine intriguing is there already going on since the arrival of this German.

The *esprit du corps* is already weakened. John Bull, amidst all this, surveys the scene with a degree of apathy, a sullen and gloomy visage, but says nothing.

"He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one,
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him."

So says Young, and so say the opposition after him. Now, *sans façon*, clap your hand upon your breast, and say with compunction, "L—— is the man." "Yes, sir," say the opposition, "he is the most ungrateful of all thankless beings." Now for the cause. Lord Y—— is residuary legatee of the Queen—ry property. To overturn a very ancient statute in the law of Scotland, a stretch of prerogative becomes necessary. The present Lord Eldon, unwilling before his retiring from office to encounter the odium, refuses to sanction the measure, and thereupon his departure is hastened. Out he goes, and in comes Mr. L——, who undertakes to bleed the patient, namely, the Marquis of Q——;—now the murder is out!! Such a measure as making Mr. L—— chancellor may have been in contemplation, but I do not believe it will be carried into effect.

A pretty joke it is, that Irish peers are pouring hourly into London, to vote for the income-tax, when Hibernia herself is not saddled with any such blessing!

The above comment on the chancellorship was made to me by Mr. B—n—e this afternoon; it was from the opposition that I heard the anecdote.

To relieve the royal mind from gloomy presages, my Lord C—s—gh has been collecting all the diverting anecdotes of occurrences in high life during the recess to amuse his royal master. He told me the other day one of himself, which you shall have *literatim et verbatim*. "Your highness," I said, "may recollect that I have a cottage near Stanmore, to which Lady C. and myself occasionally resort. Going down unexpectedly at a late hour on a Saturday night we surprised the two female domestics in our bed, wherein they usually slept to keep it aired. They turned out and we turned in, without waiting even to change the linen. It was not long after I began to doze, when we were alarmed by a man's voice in the room vociferating 'now d—n it, you little —— you had better lie still, or I'll *do* for you both.' After a moment's hesitation I threw open the curtains and exclaimed, 'May I be d—d if you *do*.' The invader bolted out of the room and the house, in less than a second."

C. has a quaintness in his delivery which gives interest to a story, which has none in its original shape. A powerful advocate this in the court of Great Britain constituted as it now is.

"Who is really prime minister?" said a country gentleman the other day. "The editor of the *Courier*," was the reply, "whose advice is taken in all affairs of state, and his fiat determines every measure."

You know, perhaps, that Père Elizér, the French king's physician is one of the correspondents of the *Courier*. A Mr. Parry, who was proprietor of that paper sixteen years ago, is another; he went to Paris in August last, and still remains there. In my next I shall enter more fully into the details of official business, in which all your hints will be attended to. There certainly is not at present any change in the ministry in contemplation, except the department of chancellor. The "old man in the square" begins to kick, says ——; the change arises either from some disappointment, or from remorse. He has certainly more than once told his "better half," that she must quit the *great house* altogether.

I shall probably go down to Richmond to-morrow. You will hear of the marquis's movements soon. I have written to Brighton and every thing is in train; perhaps you will hear from me again to-morrow. The opposition say that Hunt, the Bristol man, who uttered such a tirade against corruption at the Westminster meeting, is in the pay of ministers.

The house for political tergiversation is the Marchioness of Salisbury's. Her coteries are all political, except on Sunday evenings, when an admixture of the gay and volatile takes place.

The Duke of W—ll—n's brother, the Rev. G. W—y is every day at Salisbury House. By the by, Sir H. W—ll—y, the late accredited to the Court of Ferdinand, is to be married to-morrow to the Lady G. C—e the hostess's daughter. This is the W—ly whose wife eloped with that gallant, gay Lothario, Lord P., "whom Heaven long preserve."

This frail fair is one of those stars that fall "to rise no more." What

do you think? or will you credit me when I assert what is really true? viz. that the peer "sits opposite to his wife at the breakfast-table with the Duchess of Ar—g—le's miniature-portrait reclining against the tea-cup, and he weeping over it.

The St. James's newspaper, I am told, has "cut the connexion" with ministers altogether. "When rogues quarrel," &c.

Caulaincourt arrived here *incog.* on Friday night. K—n—d being asked if he knew it said, "It is very likely, I *expected* him."

Sixty sail of transports are now employed from St. Helena to the Cape of Good Hope to supply the former with provisions. What part of this immense sum is paid by our allies?

The Antwerp paragraph was very interesting; am I at liberty to make use of it? Mr. K—rr will bring you letters together with Lord Kinnaird's pamphlet, and the Last Reign of Napoleon, by Hobhouse.

It is again reported that Prince Leopold is the new Viceroy to Hanover; it comes from Carlton House. In that case the princess will go with him.

The discussion of the income tax comes on this evening, unless the ministers accede to the proposed delay suggested by Mr. Baring.

The arrangements, I hear, for the union of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg are expected to be completed to-morrow.

The military club now amounts to fifteen hundred, and every exertion is making to increase its numbers. To give it still greater influence, it has been proposed to form a junction with the naval club. Lord Lynedoch has written a letter to the Earl St. Vincent recommending this measure, and stating he was induced to do so in consequence of having heard that the sentiments of the noble Earl were favourable to it. The noble earl disclaimed the sentiments imputed to him, assuring his lordship that on the contrary, he disapproved of the system as tending to create a military influence in the country pregnant with danger to our civil rights and liberties.

London, the 27th of February, 1816.

Our court ladies are all so snug with their present lovers (since they have bought up the *Morning Post* and stopped the postscripts) that they seem resolved to keep them for the whole season. Monstrous! it is enough to break a heart made of the toughest materials. Our *Bourgeoises*, alas, poor dames, are obliged by their inferior station in life to sin so privately, that were I Argus, with all his eyes open, I could not trace them to Cupid's bower. As to our courtezans, those once smart walking images, they continue in the vilest despair, in consequence of the introduction of *certain clubs*! and were it not for the influence of *mag-netism* on the part of one female, and that an actress, the whole sisterhood would be in danger of sinking. You will laugh with me when I tell you that a Mrs. Mardyn, a new constellation in the theatrical hemisphere, who plays comedy in the Jordan style, has captivated all ranks. She is the *Goddess of voluptuousness*—has the finest black rolling eyes, with a clear complexion ever seen. Mrs. M. has been at the Pavilion. This is the "inexpressive she" who drove Lady B— out of her husband's house; she is the finest figure imaginable; I am absolutely captivated with her myself. When you again pay London a visit I will introduce you, that is if your "cara sposa" will permit me. But a truce with trifling. We will now proceed to business.

The city was thrown into confusion yesterday by the failure of two great houses. Alderman Ansley's, and a French house. Championette's, the first, was in the Cape trade. Rumour includes four or five others, and among them a banking-house is likely to stop in the course of the week. The failures in the commercial world are innumerable; those which are not already gone are going. All are sinking in the general vortex—"the game is played out."

How will the noble Marquis (Wellesley) settle his complicated affairs. The Irish estates are all advertised for sale by the hammer, and there are perpetual executions in Apsley House. What a happiness it is that one branch of the family should be fortunate!

In my next I will send you some account of the political features in the coteries at S—— House. 'Pon my word you may talk of French intrigue as much as you please, but with all your sagacity we'll beat you hollow. Our ministers to wit.

A few leaders in the opposition met at Devonshire House on Saturday night; there were those present that precluded conversation. This peer is such a *zany* that the party dare not trust him. At Lansdowne House there was a dinner-party on the same evening—a political meeting.

The *Courier* called Lord Castlereagh a great man! What a shocking misnomer! Whether our ancestors were better moral men than we are, is a question which I am not able to solve, but to their honour be it recorded there was something like a love of country, and character, which now seems wholly extinct in British statesmen.* Perhaps I may be told this opinion arises from "ah injudicious manner of viewing things." The daily *melodies* of the *Courier* remind me of the "*sweet warblings*" of the neighbouring shriek owls," the gardens of K——n are in my rear.

Last night the House of Commons was called over, which took up so much of the afternoon that the debate on the army estimates did not commence till a very late hour. Mr Charles Yorke stood forth as the principal champion of the ministry. He described himself, however, as a volunteer in their service, and of course professed independence. To his long and elaborate statement of figures Mr. Brougham replied. Lord Palmerston followed, and entered into a minute statement of the amount and distribution of the proposed peace establishment, which was a repetition of Lord Liverpool's speech in the House of Lords upon the discussion of Lord Grenville's motion for a copy of the army estimates. About one o'clock the debate was adjourned until this day, upon the motion of Mr. Ponsonby.

American papers to the 28th ult.* mention that a serious misunderstanding exists between Spain and the United States relative to South America.

Lord K. I cannot yet learn whether he has seen the Duke of O——. "Leopold is arrived," said a friend the other day. "He is," replied K——, "I have been with him."

Four o'clock, p. m. I have just received your letter enclosing a communication for P——, and shall not fail to deliver it personally.

* What would the writer have said of the New Poor Laws, the Income-tax, grants of railroad monopolies for innumerable millions, and the hypocritical cant of free trade—denied in fact?—ED.

I find it a more difficult task than you may suppose, to get at all the movements of Orleans, however I have set an engine at work which may procure something in a day or two. As to K., his vanity will induce him to disclose all he knows.

Three other leading characters from your side of the water came in this morning; one is *incog.* at the Bath Hotel.

Castlereagh went to a French play at the Argyle Rooms, on Thursday night, muffled up; he stayed late there. This must have been a political manoeuvre, as he is not in the habit of frequenting such places.

Your suspicions about ministers, Orleans and Napoleon, are not unlikely to prove true—hints have been thrown out here.

London, the 1st of March, 1816.

The little incidents, serious or comic, that happen in this metropolis, are within my province, and although you may say with all the haughtiness of a Roman prætor "*de minimis non curo*," I am not so proudly nice. If I have occasion to laugh at any droll adventures, I like to hear my friends join in them, or fancy I do so. This is my plea for recording the following anecdote. It might furnish the grounds of a little farce, had we not a scene something similar in "*The Cozeners*."

My Lord C—— invited a party consisting of thirty-six members of the House of Commons, to partake of a sumptuous banquet a few days since. Whilst the wine was briskly circulating, the noble lord, in his usual modest way, abruptly introduced the subject pending in the House (the income-tax), and asked them to support the measure. Fourteen, without hesitation said they would, but lamentable to relate, twenty-two arose from table, bowed to the munificent Mæcenas, and then retired without uttering a syllable.

The ministers will be *minus* in the question of Income; the 121 minority will be followed by a still greater division. The seceders are actuated by hopes and fears—they dread the increasing military influence; the failure, however, on this point, will not prevent the measure being carried into effect—the Sinking Fund will be the *dernier ressort*.

John Bull at last begins to open his eyes, and express his opinion upon the projected alliance. The courtiers are in a frenzy, the effect of rage and disappointment; they actually say that her r—— h—— ought to receive a sound whipping, for her rebellious conduct in refusing *slender Billy*, and, with the most significant gestures, express their contempt for the substitute provided.

Baron Jacobi has received a mandatory letter from his master the King of Prussia, directing him to apply to the Prince Regent relative to the marked neglect manifested by the court of Great Britain towards the Duchess of C——. It has produced an effect! The queen intends holding a drawing-room at B—— House, when her highness will be introduced. The Duke of Cambridge has written home repeatedly, expressing his wish to return; he is said to have greatly enriched himself since he assumed the reins of government. The rumour still prevails that Prince Leopold will be his successor.

The ministers have received a great accession of strength by the ratting of the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquis of Stafford, but all will not do. The Austrian ambassador has taken Chandos House,

and laid in a prodigious stock of wine—I am told ten thousand dozen—The Prince Regent, say the dependents, is mending; he has fixed no time for returning to town. A physician was asked, yesterday, how his highness was; the reply, “He is going to Heaven.” “In what way?” added the querist. “By water.” It was not without reason Socrates called intemperance and folly the inseparable companions of wealth. In the House, on Wednesday last, there was a complete *row*, in consequence of the report on the deficiency of the Civil List for the last year: I am told they exceed 150,000*l.*, although the regent is allowed 75,000*l.* extra, to meet the high price in the necessary articles of life, which then existed, *i. e.*, when the grant was made, two years since. Poor Sheridan is going; he is confined to his room—“caries” in the bones of the right leg, for which amputation is recommended; but he told Heavyside, the other day, that he was a sufficient judge of anatomy to know that nine times out of ten the operation is fatal when performed on a *bon vivant*. The Marquis d’O—— continues at Grillon’s Hotel. I have not been yet able to learn whether he has seen the Duke of O——. Your communication to Planta I personally delivered—his reply, “I will immediately submit it to the inspection of Lord L——.” Hunter, the messenger, was sent off to the Prince Regent, about an hour subsequent, and I conjectured upon the same subject.

I had a conversation very recently, upon the subject of Napoleon’s return, with a friend of the Regent’s, who said, “I will bet you a rump and a dozen that, should Napoleon ever return from St. Helena to France, he will first dine at Carlton House.” This is the only strong hint that has been given me.

I have so far arranged matters that I shall probably have something to communicate respecting O—— next week. The opposition are at present fully occupied in opposing the income tax; I cannot learn that they have any motion coming on. The question respecting the new regency is delayed, the prince having experienced a renovation of health. As to the ministers, their hands are full. Amid all this, the improvements at the Pavilion are going on. Crase, the house-painter, has received instructions to build two new rooms. one sixty-five feet long.

Ministerial changes.—It is said to be settled that Mr. Canning, on his arrival, will be appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and that Lord Melville will go to the Board of Control. “The devil’s in the wind,” say the party, “Mr. Canning will never arrive.” Huskisson will not move without him—only a *dead* vote. The Wellesleys, rumour states, are coming in—Liverpool and the Sidmouths to go out. In the midst of all this Castlereagh is taken ill—politically indisposed; he goes to the Upper House. Castlereagh is called the “Humbug,” Liverpool the “Humdrum.” The Prince of Cobourg has gone down to Gloucester Lodge, Weymouth, where he is to reside for some time, probably during the honeymoon. Is there any truth in the report that Lucien Buonaparte has sailed for America? Give me your opinion of Hobhouse’s book. Can I execute any other commissions for you? The turkey was excellent. The ladies say that Mechlin lace would have been the best stuffing for it.

London, March 4, 1816, Monday.

“*Better late than never.*”—I have at last ascertained that K——,

immediately after his arrival, had an interview with the Duke of O—, since that period he has been frequently with him. I set R—y on the *scent*. He (K.) is now wholly occupied in getting ready a copy of his pamphlet in French, to which he is adding an appendix, containing the correspondence between himself and the Duke de Richelieu.

"He cares not," he says, "for maintaining the idiom; the more it appears like a version from the English the better."

R— is to have five hundred ready to send off to-morrow evening to France and Holland. The pamphlet has sold well; four editions have been published already; five hundred in each.

The Marquis d'O— continues to reside at Grillon's Hotel in Albermarle-street, wherein he sees a vast number of persons, almost entirely foreigners, and is constantly occupied; his secretary is writing from morning till night, and at present is wholly inaccessible. The marquis dines out frequently, but they are all public dinners, mostly those at which the Austrian archdukes are present; removes in a few days to Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, having taken the Earl of St. Vincent's town house.

The French general, Sebastiani, has been some time on a visit to the Russells, at Woburn. He is called here *Bony's man of all work*. On Tuesday last he was introduced into the Senate House of Cambridge, whilst the "caputs" were conferring degrees, and afterwards was invited to dine in the hall of Trinity College, to the astonishment of nine-tenths of that assembly, whether graduated or undergraduates. He is said to have owed this extraordinary introduction to a British university to the classical taste of his friend Lord L—.

I know not whether your hint, or other information relative to the movements of Alexander has had the effect, but I can tell you from authority that government issued a contract for ten sail of the line. On Saturday a friend of mine, largely dealing in plate-glass, received an order for glass for cabin-windows, &c., and so urgent were the agents for the completion, that the men are now actually unsilvering glass, not having found in the market a sufficient supply for the intended purposes.

The royal nuptials—A complete *fracas* at the Pavilion. *Dramatis personæ*. R—t. The Q—. P. C. His serene highness, the princesses, and the Duke of Clarence. An interesting discussion. "No personal attachment shall supersede the love I bear for my country. Give me the pledge that I shall not be sent out of the kingdom, and I will marry any body."—*Vide Princess Charlotte's reply*.

Astonishment seized the whole group—they were petrified for the moment. The prince, it is said, gave way to his feelings! The question will be submitted to the House this evening. A provision will be moved for the lives of those illustrious personages and their issue, in the event of his royal highness not coming to the throne of these realms. And the bill will contain a provision that she shall not go beyond seas without her own consent, and that of the king or prince regent and privy council.

The number of ships which compose the British navy at the present time is seven hundred and twenty-four, which is four hundred and fifty-eight less than there were at the conclusion of the war; the reduction has been made by ships sold or broken up.

The cabinet ministers assembled yesterday at Lord C—'s house to discuss the expediency of abandoning the renewal of the income tax.

Although they were not unanimous in its support, the majority decided that this odious measure should be passed in the House of Commons. So as it appears that Mr. Vansittart has "set his place upon the cast," they are resolved to "stand the hazard of the die."

The four regicides, who arrived at Portsmouth last week from Harfleur, are directed to leave the country; they intend to proceed to Holland. Their names are Charles Jean Etienne Thomas, Jean Michel Hubert Dumanoir, Leornor Ha—, and Simeon Jacques Henry de Bonne Sœur Bourguiniere.

The editor of the *Courier*, Mr. S—, gave a grand dinner a few days since to the Earl of Yarmouth, Mr. Croker, &c., when the magnificent service of plate, made by Rundell and Bridge, was exhibited; also the snuff-box, set with brilliants, presented to him by the King of France.

The establishment at the Pavilion costs 1000*l.* per diem. Drury Lane Theatre: the sub-committees, appointed at the close of Whitbread's life, are broken up; Peter Moore, M.P., and Douglas Kinnaird, will not sit together at the same table; Rac, the manager, has resigned, and Macready is appointed; Lord Byron seldom appears.

The Argyle Rooms are opened every Thursday evening as a French theatre. Amid all the contention in the political world, my Lord Castle-reagh (although he has been seriously ill *ever* since his return from Brighton) found leisure to attend one of the last performances. His lordship was between two marchionesses, Salisbury and Downshire.

There is a great want of respect in the Princess Charlotte towards her seniors. "My old aunts say, &c. &c." "I neither like a shoulder of mutton, nor my grandmother."

London, March 5, 1816.

If, as we read in Tully, and experience has told the world before that great orator's time, the comfort of the wretched is to have a number of fellow-sufferers, it seems no less true that our follies appear less glaring, and shock the least when they are more generally imitated by others. In that case, let us not blush *so very deep* for the sins of court. "What a good thing it is not to have any reputation to lose!"

Many distinguished foreigners are visiting at Salisbury House, Sir Henry Wellesley married the daughter of the hostess last week; the former returns to Madrid, in his diplomatic capacity, in June next.

The Princess Talleyrand is still at Bath; her highness is quite domesticated, and very reserved in public.

A junction has taken place between a proportion of the Naval Club with that of the Military one. There are now forty-six directors; Lord Lynedoch, chairman: of these, sixteen belong to the navy. The Prince Regent is a member.

The United Military and Naval Club underwent some discussion, last night, in the House of Commons; General Gascoigne stated *seriously*, in its defence, that it would afford a cheap ordinary, and good company, to the two professions visiting London. The mess is furnished at twenty-six shillings per head.

The great number of petitions presented last night in the House of Commons against the income tax, delayed the moving of the Army Estimates until nine o'clock. Upon the motion of Mr. Wyne, the Com-

mittee was instructed to provide for the maintenance of the British army in France. In the Committee, Mr. Bankes argued at length against the proposed Estimates, and suggested that the standing-army should be reduced to 60,000 men, as sufficient for any purpose, exclusive of the army of occupation in France.

Lord Lascelles, last night, in the House of Commons, thought that an income tax should not press upon landlords, tenants, or the commercial interest. A tax like this would resolve the riddle, "What is it that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?"

A considerable degree of expectation prevailed yesterday evening at both Houses of Parliament under the idea that a royal communication, respecting the intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte, would be made. The proceeding, however, did not take place.

The Brighton letters of this day say, "the Prince Regent will be in town in a few days." A messenger from B. arrived at noon with the information that His R. H. would not return to Carlton House at the earliest period before the 20th instant. His H. is said to be much better, but the debility resulting from the late attack of the gout has thrown so great a weakness into the limbs that he cannot stand upon them.

It is reported that some of the most distinguished country gentlemen have intimated to the Earl of L——, that there must be a total end to the system of wasteful and ruinous expenditure in all the departments of the state, and particularly at *head-quarters*, and upon military establishments. The noble earl said, that no man was more anxious than himself to retrench unnecessary expense—and that he had remonstrated against various things that appeared to him to be unreasonable, at least, if not at all times improper, and (which, from the plan and manner in which they were executed) reflected no credit on the taste and magnificence of the nation. He added, that his opposition to these things being well known, he was somewhat surprised that complaint should be made to him upon the subject. To this it was replied in a very laconic manner—"My lord, if your remonstrances were not effectual, it was your duty to resign. We are resolved, one and all, to support no minister who shall not make economy and retrenchment the basis and condition of his service." This happened on Saturday last, and the several persons alluded to spoke out last night in the House of Commons.

The reign of terror is returning. The police are about to act upon the Pitt system, that of 1794, 95, 6, 7, and 8. The keepers of taverns and public-houses have just received a circular notice, verbally delivered, to be circumspect in the choice of the company they admit into their houses—particularly clubs, and to attend to the political sentiments therein expressed. The Jacobins are alarmed, and as many of them have an intemperance of tongue, they have agreed to lock themselves up in their own houses, instead of passing their evenings in the mixed society of a public room.

Really, there is in ministers an appearance of doubt, terror, infatuation, and self-conviction, that might excite the compassion of their most obdurate enemies—we pity the feelings of the chancellor of the exchequer. He positively does not know "what he does and what he says."

March 5.—5 to 4—the odds, in the lobby of the House of Commons this day that the ministers do not carry the income tax.

Lord Ellenborough has foresworn the Pavilion amusements! His lordship returned sorely afflicted with a fit of the gout, for which he is doing penance. He will drink no more *skull-cap*—the prince's name for strong whiskey punch, which he drinks himself in preference to any other liquor.

London, March 6, 1816.

The Ministerial Influenza.—Alexander the Great was wry-necked, and by some extraordinary fatality all his courtiers became wry-necked also. It is somewhat curious to find a like fatality attending the present race of courtiers, but it cannot be pretended that as in the Macedonian court, the disease is affectation, the present ministers being proud, untractable, and of inflexible uprightness and integrity.

However, such is the fact. The Prince R——t first became sick, Lord Castlereagh became sick, then Lord Liverpool became sick, and then Lord Bathurst; on Friday night the Right Hon. Wellesley Pole was taken sick, and in half-an-hour after Bragge Bathurst was taken sick. The disorder, we find, is spreading, and has reached some of the minor ministers. Monday night Mr. Brogden was taken sick, and referred from the committee of ways and means to a committee of physicians.

Several other ministerial members are alarmed, and betray symptoms of illness, or a predisposition to disease. This influenza, it will be seen, differs not only from that of the Macedonian court, but also that which visited the Grecian army at the siege of Troy. That began with the hacks, and jades, and spaniels, and other beasts in the camp, and spread upwards; the present ministerial influenza, on the contrary, began at the top and is extending downwards. It is curious to observe that the symptoms of the disorder are different in different men, varying with their constitutions. In the chancellor of the exchequer it is accompanied with a vertigo or swimming in the head and absence of mind, or rather, to use a pugilistic phrase, "being abroad," vulgarly called bothered; Lord Castlereagh's illness is a sort of nausea—his stomach spoiled with nice and delicate feeding of late, cannot bear the rough and vulgar food served out to him since his return from living with the *other* sovereigns of Europe—a little purging, however, it is expected, will speedily reconcile his stomach to the plain wholesome English fare to which it was accustomed previous to his visit to the continent. The disorder of the Right Hon. Wellesley Pole is attended with an extraordinary depression of spirits, arising, it is supposed, from the weight of the heavy responsibility of his office as master of the mint. Nature, it is said, abhors a *vacuum*, and therefore his disease is further aggravated by the disgust which a sinecure must create. The friends of the secretary-of-war dread a consumption or reduction of physical strength, and Mr. Huskisson appears like a man lost in a wood. But, however the appearance of the disease may vary in different patients, it has one '*fundamental feature*,' as my Lord Castlereagh would say, common to *all*, that is a tendency to a decline or wasting of the solids, strongly indicating a total breaking up of the constitution.

Petitions against the income tax poured into the House of Commons last night in such numbers, that it became necessary to postpone Mr. Weston's motion upon the agricultural interests of the country until to-morrow (Thursday). In the course of the discussion which they produced, Mr. Vansittart stated, that by the modification of the tax which he contemplated, a relief would be granted to the former in the reduction

of other taxes equal to the burden which the income-tax would impose. It would thus appear that it is for the principle of the tax that he is contending, and that its original inequality is to be increased by a distinction in favour of the agricultural interests. *Divide et impera* is a favourite maxim with some politicians. To a question from Mr. Tierney, relative to the substitute which was to be proposed in the event of the rejection of the income-tax, Mr. Vansittart answered that he did not anticipate any such event, and therefore trusted that none would be necessary. Lord Cochrane moved his charges against Lord Ellenborough, accusing him of partiality, misrepresentation, oppression, &c.

Four o'clock. p.m.—The topic of conversation this day is the following—Lord C——, it is said, has written to the Marquis of H—— stating “that if it had not been for the degree of relationship that subsisted between them, there was no language expressive enough for him to utter his contempt, and which he would not use for the hypocrisy and apostacy which had marked his conduct, particularly in a certain *high quarter*, upon the subject of the income-tax. The H—— interest will not support the income-tax. The whole of the Carlton House junta are against the measure. The family say that the measure ought not to have been pressed so far; that a great part of the odium resulting from the inquiry into the expenditure of the civil list might have been avoided had not the measure been pressed so far.

I was misinformed upon the subject of Caulincourt’s arrival; R. was deceived as to the person. A letter was received from C. yesterday, in which he says, “if you hear of my moving nty quarters it will be on the eve of some great convulsion.”

The two Irish peers have withdrawn their proxies upon the Duke of Bedford’s motion on the state of the nation. In haste, adieu.

DAYS FOR EVER GONE.

BY MRS. FONSEBY.

COULD I, in days for ever gone,
When *thou* wert lov’d, and *thou* alone,
Have prophesied to mine own heart
The distance of its future part,
Tears would have stain’d the brightest page
Open’d through life’s bleak pilgrimage.

But now, when on our separate fate,
New forms of joy and sorrow wait,
And never more, through coming years,
We two shall mingle smiles and tears,
No sadness clouds the musing hours,
I give to all that once was ours!

With more of passion than of pain
I turn me to the past again,
With more of fondness than regret,
I guard the dreams that linger yet;
Dreams of the days for ever gone,
When thou wert dear, and thou alone.

THE NEXT OF KIN

A MEMOIR.

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAP. VI.

WHAT a weight was now upon my spirits ! It cannot be supposed but that the hours I had been dreaming away by the side of Agnes, had brought forth their fruit. Her influence over my feelings was unbounded. It was now almost sufficient for my happiness to breathe in her presence.

My passion did not, however, blind me to the fact that my society was courted by the squire, less out of compliment to my uncle, than in the hope of winning over to his church a convert in the enjoyment of a noble fortune, as well as heir-presumptive to the estates of Western. For my uncle was not on such friendly terms with Haggerston as to confide to him the real state of my prospects ; and his daughter, for reasons of her own, had also kept him in the dark. More than once, indeed, when, on his alluding to my fine income, I was on the point of apprising him of the truth, an eager sign from Agnes suspended my explanations ; and I had consequently some grounds for supposing that if, on attaining my majority, I resolved to offer her my hand, and comply with her father's requirements by the adoption of a faith which, since I have heard its doctrines expounded by the lips of an angel, had acquired authority and authenticity in my sight, I had little to apprehend from opposition at Campley.

But these visions were now at an end. I saw that Agnes had welcomed and cherished me only as the kinsman of Cuthbert ;—that Haggerston had borne with me only as the kinsman of Cuthbert ;—that Campley had been open to me only as the kinsman of Cuthbert. All the favours I had fondly attributed to personal predilection, were the mere reflection of their fond attachment to the unfortunate maniac !

The moment this conviction took possession of my mind, I hurried to the chamber containing his portrait and Lady Margaret's ; and now, enlightened by Dr. Hipsley's revelations, how different an interest did they assume from the day when, guided by old Bernard, I sauntered through the state-rooms,—barely conscious that I had a cousin, and interested in the name of Lady Margaret Western, only from knowing her to be a daughter of the house of Howard !—Now, I stood with folded arms before the portrait, endeavouring to read in the features line by line and page by page, the mysteries of her strange eventful history ; while in the almost seraphic countenance of her son, I seemed to discern superhuman confirmation of the Oriental superstition that the infirm of mind are under the especial protection of God.

I stood gazing upon his face till I could have fancied he was about to address me ;—about to tax me with treachery, in having profited by his absence to endeavour to supplant him in the affections so dear to him.—

Yet there was so much benignity in those heavenly eyes, that it was difficult even to *fancy* them armed by a resentful feeling. I could believe him grieved to find me so closely installed in his father's favour and the friendship of Agnes,—but not *angry*. Cuthbert was one born to suffer, but not to resent. Wretch that I was.—Even I was forced to admit the charm and superiority of that unfortunate recluse!—and tears gushed from my eyes, and I stamped upon the floor with impotent rage, as I contemplated the angelic beauty of a face which I felt was never to be effaced from the memory of those to whom it was dear.

That night, I never closed my eyes. A species of delirious *clairvoyance* seemed to place before me the evils created by the contact of my father's blood with that of the Westfens. My mother's early death,—my uncle's ill-starred marriage,—my father's fearful end,—my cousin's wretched existence,—all were distinctly traceable to the interested courtship which deprived the old hall of her who should have lived and died its mistress. Humiliating visions of *her* repellent deformity, and terrifying glimpses of Cuthbert's paroxysms of madness, were blended in a wild chaos of emotion which was neither sleep nor waking.

Still under the influence of these feverish delusions, I had scarcely patience to listen to my poor uncle's daily exposition of the state of public affairs, as gleaned from the manifestoes of the morning papers, so eager was I to find myself at Campley. There was some magnificent fruit on the breakfast-table, and the prolix courtesy with which he endeavoured to select for me the ripest nectarine, so irritated, I remember, my nerves, that I had great difficulty, when he placed it on my plate, in resisting my inclination to fling it out of the window. Even Sir Ralph, though far from an observant person, could not but notice my excitement, and more than once, before I quitted the room, renewed his inquiry whether I did not find myself indisposed.

As I urged my horse, almost at speed, along a road which four months before I had thought perilous even in a walk, I could not but notice that, in the interval, the heather had assumed its richest flush of purple, and the coppices become tinged with Autumn's golden hues; while here and there the red stems of the dogwood showed themselves almost denuded of leaves. The Summer had passed away—the Autumn was passing—unobserved, uncared for. The time originally fixed for my sojourn at Western Hall was on the eve of expiration, and as yet I seemed but in the first week of my visit!

As I crossed the hills, I was hailed by a rough voice, and though inwardly cursing any obstacle to my expedition, was forced to wait till the sportsman by whom I had been descried from afar, toiled through the heath and broom towards the acclivity where my horse and its rider stood panting with impatience. For it was the squire who shouted my name, in a voice that made the old slate quarries of the hill-side ring again. Yet all he had to tell was the number of pheasants he had bagged the preceding day in my uncle's preserves, which he begged me to be sure and remember for Sir Ralph, to whose keepers they had been remitted. "And now he was on the look-out for woodcocks. Tom Airy, Dr. Hipsley's bailiff, had seen a woodcock the preceding evening in Bardyn-gorse, and the woodcocks were seldom more than a week in the country—he should not be home till late." He begged me to tell Agnes, if I

were proceeding to Campley, to have dinner ordered half-an-hour later than usual.

I scarcely know what I answered. But it was some comfort to be assured that his coarseness would not intervene in the explanation I was resolved to have with his daughter.

But since, certain of her undivided attention, I determined to postpone the crisis ; to lead her at first to speak of Cuthbert unaware of the insight I had obtained into their relative positions. I wanted to satisfy myself whether *she* had endeavoured to deceive me, or whether I had deceived myself. She should *again* show me his exquisite drawings ; again give voice to the exquisite strains of his invention ; that I might determine within myself whether she dwelt upon them as memorials of *him*—as mementoes of past joys and momentarily repressed expectations—or whether she were prompted to the exhibition by the puerile vanity of woman's nature.

When I reached the last hill overlooking Campley (a spot where, only two days before, my heart leapt in my bosom for joy at sight of the roof containing all that was dear to me on earth !), I felt so painful a tightening of my breath, that a knife plunged into my heart would scarcely have inflicted greater anguish.

But, alas ! on entering the little drawing-room Agnes was not alone. The man who, within the last four-and-twenty hours. I had learned to loathe as the origin of so much human calamity, was seated in an opposite chair ; while Miss Haggerston occupied herself with a seam of coarse needlework, destined to the use of some poor person of the parish. For the first time, the grey hairs and mild deportment of Father Dormer failed to inspire me with respect. All I had ever heard of the grasping nature of the Jesuits suddenly recurred to my thoughts, as the origin of his successive projects against Lady Margaret Western, against Cuthbert, against myself. He it was who had prompted his plastic scholar to those coquetries so easily wrought out of the latent instincts of every female heart, which had condemned my poor cousin to the cell of a lunatic, and myself to a life of despair !

As some cover to my surliness, I delivered Mr. Haggerston's message.

"I have already forestalled his wishes," was her cheerful answer. "I foresaw he would be out all day."

She had foreseen that he would be out all day, and there sat the tempter

Close at the ear of Eve.

The glozing, Machiavellian controller of the conscience of Agnes, and the destinies of all those submitted to the charm of her beauty ! How I longed to tell him what I thought of him ! how I longed to exclaim, that to *me* the only dark side of Catholicism was the necessity it conveyed of having an authority superior to my own established by my fireside ; a restraining hand perpetually interfering between me and the wife of my bosom.

Dormer was evidently chagrined by my arrival, and even Agnes was not in her usual spirits. She, too, perhaps, though eager in her invitations, considered me at that moment an intruder.

But her gentle nature was candid as was her countenance. Scarcely

had I taken my place, before she explained to me the interesting nature of the conversation I had interrupted.

"Mr. Dormer is on his way home from the Heath," said she, "a sure sign that Cuthbert is improving; for unless when the patient is in a perfectly tranquil mood, and disposed for rational conversation, by Sir Ralph's wish, even the friend he most values is not admitted to his presence."

"A judicious arrangement," replied I, coldly, "which would be, in my opinion, improved by still more stringent regulations. I would have no one but his medical advisers admitted to the Heath."

"Mr. Dormer is a medical adviser," rejoined Miss Haggerston. "Surely the cure of souls ranks higher than the cure of bodies?"

"I cannot, however, admit a person subject to mental aberration to be in a state for religious controversy," said I. "My cousin's convalescence might be cruelly retarded by allusion to topics no less perplexing than augurs."

"You do not consider it possible, then," argued Father Dormer, with a grim smile, "for a poor priest like myself to inspire, or be susceptible of the charities of human affection? Did you know your cousin, Mr. Ashworth, your opinion would be altered! At no great distant time, however, your own experience may prompt you to acknowledge that those who love him have good cause to seize on every opportunity conceded them, to hold him once more by the hand!"

A heavy sigh from Agnes seemed to intimate that her thoughts were elsewhere. For it could not be this announcement of her idolised Cuthbert's return home, that dissipated her heart.

I thought I could detect a stern glance directed towards her by the priest, as if the conversation I had interrupted had not been *wholly* un-mixed with reprehension. On which, instead of replying to a slight inquiry addressed to me by Miss Haggerston, I started from my place, and went and stood at the window overlooking the garden, where nothing but china-asters, fuchsias, and the autumnal scabious were now in bloom; as if to intimate my resolve to remain silent so long as a third person were in the room.

My determinations, one way or the other, had probably as much effect on Dormer's granite nature as though I had endeavoured to stir the foundations of Honiston's crag! A moment afterwards, and still almost in a tone of rebuke, he inquired of Miss Haggerston whether the Hutterington chimney-piece had been set?

"Some weeks ago," she replied, "and in my own chamber."

"It would have broken poor Cuthbert's heart," rejoined Dormer, "to have found on his return to the hall, that you set no value on what he perilled his life to obtain at the suggestion of a mere caprice."

"Not a caprice, dear Mr. Dormer," mildly expostulated Agnes. "In my youth, when the staircase of the tower at Hutterington Castle was nearly perfect, that chimney-piece was always pointed out as a *chef-d'œuvre* by the artists and antiquarians who visited the neighbourhood. So often had I heard it praised, indeed, that it was but natural I should express before Cuthbert my wish for the preservation of a rare and beautiful object, which the indifference of Sir Ralph Westfern, would probably allow to be pillaged by some wandering archæologist."

"Better have warned the father than the son," retorted Dormer, "since you must have known that Cuthbert's spirit of enterprise would prompt him to undertake the conquest of the treasure, concerning which you affected an interest."

"On the contrary, dear sir," she replied, "I myself heard him engage the workmen who were to attempt the removal of the carvings." And it was only when their heads, or courage failed them, and no one could be found to ascend the stair and place the heavy stones, one by one in the baskets slung by pulleys from the summit of the towers, that Cuthbert risked his precious life for a few worthless masses of stone!"

"Say, rather, for the sake of her who affixed a value to them!" gravely rejoined the priest.

"Any one would have affixed a value to them who is interested in the progress of the arts," rejoined Miss Haggerston. "The fret-work, though injured by exposure for centuries, is still beautiful. Come with me and see it," said she, rising and approaching the door; "that you may satisfy yourself nothing has been neglected to do honour to an object which is at once a trophy of poor Cuthbert's daring and of the generosity of Sir Ralph."

In a moment they were out of the room. But, as it occurred to me, as promptly, that their project was only to get rid of me, for the pursuance of the conversation I had interrupted, I ventured to follow. They had not reached the landing of the old stone staircase, with its pierced balluster, before I entreated permission to accompany them, for a sight of the interesting relic they were discussing; and, escorted by the priest, I suppose Miss Haggerston felt that it would look like prudery to refuse.

For it was into her own room we were about to penetrate; and the moment we crossed the threshold, I felt that, in whatever quarter of the globe I might have chanced to enter it, the first word that escaped my lips would have been an ejaculation of the name of "Agnes!"

None but herself could have been the saint of that pure and placid shrine. The atmosphere was impregnated with a fragrance I had often noticed as emanating from her dress; produced by the dried flowers of the double violet (so much more delicate than the fine lady's substitute of orris), and opposite to the snow white bed which looked as though visited only by holiest dreams, hung a picture of the *Matre Dolorosa*, copied by Cuthbert, after *Murillo*, the tender sorrowfulness of whose countenance thrilled through my heart.

In a niche between the fire-place and the Elizabethan window, stood a small crucifix of ebony and ivory, surmounting a reading-desk, covered with books of prayer, before which lay a simple straw hassock, bearing marks of constant use.

It would have seemed sacrilege to me had any tokens of the toilet been intermingled with these solemn accessories. But a half-open door near the entrance showed that there was a light and airy dressing-closet adjoining the bed-room.

All these observations, and a thousand more, such as caused the colour to tingle in my cheeks, and the tears to tremble in my eyes, from the joy of discovering more than one trifling gift of mine installed among the treasures of Agnes, before I so much as recollected the purpose of our visit; and when, at length, I recalled to my remembrance, by seeing

Father Dormer standing motionless before what was indeed a most curious specimen of the sculpture of the early ages, I noticed with almost as much interest as the beauty of the carving, that, while pretending to examine the manner in which the stones had been reset by a Kendal mason, commissioned for the purpose by Sir Ralph, instead of really looking at the chimney-piece, the eyes of the Jesuit were fixed upon a glass suspended above it, which reflected not only my own movements, but every object in the room.

Delightful as it was to be breathing an atmosphere so intimately connected with her in whom my soul delighted, I was glad to get away. It seemed like profanation that the insidious being who commanded so undue an influence over that young girl's destinies, should be standing within the secrecy of her chamber. When we reached the foot of the stairs, Agnes suddenly seated herself before the organ which stood in the little hall, and, uninvited, began to execute portions of the "Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi—I suspect because she wanted to silence any further discussion of the old chimney-piece! To these succeeded one of Cuthbert's exquisite compositions; no sooner had she commenced which, than I drew near, hoping to read in her eyes the nature of the interest inspired by him whose spirit had emitted those spirit-stirring chords. But this was impossible: the eyes of Agnes were uplifted to Heaven. It was evidently the *subject* of that glorious hymn, and not its harmony or composer, that occupied her pious thoughts.

Till then, I had never much faith in the story of "Stradella." But, from the wondrous soothing exercised over my troubled spirits by her melodious voice, I could believe that murderous purposes might have been driven from the mind of a hired assassin, by the power of song.

When Agnes rose from the organ, I turned instinctively towards Mr. Dormer, and addressed him with my usual courtesy. It seemed impossible that any evil thing, or nefarious project, should abide in presence of such heavenly sounds!

He was perhaps soothed in his turn, for his countenance had lost its severity when we returned into the sunny sitting-room; and by way of giving a more general turn to the conversation, I related to Miss Haggerston the sad catastrophe of the Bardyn mine—luckily enough, for neither she nor her reverend companion had heard of it; and among the miners of that district were several families of the Catholic persuasion! The exact names of the sufferers I could not recall to mind; and he consequently trembled for his flock.

Without a moment's hesitation, he ordered his horse to be saddled, to proceed to the spot; and though I certainly fancied that my mention of Dr. Hipsley's prompt attendance had some share in spurring his zeal, let me do him the justice to say, that his exertions in the cause of suffering human nature were untiring, as far as regarded the church he served. I have noticed, however, in every country I ever visited, that, even in their acts of good Samaritanism, the genuine spirit of Christianity, which regards all men as brethren, is wanting in the charities of papists.

He went, however, and that was all I cared for. As he quitted the house, methought he cast a significant glance upon Agnes; perhaps from not being fully aware of the confidence reposed in me by her father.

But, alas! though I had fully resolved to profit by his departure for a

thorough explanation with my companion, the moment I found myself alone with her, a padlock seemed affixed to my lips! So far from interrogating her, I scarcely dared to look her in the face. For the first time, she seemed to stand before me as the affianced wife of my cousin.

Scarcely less embarrassed and dispirited than myself, a quarter of an hour was wasted in desultory observations on the weather and the news, such as had never been exchanged between us before, such as ought never to pass between those who are all in all to each other. My previous allusion to the danger poor Cuthbert might undergo from theological discussions, doubtless led her to suspect that I had been made acquainted, either by Dr. Hipsley or some other person, with the mysteries of her early life; so that she could not talk in her usual easy, happy strain.

"Why not walk to meet my father?" said she, fancying, perhaps, that the *géné* between us would be less when side by side in the open air, than in a close chamber, face to face. And, as usual, equipped in a moment, we were soon breasting a strong autumnal breeze on the hill-side; under whose bracing influence it was impossible to remain desponding. Already I found myself admiring her graceful elasticity of step, and listening to the music of a voice, which, when cheerful, was as the carol of a bird.

Still, we talked of any thing and every thing but ourselves and those nearest and dearest to us. As usual, in those more conscious moments when we *felt* that we were alone together, I endeavoured to amuse her by reference to works of the day which she had no means of perusing; and she to interest my attention by the fruits of her country experience as a naturalist—opportunities for which I had never enjoyed. And who would ever have dreamed, on overhearing my quotations from Moore and Byron, or the graphic account afforded by Agnes of the appearance of a floating island in Gleyburn Mere, from the turf of which, when pierced, issued a jet of water as high as the geysers of Iceland, that the heart of each was throbbing with emotion,—that both were conscious of being on the eve of waking from a dream, too sweet, too bright to last.

The conflict between my suppressed feelings and the effort to appear cheerful, became at length more than I could bear. I was growing desperate with impatience. I felt that I must speak to her and relieve my mind from its load of anguish and apprehension: or dash down the precipitous pass, and fling myself from the cliffs into the foaming brook below. But ere I could give loose to the mad impulses seething in my mind, Mr. Haggerston's favourite retriever luckily came sniffing through the gorse, to greet his young mistress; and a halloo from the clear ringing voice of the squire suspended our march.

In a moment his face, glowing with exercise, came smiling upon us; and with his gun on his shoulder and his daughter's arm drawn under his own, turned back together towards Campley. He was not in his best of humours,—not so much as the tip of a woodcock's bill having been perceptible; while numerous answers to his inquiries of the herdsmen of the valley, even satisfied him that he had been imposed upon as to their passage. But like many other jocose people, Haggerston was never more inclined to raillery than when out of sorts. And thankful should I have

been had he selected, just then, some other butt than myself; and some other subject of irony than my overflowing riches,—my parks, my venison, my game, my keepers. For I was not in the mood to be reminded of my poverty and insignificance.

Arrived at Campley, I shook hands with them under the porch, and was about to hurry to the stables, to order my horse, according to the rough and ready practise of the house, for I felt that, in Haggerston's present vein, to dine with them was out of the question. But as I hurried along the yew hedge towards the offices, I found Agnes was following.

"I am afraid my father has offended you?" said she, "Yet you were not used to be so susceptible with your friends!"

"I am not *quite* so affrontable a person as you fancy me," said I, endeavouring to smile, "but I promised my uncle to return. My uncle is expecting me."

"In that case, I will not say another word," rejoined Agnes, again extending her hand for a farewell salutation. "Better, perhaps, on all accounts, that you should return."

The moment she announced her intention of letting me follow my own devices, I longed to have her persuade me to stay; more particularly when she added that "on *all* accounts, it was better I should go." On *what* account? What did she mean? That because my cousin was on the eve of his return I must absent myself from Campley? that I must renounce, as a friend, the society of one pledged to become Cuthbert's wife?

While on my way back to the hall, my eyes blinded with tears, so that the way before me was dim as with the shadows of night, on recalling to mind all that had passed and was likely to pass, I resolved, rather than live to behold her the wife of my kinsman, to renounce an existence in which not a single human being experienced sympathy or interest! And under the influence of my overweening passions, I was scarcely in my right senses on alighting from my horse at Westfern Hall.

CHAP. VII.

My uncle was waiting dinner for me. As I had not announced my intention of going to Campley, though his usual hour was past, he felt assured of my return.

"I am not well enough to dine," said I to old Bernard, by whom, with a face somewhat resentful of my want of deference towards Sir Ralph, the fact was announced. "I am going to lie down. I want rest."

But though the whiteness of my face, and tremours of my frame, bore ample confirmation of my assertion, the old man persisted.

"If you could keep my master company at dinner, Mr. Ashworth," said he; "you must pardon an old servitor of your family, sir, for saying that it is your duty to make some exertion."

"Were I to comply with your wishes," said I, peevishly, "my uncle would lose rather than gain by the society of a man suffering as I am."

"He would be sadly anxious, sir, if I announced to him that you were ill. In that case he could not dine at all; he would come and sit by your bedside."

The idea of my ceremonious uncle seated by my bedside, sufficed to deter me from all wish to enter it ; and Bernard, who saw in my countenance what he took for relenting, immediately added, "Sir Ralph is very low to-day, sir, and we reckoned upon your return home to put him in better spirits."

"In that case, Bernard," said I, more humanely, "let dinner be served. By the time it is on table I shall be in the dining-room."

For it was chiefly because expecting to see my uncle unusually elated by the prospect of Cuthbert's return that I had dreaded the *tête-à-tête*. I was in no humour for parental ecstasies.

Scarcely had I taken my place opposite to him at table, however, when I felt thankful to his faithful servant for having compelled me to the fulfilment of a duty. My poor uncle's eyes were red and swollen, and to me the tears of age are indescribably affecting. It seems so gratuitous an aggravation of our earthly probation, that, on the brink of the grave, sensibility should be accorded us only to suffer.

During dinner he spoke little, and ate less ; and nearly as soon as the servants had withdrawn, proposed our adjourning to the snug breakfast-room, in which, since the chilly autumnal breezes had set in, we were accustomed to pass our evenings in reading, or chess, or chat. Prepared for our remaining longer at table, the lights were not yet placed ; and when I proposed ringing for them, my uncle seemed disposed that, for a time, the firelight should suffice. "It diffused," he said, "a cheerful light through the room." But, by the care he took to place his old-fashioned arm-chair of Gobelin's tapestry, so as to be shaded from it by the angle of the chimney-piece, I saw that he wished to screen from observation the sadness of his countenance.

And I, fool that I was, who had expected to find him joyous and exulting in the prospect of Cuthbert's return !

We sat for some time in silence, each absorbed in his separate grief. But the contemplation of my own soon reminded me, with such poignant bitterness, of the isolation awaiting me, when the affection of all to whom I had recently attached myself was to be monopolised by another, that I dreaded to let the kind old man flee from me into the reserve of his sorrow. Instead of respecting his tears, as I should have done at any other moment, I glided silently from my chair, and knelt on the cushion that lay habitually at his feet.

"You are out of spirits, dearest uncle," said I, taking his unresisting hand, "and at a time when I expected to find your heart overflowing with joy." And at the words I felt his cold, withered hand tremble within my own. "Do not," I continued, "deny me a share in your sorrows. I promise you in return my utmost sympathy in your joy at my cousin's restoration to health."

"Joy !" reiterated the poor old man. "Show me—show me the joy that yet remains for me in this world. Threescore years and fifteen have I numbered, my dear boy, on earth ; and scarcely one but has been coloured with sombre hues. The righteous God, who dispenses with an equal hand the blessings and torments of life, did not assign me the benefits of birth and fortune without counterbalancing the gifts with trials reducing me to the level of the humblest pauper on my estate."

"But these trials are drawing to an end, my dear uncle," cried I, pre-

tending to console others, when so grievously in need of consolation. "Dr. Hipsley informs me that the new mode of treatment adopted towards poor Cuthbert—"

"Hipsley has been talking to you then?" hastily interrupted my uncle. "Well, well, so much the better. It will facilitate the communications I have long been wishing to make you. I am glad the ice is broken. Rise, my dear child, and draw your chair near to mine. We have much, *much* to discuss together," said he, after I had in silence obeyed his injunctions. And now that explanation was imminent, deeply did I regret having drawn upon myself what could scarcely fail to convey an additional pang to the breasts of both.

"I need not remind you," said he, mildly, "that you are my next of kin, and that, failing male issue, you succeed to my estates. Even were it in human nature, my dear nephew, to overlook the prospect of such advantage, there are those hereabouts who have taken care to refresh your memory. But it is personal regard only, and not the tie of kinsmanship, which inclines me to open my heart to you. Disappointed men are seldom confiding, and mine, alas! has been a life of disappointment.

"I was the first child of my parents, and, for a considerable number of years, the only one. Unluckily; for, instead of increasing my interest in their eyes, I found myself, as heir of their entailed estate, an object of jealousy. After assigning, by the extent and publicity of their rejoicings, the utmost importance to my birth, they were angry to find the consequence they had created become permanent. Seventy-five years ago, such sentiments were not uncommon. There was less sympathy, less fondness, less unreserve than now, between children and their parents. From the throne downwards, an heir apparent was an object of mistrust.

"Just as I was approaching the age of manhood, however, it was announced that Lady Westfern (years after the abandonment of such expectations), was again about to become a mother; and from the air with which the circumstance was announced by my parents, I saw that they were already preparing to lavish upon a second son the affections so charily bestowed upon myself. Great, therefore, was their mortification when the promised offspring proved a girl. The infant was all but exiled from the presence of her parents. For months together her father never looked upon its face; nor, with all your experience of the hall, my dear nephew, have you, I suspect, once penetrated so far as the remote attic which was appointed as your mother's nursery.

"But to *me*, that neglected child was an object of intense interest. When I returned home from Eton or Oxford, my first visit was to Clara; and as I was the *only* person besides her nurse who ever noticed the poor little humbled thing, dearly did she love me in return.

"On one of these visits I observed with regret that the natural feebleness of her constitution was exhibiting itself in an unmistakeable form—and hastened to point out to her parents that the little girl's spine was diseased. They would not listen. She was under the care of the neighbouring apothecary—and that was enough.

"The result was complete deformity. By the time my father and mother died, leaving me at liberty to do justice to this precious sister, she was reduced to a state of unsightliness which, but for the tenderness with which I endeavoured to overcome her scruples, would have determined

her to seclusion for life. Of this I would not hear. Having placed her at once at the head of my establishment, I endeavoured by all the arguments in my power, and all the arts of affection to reconcile her to herself. I gave up my whole life to this pious task. I was determined that she should never feel herself neglected,—never fancy herself inferior to the rest of the world.

"Do not let me dwell upon this!" he said "do not let me dwell upon it! *You* know how I was rewarded. I devoted the best days of my life to *her*,—denying myself, for her sake, a young man's pleasures. London, I never approached; for *THERE* I knew what humiliations awaited her. And after I had done all this, and for *her* alone remained single and childless,—this sister,—this loved one,—this poor deformed Clara, quitted me for the only man who was hypocrite enough to picture, that any eye but a brother's was not revolted by her appearance! *His* motives were not doubtful. The low-born needy man—"

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "even your just indignation must not lead you to forget that Mr. Ashworth was my father."

"Right, boy, right!—I am, indeed, too apt, as well as too willing to forget it! Let it suffice, then, that, bereft of the companion of my fireside, and finding my abandoned home peopled with the miserable thoughts she had bequeathed me, and myself too old to enter into the struggle of public life which I had renounced to remain her companion, I resolved to marry. Bitterness rather than love was at the bottom of my resolution. I was determined to have male heirs. No child of the upstart Ashworths should succeed to me as my next of kin!"

My impatient gestures again reminded Sir Ralph that he was approaching a forbidden subject.

"At that moment," resumed he, "my hatred of my sister and her banker husband inspired me with tastes, which every one esteemed my natural predilection, for beauty and high birth. In the wife of my choice I asked only for what was most opposite to Clara and her husband. I sought not for a temper suited to my own,—I asked not for a heart I could attach. My sister had inspired me with mistrust of all human affection. And thus it was I wedded with Lady Margaret Howard—young, lovely,—but every way ill-qualified to become the household companion of a peevish, disappointed man!"

"I have heard the history of what followed, dearest sir," said I, perceiving that the tears were falling fast from his eyes, and willing to spare him the recital of his vexations.

"And this, my dear nephew,—this petulant and ill-assorted marriage," said he, disregarding me, and no longer pretending to conceal his sobs, "was my second grievous disappointment. I followed that lovely young woman to the grave, into which my morose temper was the means of precipitating her, with a heart in which remorse was added to the anguish which had previously made me feel myself a wretch."

"Surely, sir, the early death of Lady Margaret was attributable to the harassing influence of others over her mind, rather than to her domestic disagreements?"

"You think so? After hearing all that Hipsley has to relate, you *really* believe that Dormer and the Haggerstons had some share in her illness?" cried he. "God be thanked that any besides my-

self can cherish such a conviction ! In the fate of Cuthbert I can swear that theirs was the greater portion. For from the moment that I hung over the fair head of that motherless boy, I devoted myself exclusively to his happiness. There was nothing I would not have done for him,—nothing I would not have sacrificed for him ;—no, not even those hoarded treasures of the human heart, its prejudices and antipathies. For *him* I courted the Haggerstons ;—for *him*, I bore with the Jesuits. I lived but in *him* ! My sister was now in her grave. I cared not even to learn that she had left a son. As far as I knew, the only living thing in whose veins my blood was flowing, was the beautiful child who gambolled beside my hearth, fair and gentle as an angel ;—learning without an effort all that was taught him,—and knowing intuitively much that is not to be taught. My son possessed the eye, the hand, the voice of an artist. He was something superhuman—something too bright—too good for this world of sordid care."

It needed no great effort to render my poor uncle conscious of my sympathy, the moment he began to speak of his son.

" And loving him thus," continued he, " thus absorbingly—thus passionately,—(for after all the disappointments and threatenings I had undergone, the tenderness I lavished upon this last thing that was left me to prevent my pilgrimage through life from being a barren waste, was more like the doating of a lover than a father's rational tenderness), judge what were my feelings when I first discerned a trace of the sad infirmity with which nature had seen fit to disfigure the most glorious of her works ! Oh ! that, indeed, was an hour of trial ! I tried to fancy myself mistaken. I tried to blind myself to what the saddened looks of those around me proclaimed to be only too perceptible to others. I sorrowed over my ill-starred child,—I wept over him,—I prayed for him ! But the Hand which, if mighty to save is mighty to smite, was heavy upon us both. The flights of that noble mind grew wilder and wilder, till all power of self-deception was past. He was mad,—Cuthbert was mad—my noble boy,—my heir,—the future representative of our ancient house, was mad, mad, mad ! And the word was pronounced of him in my hearing, nephew Ashworth ;—and yet—and yet I lived !"

Lest he should be excited into the same paroxysms as my unhappy cousin, I besought the old man to compose himself, and defer, till the morrow, all he had further to relate.

" *Now !*" said he, " let all be told *now* ! Let one agony suffice. You are aware of my poor child's attachment to Agnes Haggerston ; and how, overcoming my repugnance to the faith she professes, I consented to their marriage so far as was consistent with my duty to Him for whom my love might not abide rivalry with love for any created thing. I chose that the recantation of my son should be actuated by conviction—not by the impulses of human passion ; and for this, even this, was I punished, by the irretrievable alienation of his mind. For they may adopt what new-fangled systems they choose, my dear nephew, a father's more discerning eye sees that the patient is incurable. Lucid intervals may intervene ; but my son is a lunatic for life !"

And again the voice of the heavily-visited old man was broken by sobs of despair.

" The medical men say otherwise," he continued, " for such people live

by the diffusion of groundless hopes ; and Haggerston, and above all, his priest, say otherwise ; for they have set their hearts and minds upon the appropriation of the wide estates of Westfern Hall to one of their own communion. And let it be so—but let them leave me my son—my poor infirm, afflicted son. He must not be dragged out of the tranquil sphere of seclusion, which alone is likely to preserve his intellects from frenzy. He must not be made the founder of a race whose future irregularities will, perhaps, be traced, from century to century, as originating with Sir Cuthbert, the lunatic ! No—I would have the poor victim live a life of serenity, and die a death of peace.”

“ But since his attachment to Miss Haggerston is so strong,” I was beginning conscientiously to argue.

“ Ay, but to secure his happiness in wedded life, Miss Haggerston should be equally attached to *him* !” cried my uncle ; “ and she is *not*. I have watched her with the jealous eye of paternal love, and seen her tremble whenever Cuthbert approached. She fears him. His cruel malady revolts and alarms her. Like a tender sister, she may grieve over him, and solace him, and enter into his pursuits. But she does not love him, nephew. She loves *you*—nay, do not start—she loves *you*, and *you* alone, as woman should love the man to whom she pledges her faith.”

It will readily be believed how eagerly I now listened to every word that fell from the lips of my uncle.

“ You had not been long my inmate,” continued he, “ when I discovered this ; and that the affection felt for you by Agnes was only the repayment of your own. That Dormer and Haggerston would lie in wait for your soul, I also clearly foresaw ; in order that the next of kin might supply the place of the heir-apparent, should it please God to perpetuate the lunacy of Cuthbert.”

“ Yet I can assure you, sir,” I felt it but justice to say, “ neither one nor other of them ever attempted to shake the orthodoxy of my faith.”

“ Not openly, perhaps ; not frankly. But they have lost no opportunity of rendering Catholicism amiable in your eyes, by exhibiting its sweetness in the nature of Agnes—its energies in the activity and zeal, and self-denial of Father Dormer.”

And this I could not deny.

“ Admit, candidly, my dear nephew,” added Sir Ralph, “ that you are already prepared to renounce the creed of your forefathers, in the event of Mr. Haggerston’s feeling disposed to break his pledges to Cuthbert, and bestow upon you his daughter’s hand ?”

My self-accusing silence was a sufficient answer.

“ Think not that I blame you, my dear boy,” continued my uncle ; “ I have long appreciated the worldly craft of these people, and resigned myself to the influence they seemed predestined by the Almighty to assume over my ill-fated house. On the contrary, if you can honestly enter the bosom of their church, as a sincere convert to the doctrines of Rome, *do it* ! So far from blaming you, or repining, I should rejoice !—I cannot bear to reflect upon the existence that awaits my infirm child, when he shall have become a mark for the disgust of his wife and the tyrannies of her confessor. Any thing rather than *that*, my dear nephew, any thing—any thing !”

To be offered as a substitute for Cuthbert, like a victim bound to the

horns of the altar, was not altogether flattering. But I chose to hear to an end.

"If, therefore," he persisted, "when my son is sufficiently recovered to be amenable to the voice of reason, I can satisfy him that Agnes consents to become his only as an act of compassion, and that her whole heart is with yourself, he may possibly be induced to enter some religious order, such as admits of his residence under this roof, but renders wedlock impossible; in which case I would instantly settle upon you a moiety of my fortune, with the reversion of the whole at my death, to justify your marriage with Miss Haggerston. For such an arrangement would insure it. Neither father nor priest care a jot to what manner of husband the Western estates are attached, so that they fall within the jurisdiction of their church."

"And Agnes?"

"Agnes would marry you, rich or poor, so that Cuthbert opposed no obstacle, and her father did not withhold his consent; and, once united, I feel that my son would possess in his next of kin, when I am laid in the grave, a friend who would watch over him and protect him from the cruelties and coercion to which, if unfriended, his helpless condition might expose him."

For a moment I felt angry at finding the poor old gentleman desirous to promote my marriage with his neighbour's daughter, only to secure a more humane keeper for my cousin. But what can one not forgive to the infatuation of parental love! And he was addressing me in all earnestness—his hands clasped fervently over his bosom—his tears flowing unrestrained.

"I am definitively to understand, then, my dear uncle," said I "that—"

"That you have my full and entire sanction to your addresses to Agnes Haggerston, provided her father and, and *that man*, that *priest* will submit to the terms proposed. It strikes me that, were Cuthbert to find on his return to us the marriage accomplished, he would reconcile himself far better to the change, than if made to discover by the slow experience of day by day, that the woman he worships loves him only as a brother, and has given her heart of hearts elsewhere.

It was not for me to express a contrary opinion. I acquiesced. And having consented to all his proposals, cheered him to the best of my power by pledging myself by the most solemn protestations to watch over the future happiness and comfort of the poor betrothed Cuthbert, resolved to return to Campley on the morrow and disclose word by word to Miss Haggerston the singular communication of my uncle.

Such an opportunity, however, was denied me. I went, but there was other company at Campley; the Hipsleys and another family of country neighbours, who, thanks to the ladylike housewifery of the convent-reared Agnes, were entertained as if under the roof of a prince.

But if unable to disclose to her all that was agitating my mind, I enjoyed the far greater pleasure of endeavouring to verify, unsuspected, the flattering assurances of my uncle. Throughout the day I watched her as a schoolboy watches his bird, deriving auguries from every look, and word, and gesture. And when I saw how often, while engaged in courtesies to those insupportable women, her eyes wandered furtively in search of me, and how often her discourse with them bore reference to things known only to us twain, so that amidst what appeared a general conversation she

still contrived to maintain our *tête-à-tête*, it was difficult to forgive my previous blindness. I could have blessed the name of my uncle for having opened my eyes. I could have crawled to the feet of Agnes, and wept.

The Hipsleys, fancying from the incoherence and excitement of my manner that I was indisposed, insisted on conveying me home at night in their carriage, though the road was two miles longer than the one I was accustomed to take. But I was too happy to be refractory, though, as it was a fine moonlight night, the ride by the high road would have been delightful. I enjoyed, however, a spectacle new to me in a moonlight view of the beautiful ruins of Huttington Castle situated scarcely fifty yards from the road.

"You should have seen it a few years ago, my dear sir," said Dr. Hipsley, gratified by my enthusiasm. "Poor Sir Ralph is too supine to have any thing done for its preservation, and the stones are pillaged by all the builders of the neighbourhood. Yonder tower, where your poor cousin accomplished that desperate feat of his, which we now consider to have been one of the first proofs of his insanity, will soon fall to the ground."

I gazed upwards at the dizzy height, on the summit of which a self-planted young birch-tree was waving like a feather in the midnight air, and promised to speak to my uncle on the subject. Other thoughts, however, were just then in my mind than antiquarian crotchets.

Next day I was at Campley by breakfast-time, on pretence of bringing a book which Miss Haggerston had asked me to look for in the Western library. "Filli di Sciro," an old pastoral of moderate merit compared with that of Tasso, to which one of her lady visitors had alluded the preceding day, probably with the impertinent intention of signalling a heroine whose distresses arise from an attachment to two lovers at once; but in reality to escape my share of an interview between Dormer and Sir Ralph, which the latter, concluding my explanations with Agnes to have been fully made the previous day, had himself demanded.

I was heartily welcomed. The strongest instinct of the squire's heart was hospitality. Always overjoyed to see me at his dinner-table, he seemed still better pleased to have me at breakfast. I was forced, however to pay the penalty of my welcome by visiting with him his dogs, his ponies, his garden, his grotto, and began to fear that the whole day was fated to be lost like the preceding one, when my fears were happily removed by his proposal to me to ride over with him to Bardyn, where it was expected that some disturbance might arise during the inquest held upon the sufferers from the late accident. Nothing was easier than to decline, on pretence that I had commissions to discharge for my uncle on my way back to the hall, and when I saw the poor squire mount his galloway and leave the field clear for my explanations, the blood rushed into my head till the sensations I experienced were almost those of a drowning man.

Agnes still loitered under the porch, as though she expected to see me fulfil my announcement to her father, or because the delightful consciousness of love now dawning between us rendered her unwilling to return with me *tête-à-tête* into the house.

"My table has not yet been removed from under the old tree," said she, on perceiving that I intended to prolong my visit. "This beautiful day is, I fear, our last glimpse of Summer. Let us make the most of it. Let us enjoy ourselves in the old spot."

I could have wished that the soft breezes sporting with the tendrils of jessamine that hung down from the porch had been less balmy; for the

disclosures I meditated seemed to require the snugness of the fireside. I wanted to talk to her of *home*—the home that I trusted would be ours.

But what Agnes said was to be done ; and while she sauntered slowly across the flower garden towards her “green parlour,” she despatched me back to the house for the volume of “*Filli di Sciro*” that we might look over it together. A book to be looked over, goes far to break the ice of a *tête-à-tête* ; nor was I sorry for an excuse to take my place close at her side upon the old bench, so close, that I could feel the soft texture of the Indian shawl folded around her, as I pretended to pore over her shoulder on the old fashioned page.

How long we had sat there with the moist but balmy winds fluttering the pages we still affected to be examining, though every remark hazarded in a broken voice by either bore reference to our mutual position far more than to the high-flown poetry of the obsolete pastoral—I can hardly say ; for every minute as it passed, though containing worlds of joy and hope and bewilderment, flitted by as with a swallow’s wing. My heart swelled within me as though till then unconscious of half its faculties of loving. I could scarcely breathe to make myself articulate ; and yet, explanation was indispensable.

Already, one of her fair hands was pressed in my own. By degrees, as I proceeded to address her, my arm encircled her waist.

“Dearest Agnes,” I whispered, “were not the hopes of happiness I have presumed to form fully sanctioned by the father of Cuthbert—”

I was interrupted by a menacing growl from a favourite wolfhound which, following me everywhere, was lying at Miss Haggerston’s feet, and thus apprised that intruders were at hand, I followed the direction of Gyltha’s flaming eyes till they rested upon what appeared at that moment a supernatural vision.

Between the parted branches of the old oak-tree, and so placed that the afternoon sunshine appeared to form a halo around it, I beheld a head as gloriously beautiful as Murillo’s exquisite delineations of the youthful Saviour. No expression of human passion was in that mournful face. It was a countenance of holiness and peace.

To Agnes, whose face was half hidden on my shoulder, the apparition was of course imperceptible, and Gyltha had crept trembling under the seat. Even to myself the figure was manifested but for a single second—once seen, to be remembered for ever.

Not a syllable could I utter, to direct the attention of my companion towards an object so beautiful and startling. But when, shaking abruptly the hand I held, I pointed with the other towards the vision ; never shall I forget the shriek that burst from the bosom of Agnes Haggerston. Had the accusing angel himself appeared before her, she could not have been more conscience-smitten.

“*Cuthbert !*” she faltered, as the closing boughs concealed from view that awe-striking face. “*Cuthbert, dear Cuthbert !*” she repeated, as the shadow cast by his passage athwart the garden announced the flight of the lunatic. But even thus adjured, he returned not. And though she rose from her seat as if to pursue him, her trembling limbs refused to bear her a single step from the spot.

“Follow him,” cried she, when at length she regained her powers of utterance. “I beseech and entreat you to follow him. He must have escaped ! He may come to harm ! My poor Cuthbert—my poor, dear Cuthbert !”

More awe-struck than touched, I proceeded to obey her orders; but unluckily, paused to prepare my departure by entreaties that, if I succeeded in bringing him back, she would not expose herself to the shock of an interview.

"We know not what may be the state of his mind," said I. "Return to the house. Retire to your own room. Do not meet him, except in your father's presence. Meanwhile, dearest, I will watch over him. Be satisfied that with *me* he is safe."

She obeyed. And having seen her into the house, I rushed to the offices, whither the fugitive had directed his steps.

No one had seen him. The old coachman, to whom I addressed myself for information, stared me in the face as though he thought me as crazed as my cousin, for inquiring "whether Mr. Cuthbert had left the premises?" when all the country round knew him to be in confinement at the Heath.

But for the growling of the dog—but that Agnes as well as myself had witnessed the appearance, I should have begun to think it a wild coinage of my brain. Even as it was, might not the visiting be supernatural? Was it not the spectre—the wraith—the fetch of Cuthbert Westfern we had seen?

Every pulse in my veins throbbed with excitement. I knew not whither to turn, or from whom to hope for enlightenment. When lo, as I retraced my steps towards the house, I discerned on the moist gravel, the prints of a horse's hoofs; whereas both Haggerston and myself were in the habit of mounting and dismounting in the stable yard. By examining these traces, I had reason to see that a horse had been recently tied to the iron staple of the porch, and that it had issued forth from the fore court in the direction of the Heath.

Heaven be praised! If the poor sufferer had indeed escaped from durance, the instinct of his infirmity had at least prompted him to return to the place of safety from whence he came.

I flew to Agnes. She was breathless, pale, almost speechless, and would not listen to my re-assurance.

"Follow him!" faltered she, in incoherent accents. "Lose not a moment till you have seen him in security. The mountain roads are unsafe—the river lies in his way. My poor dear Cuthbert! It is your duty to protect and save him—you—his cousin—his next of kin."

I needed not a second bidding. As soon as the saddle could be placed on my horse, I was on my way, following the track left by the fugitive in that almost unfrequented road. Unluckily, however, this was in some degree perplexed by the passage of Dr. Hipsley's carriage the preceding night; the way to the Heath, lying, for nearly half its distance, along the road to Westfern Hall.

As I approached Huttington, the remembrance of my poor cousin's exploit and the allusion we had made to it the night before, little suspecting how soon the poor maniac himself would traverse the spot, forced a heavy sigh from my heart. Fifty yards nearer the beetling crag on which the ruin was suspended, and that heart almost *ceased* to beat. A horse saddled and bridled was quietly grazing in the meadow leading from the road to the ruined postern. Doubtless my cousin's horse. He was perhaps, at that moment wandering, alone, bewildered, distracted, among those perilous ruins.

Alone—alone indeed! but neither bewildered nor distracted. In a

moment I was in the meadow, and my own horse ranging at large with that of Cuthbert. A damp chill struck to my very soul as I traversed the dreary vault of entrance, whose groined roof was still perfect, to reach the inner court. But I had not far to advance in my anxious search. There—on the grass-grown stones at the foot of the old tower, lay all that remained of Cuthbert—a shapeless mass—crushed and mutilated by precipitation from the dizzy height above. It might be that, ignorant of the dilapidation of the spot since his last visit, he had missed his footing, and died an accidental death. And God grant that it was so; for to urge him to the act of self-destruction what must have been the anguish of that pious mind.

I hurried on for succour to the Heath, leaving his blood yet flowing on the stones; and ere I had proceeded a quarter of a mile, encountered persons who, the moment the alarm of his flight was given, had dispersed about the country in search of him.

And again, Dormer was the origin of all the mischief. Straight from his interview with my uncle had he proceeded to the Heath on pretence of ascertaining the exact state of mind of the patient, to probe which to the quick, he asked such questions and made such disclosures, as drove the convalescent mind of the victim wild near distraction. The unknown kinsman described to him as being so dear to his Agnes, took possession of his excited imagination. He wanted to see me. He wanted to commune with her whom he suspected me of estranging from him. Ere Dormer could divine his project, he had darted from the room and locked it upon him whose visits being sacred at the Heath, the keepers were for a moment placed at liberty. Having leapt upon Dormer's horse which was waiting ready saddled in the stable, and in the linen vesture he was accustomed to wear, without hat or covering against the heat of the sun, he dashed onwards to Campley.

After vainly seeking Miss Haggerston in the house, he had hurried to the favourite tree, the scene of their studies—their interviews! But of the shock produced on his feelings by all he witnessed there, I must not permit myself to speak. Suffice it that he rushed madly from the place, and was seen no more by mortal eye till reduced to a disfigured corpse.

Happily for my poor uncle, the *whole* truth was never known to him. None but Agnes and myself were aware of his visit to Campley; and our lips were sealed by the anguish of our souls. In the country round it transpired only that the heir of Westfern Hall, having defied the vigilance of his keepers, had galloped straight from the Heath to Huttington Castle, and, haunted by the reminiscence of his former enterprise, ascended the fatal stairs and fallen headlong from the summit.

Even this modified version of the dreadful event sufficed to lay my uncle's gray head in the grave. He knew that it was from an interview with Father Dormer his son had effected his escape, and readily conjectured that the hints afforded by the Jesuit had instigated his paroxysm. Before the dust of the ill-fated Cuthbert could be gathered to that of our common fathers, Sir Ralph gave up the ghost, dying with his hand clasped in my own, and instructing me in the last wishes of his broken heart.

"Let him not be utterly forgotten," murmured he, on the last dreary night of his life of care; "let not that gifted being be utterly forgotten. Sometimes, amid your happiness with Agnes, recall to mind my poor Cuthbert, and be his memory hallowed between you."

And hallowed it is, and shall ever be. But not "between us." Since the day when I followed to the family vault the two gorgeous coffins containing all that remained of the lofty line of Westfern, to whose wealth and consequence I had succeeded, I have never looked upon her face. Immediately after the sad solemnity, a letter was placed in my hands by old Bernard, apprising me that we were to meet no more in this world. She had at once taken refuge from her self-upbraidings in the convent where her youth was passed, and already entered into her novitiate.

Another year, and she had taken the veil. But not in the old convent. Painfully conscious of the impossibility of inhabiting the ill-fated hall, I devoted it at once to the purpose for which it was best calculated. I wished the spot and the memory of my poor cousin to be sanctified by the perpetual prayers of beings as spotless and godly as himself, and by the intervention of Dormer with the Papal authorities, Westfern is now the refuge of a Benedictine Sisterhood, of which that beloved one—that unhappy one—is the superior.

The lapse of nearly a dozen years may have endowed *her*, perhaps, with the peace that is not of this world. But I, who after a year spent in utter seclusion, had the weakness to seek relief amid the conflicting tides of society, from the distraction of my own mind, have acquired nothing in exchange for the precious illusions of my youth save the flightiness of a spirit at war with itself.

Whether in the brilliant world where wealth and station secure me a certain degree of consideration—to *me* hollow as the tomb—or whether amid the beautiful scenery of this sequestered spot, where I am vainly seeking reconciliation with myself. How can I hope to divest myself of the gloomy impressions imparted by the fatal destinies of those to whom I have succeeded as NEXT OF KIN?

GO FORWARD.

A SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Go forward!—'tis folly, behind to be glancing,
 We cannot recover, the days that are past;
 The future, our joys, will, perchance, be enhancing,
 Tho' dark clouds of care o'er the present are cast;
 There is never a night but there comes a to-morrow,
 There is never a cloud but a sunbeam succeeds:
 We should feel not the balm, if we knew not the sorrow.
 Go forward!—the *right path* to happiness leads.
 Go forward!—the future *must* yield to the power
 That justice, and goodness, and truth can convey;
 The base and the false may succeed for the hour,
 But reason, at last, will but honour obey!
 True courage consists but in facing a danger.
 Ne'er harbour injustice by word or in deed.
 As you'd be to a friend, be the same to a stranger.
 Go forward, and *hope*—you'll be sure to succeed!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING

CHAP. VII.

Conduct of the *New Monthly Magazine* under Campbell—Augustus William Schlegel—Literary Dinner—Singular Dispute and Schlegel's Victory—Anecdote of the East India Company—The Anonymous Contributor—The Poetry of Johns—Sotheby—The Preface—The Queen's Case—Shiel, Curran, Banim, Grattan, Sullivan, Emerson Tennant, &c.—Song written at Sydenham—The Poet's Alterations—Campbell's Feelings in regard to Sir Walter Scott.

THE fault of the *New Monthly Magazine*, unavoidable under an editorship that consisted in a negative, and not a positive, realization of the duty, was that it wanted an identification with, or a reflection from, some strong mind. The change of form and the name of the editor, gave the work a start, and absolutely changed the condition of that kind of periodical literature, but this was a natural consequence arising from extraneous circumstance. The work must of necessity have furnished a striking contrast to the old magazines. It must have shown a more refined literary taste, and displayed much more elegance in scholarship, as well as abound more in matter of an amusing character, not neglecting information in its double columns, portions relating to the drama, the arts and sciences, and biography in the way of fact. But the rage for what was "fashionable," a term ever antagonist to all that is really tasteful, learned, energetic and truth telling, ran strong with the superficial public. Campbell was not the man to lead any bold or novel line, either in literary or political writing. I have before observed, that his duty was negatively fulfilled. What he did was on compulsion, and a burden, however slight in reality. His temperament and habits forbade his indulging even in the prospect of, much less meeting, a hundredth part of the labour requisite to infuse a warmth of feeling through the work which should make it kindle the hearts, and move the affections of its readers. I do not believe the poet ever read through a single number of the magazine during the whole ten years he was its editor. The *New Monthly* might have developed important views, and taken a much higher literary standing, but Campbell had no idea of following out such an object. When he wrote himself upon any subject that involved a question of public advantage or private utility, he was ever what the man and the poet should be, eloquent, elevated, liberal, and earnest. But he had no idea of "wielding," if I may so say, "the democracy" of the literature he might have swayed to excellent purpose, in order to press forward great points, or of making deep impressions on the mind of the reader, through glowing associations produced by the strong unshackled efforts of his own, and the well-tempered pens of choice contributors who partook in his views.

Of this, Campbell had no notion, or if some think he had, and I am sure he had not, he never attempted, wisely never attempted, what every one who knew him well, knew he had not the enduring energy to sustain through half-a-dozen numbers. The poet all through avoided discussion, however slight. I doubt, too, whether, in composing his beautiful

verses, he ever felt pleasure after the period of youthful anticipation was past, and with it all enthusiastic hope. Campbell, regarding poetical composition as a labour, it cannot be supposed he could ever have contemplated with aught but horror the heavy work of a magazine, in which he should become the stirring spirit, and appear as the master-head, in order to produce an impression on the reader for high purposes. It was impossible he could follow up such an aim, or feel that enthusiasm in the task which is essential to every man so placed to balance the drudgery. It is enough, however, that Campbell had no such aspirations; man does not frame himself; and the *New Monthly*, in its unparalleled success, must be judged, after all, as a work better suited to the mere reading public, than adapted to the ideal excellence and lofty desires of those who have thought deeply, acquired much knowledge, and would fain move the feelings of mankind to high and great ends. It is probable that somewhat of a stronger political bias might have appeared in the work, for Campbell, on conversing upon the subject, gave his full assent to such a course, but a phrase or two remarked upon as too liberal was mentioned to the publisher by one of those persons who affect to disapprove what they do not understand, sometimes in order to recommend themselves to the ears of those who look at literature and the invention of printing in the sense, strictly modern, of a medium to money making alone. This gossip gave an alarm, to which Campbell did not seem disposed to yield, while he really yielded to its influence. So that the range of the discussion in matters of policy, as in those of utility, did not rise above the level of a qualified reasoning, though now and then it soared a little higher, but never so high as it should have done. No periodical work loses any thing by decision. When it shows its tendency only to a fractional extent, it displeases those who are opposed to it in sentiment, losing the advantage of rising to the summit of esteem among those of the same opinions, by not becoming the champion, but merely the half-speaking advocate. Campbell might have served his friends and greatly aided, if not led, in the promulgation of those great public truths which time has successively developed since the first number of the *New Monthly* appeared. But from such a demonstration the poet would have shrunk, not from the moral character of the task, and the prospect of public good it involved, but because the task would have appeared to his optics in the prospective labour, second only to the erection of an Egyptian pyramid. Taet, too, would have been wanting. He was never able to compass the leading article for a newspaper, not that he was not possessed of a hundred times more information than was necessary for such a common-place task, but that he could not clothe his thoughts in language with sufficient rapidity, under the idea of editorial responsibility. Thus devoid of the celerity required, he had no chance, in any other mode, of attaining a dexterity gained by practice.

Campbell removed his lodgings in town from Margaret Street to No. 30, Foley Place, at the commencement of 1822, still keeping his house at Sydenham. It was about this time, I am persuaded from recollection, that the introduction of the elder Roscoe to Sir Walter Scott took place at Campbell's residence. It was singular that these celebrated men had never met before. I do not remember the great novelist being at the poet's at any other time, and as he was seldom in London, I think if he had been I must remember it. Yet against my recollection, Henry Roscoe, in his father's life, speaks of the introduction as happening in

the following year. A memory infallible as to a date after the lapse of twenty-four or twenty-five years would be a valuable faculty, but there is a sort of instinct that operates a persuasion of correctness sometimes, where precision and even reason are found to be at fault. The presence of Scott at Campbell's first lodgings in Margaret Street I well remember, and I know he vacated them at the commencement of 1822, if not earlier. However this may be, the great novelist was in good spirits, and had just told a very entertaining story about a horse and a bridle, at which Mrs. Campbell could not control her laughter, the particular points I cannot recall. Campbell was in good spirits too after the interview. I took coffee there that evening. During our chat Campbell said, "I have a mind to try an impromptu." "I fancy that such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," I observed. "Well, I will try," added the poet; "leave me uninterrupted for a few minutes." I took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:—

Quoth the South to the North, "In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings:—" "True," the North made reply,
"But your nightingales' warblings I envy you not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!"

"There is my impromptu," said the poet, "and you imagined I was not equal to making one." "Now then the lines should be put upon paper," I rejoined, and he immediately wrote down the words with a title, "Impromptu by Thomas Campbell." The original as thus written down I have had in my possession from that hour, nor was there ever a copy made of it to my knowledge. I carried it off saying, "This is mine, which I shall keep as a curiosity, a memento of the trio of Scott, Roscoe, and yourself, or rather of the meeting just held." It affords a pleasing evidence of that kindly feeling which distinguished Campbell, although from his reserve it was too seldom ascribed to him, or was only perceived in exercise upon isolated occasions. With him the feeling was ever present, however latent, and sometimes from appearing suddenly when it was not habitually observable, became more prominent. With his charitable feelings it was the same kind of impulsive action. Of any picture of suffering he formed an exaggerated idea, fancying it greater than the reality, drawing from imagination attributes of misery, painful enough to him at all times, judging of what he had not seen by what he had, and supposing positive consequence from gratuitous inference, he would give more than he need or ought to bestow.

Campbell's early friend, Augustus William Schlegel, visited England about this period. While here he had received an invitation to dine at the publisher's, in Conduit Street, and a few friends were invited to meet him. Of the party were Felix Bodin, to whom Thiers owes so much of his good fortune, Edward Blaquiere who perished in an untimely manner at sea, and I forget who more. Incidentally the subject led to verbal exclamations among the different nations of Europe. In the course of these remarks, Schlegel observed how much the language of England had received in the way of accession since the time of Queen Elizabeth, that we continued to import new words from all parts of the globe as we imported merchandise. There was no foretelling where it would end. The English was now one of the most copious of modern languages. It was to be feared it would soon be corrupted. Journalism too often in the hands of men not adequate by education to their duties, not en-

dowed with a single literary feeling, tended to increase the mischief, from such individuals having no preference as to words, and adopting and passing current those of the most vulgar of the crowd. Such depreciating introductions were to be lamented, for English would ere long be the language of a third of the world. All low and vulgar clippings and phrases thus introduced, were so many injuries to the pure dialect. Even the Cossack "hourra" had been naturalised in England.

"Stay, my friend," said Campbell, "hurrah is an old English exclamation."

"Not so very old," replied Schlegel.

"Oh, yes," said several voices at once.

"It is not as old as Shakspeare's time," said Schlegel; "it is not as old as Elizabeth."

Blaquiere, in his thoughtless way, was certain it was older. Campbell declared the same. Bodin was silent.

"Might it not mean originally a noise, a storm, and be from the French houragan?"

"We never borrowed the word from the cut-throat Cossacks," said Campbell; "we have only just heard of the existence of the savages—it is a word of long usage in this country."

"Borrowed or not of the Cossacks," rejoined Schlegel, "you will not find it in your old writers, neither in Shakspeare, nor in Shakspeare's time. It must have been introduced since. I am better qualified than any one present to judge of such minutiae in the poet. I know every word he has used. His translation into German cost me years of hard study."

Some one remarked that the word "huzza" was in Shakspeare, and that "hurrah" was, perhaps, originally a provincial corruption of the word as old as Elizabeth.

"Huzza is not in Shakspeare either," said Schlegel, with emphasis.

Campbell, rather stimulated by Schlegel's positiveness, and without a wary consideration of the question, acting, too, as he always did, under the impulse of momentary bias rather than on cool reflection, said to Schlegel:—

"My friend, you are wrong. I am quite clear the word is in Shakspeare. We never borrowed it of those Russians. We were never enough in their good company to steal it of them. Besides, I recollect the word in a number of old songs."

"That may be," replied Schlegel, with pertinacious confidence; "I do not believe the word was in use as early as Shakspeare's time, because he never used it, and he had every use for the familiar words of his native tongue."

"It cannot be so," said Campbell, supported by the rest of the company in his opinion.

"You are all wrong," rejoined Schlegel, with renewed confidence; "I am a foreigner, and much more likely to have noticed such niceties in the language than you are, who are fellow natives with the poet."

Campbell still insisted upon his opinion being correct, others offered the never-failing resource of their countrymen in such dilemmas to settle the question right or wrong, by a bet. Schlegel took it up, offering to wage a breakfast at Brunet's hotel, where he was staying, that he was correct, and his offer was accepted.

It is needless to say, this distinguished critic was right, and all the rest

of the party wrong. Neither "hurrah" nor "huzza" occur in Shakespeare; tolerable evidence the words came in after the era of Elizabeth.

Schlegel was grievously disappointed upon this journey to England in the reception he met with on the part of the East India Company. His object was to obtain their patronage towards the publication of some valuable Sanscrit translations, very important as a key to Sanscrit literature, but expensive to print. The Anglo-Indian satraps offered to subscribe for twelve copies! This was great patronage in the India House twenty years ago, on the part of those who judged of heaven and earth, the thrones and rights of princes, and of humanity, by pounds, shillings, and pence. Schlegel was told that he mistook many munificent acts of the different Governors-general of India for those of the party called "John Company." This conversation took place at the dinner-table where Campbell was present. Schlegel was comforted by relating to him the circumstance of Warren Hastings, having sent home to the East India directors the inestimable present, the produce of his plunder, of two hundred golden Darri. These they so little estimated at their value, as to transfer them to the melting-pot. Schlegel laughed heartily, and said,

"He should return with an altered idea of the honourable directors."

"But remember," said Campbell, "this occurred forty or fifty years ago! They are wiser now!"

"Yes," said one of the party, "because the coins would be worth more than the gold if put up for sale."

Schlegel was both an instructive and entertaining companion upon literary topics, of which the extent of his knowledge and his accuracy were surprising, and yet he showed nothing of the pedant, but was in society much of the man of the world. Still there was some conceit, a self-consequence, or taint of vanity about Madame de Staël's idol. He was given to talk at times too much, for one of his superior mind, of German princes and people of rank. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, who, it is true, merited high laudation, was always on his lips when he spoke of society at home. In fact, he made too many observations about this and that high, well-born person in Germany, whose observations, when retailed, would not have been chronicled from middle life, having no more than the common aristocratic morgue to recommend them, however personally kind, amiable, and sleek might be the

Lords of fat E'sham or of Lincoln Fen.

In the first year of Campbell's editorship there was an anonymous contributor, the only individual whose articles were inserted that was personally unknown to those connected with the work. He continued to send his papers for several years, the subjects being generally light and agreeably treated. His first was entitled "*Le Cavalier Seul*," his second upon "*Epicurism*." He was regularly remunerated by remittances sent to an address which he gave on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the Borough. He succeeded in maintaining his incognito to the last, and during the correspondence went by the cognomen of "*Our friend over the water*." He wrote a bold, clear, large hand, less in size than that of Hazlitt, but somewhat in the same style. He was a good classical scholar, and from his use of familiar quotations in Italian and French, was evidently no raw college man, but one who since his college days had been greatly

refined by social intercourse in the great world. It was singular that during ten years the magazine was under Campbell's editorship the universities never supplied, from the great numbers that must have lived within their precincts, one single contributor worthy of notice, a proof that the study of two dead languages and hearing a few college lectures does little for a writer in modern times until he has mingled with the world and studied men as well as books.

Many were the conjectures who "our friend over the water" could be. The part of Surrey so near the Thames gave in those days the idea of a cockney Bœotia. To the *New Monthly* he became a species of Junius—*stat nominis umbra*. He adopted no signature to his articles at first, but after a time subscribed W. E. He sometimes sent, though but rarely, small pieces of poetry, generally translations from the Italian or Latin, not at all striking in poetical merit, but always correct and scholar-like. Campbell was exceedingly anxious to discover who this concealed personage might be, because of all the prose articles in the publication these took his fancy most, I believe alone on account of the mystery which hung over them. "Who can he be? Some one in the King's Bench, or the Rules, from the locality whence the articles came, perhaps an individual resident in Surrey or Kent, who gives a Borough address because he is far from town, merely out of convenience." These queries of the poet were answered by observing that the party need not in that case conceal his name, nor require the remittances for his articles to be enclosed to another person. At length it was generally assumed that these last were the production of a learned, ingenious, liberal-minded scholar and gentleman, whose seat in Buckinghamshire connected with a name revered in history, was that from whence the "distant spires and antique towers" of Eton were once so exciting to the genius of Gray.

There was a clergyman, too, in Devonshire, who contributed some very superior poetry to the early numbers. Few and far between, as all literary persons well know, are contributions of the slightest value received from the country. It was from large towns alone and from amidst large communities of men that good literary articles were obtained; thus the same rule that applies to public spirit, to liberality of feeling and enlarged ideas upon all other subjects, applies equally to the products of the intellect. The poetry alluded to was very beautiful; the writer was the Rev. Mr. Johns, of Crediton. One day that I had gone to take coffee with Campbell at his own house, Mrs. Campbell put into my hand a letter which her husband had that day received, and bade her keep for me, as it belonged to the magazine. Handing it over, she remarked what a neat hand it was, and that it was poetry. "Read the verses," said Campbell, "let us hear what they are about." I read on until a stanza occurred, in which after the allusion to a storm, the returned tranquillity of the ocean was thus described :—

—Morn, evening came; the sunset smiled,
The calm sea sought in gold the shore,
As though it ne'er had man beguiled
Or never would beguile him more.

"Beautiful," said the poet, "beautiful, indeed! Read it again—that is poetry!" He would hear no more though three other stanzas followed. It was as if he feared they would obliterate the passage which so struck his fancy. He then read the stanza twice himself aloud, then repeated the

two last lines twice or thrice, getting the stanza in a minute or two by heart. "That is fine, indeed, we won't mind the rest. That is enough—I have not heard such lines for a long time.

As though it ne'er had man beguiled
Or never would beguile him more.

Can any thing be more faultlessly descriptive of such a calm?" said Campbell, turning to his wife, who, though proud of her husband's fame, I never heard express any literary opinion, nor do I think she pretended to any judgment on such subjects. She thought those her husband's affair, and that to be one of the best, kindest, and most considerate of wives, with as few foibles as any of her sex, for she had some, was the due limit of her province.

The stanzas were called "The Maid of Orkney." I never knew the poet exhibit before or afterwards such enthusiastic admiration. He was in general reserved in his opinions, and sparing in his praises in such cases, even when he approved. Thus of Byron's poetry, he said, "It is great—great—it makes him truly great, he has not so much greatness in himself." It struck me at the time that the two lines of Johns bear a very due resemblance to that tranquil, faultless beauty which Campbell succeeded in realising in his "Gertrude," and that the involuntary consciousness of this was the ground of his high admiration of them.

Thus making allusion to poetry it must be observed that Sotheby sent some fine lines in a translation of the *Danæ* of Simonides, to the first volume of the magazine, perhaps the best translation of this beautiful fragment ever made into English. Among the poetry too, were Campbell's own charming "Lines to the Rainbow," already spoken of, which rank among his best things, as his attempt at humour in the "Friars of Dijon," must rank as one of his worst. It was in vain he attempted light articles, not the less singular that the manner of his telling a light story was so good, but often the greater part of the merit was in that rather than in the matter. A letter entitled "Reflections on a Plum Pudding," published anonymously, was Campbell's own, another proof of his utter want of talent for that kind of literature. There was no point in the article unless it lay in the joke that a cat of praiseworthy "*humour*" was called "*laudable pus*" borrowing a term from the surgery. "The Lover to his Mistress," the "Maid's Remonstrance," "Roland," and "Absence," are not above par, compared with the poet's other productions. In the "Lines of the Lover," there occurs the pleasing simile of the "waves of time washing away the impressions of memory." The opera in which the "Maid's Remonstrance" was to appear he began and abandoned. It must be recollected that no man of genius can ensure equality of merit in his works. Where a writer has accustomed the world to a high tone in one or two of his earlier productions, these which but for their predecessors, would have excited admiration, are deemed unworthy of the author's name. Moreover, genius waits not for maturity in age, though in many cases it may appear after. The world is a harsh taskmaster, far worse than an Egyptian Pharaoh who demanded bricks without straw. It expects a writer to continue publishing for its own amusement in an ascending scale of excellence to the last. It has no sensibility to the fact that it is generally given to the labour of one life to produce only one transcendent and enduring work. It imagines that the brighter coruscations of that extraordinary gift are at the command of him from whom they emanate, if he would but influence or invoke them. Thus, as it is, even that which is con-

nected with the intellectual is misjudged by vulgar opinion. Indeed it may be valid matter of doubt whether beyond a minute fraction of discriminating admiration for the works of genius, the general praise expressed be not of the nature of a contagion propagated insensibly and without a knowledge of the true merit of what is said to be so admirable and destitute of real feeling both towards its sensibilities and beauties.

The first year of the publication being completed, it was deemed necessary by the publisher to prefix some remarks to the opening volume. This being suggested, Campbell seemed at a loss what he should say. He began by an indirect excuse for the avoidance of a stronger expression of political opinion in the work, evidently from the apprehension that the friends of the political party to which he belonged required something of the kind to account for the omission. It happened opportunely that Mr. Everitt, of the United States of America, had made some remarks upon an article inserted in the second number of the magazine "On the complaints in America against the British Press." This supplied matter for the preface, at least for the larger part. The poet had no idea of looking over the published numbers for the preceding twelvemonth, summing up at the year's end the merits and deficiencies of the past, as it would have occurred to one accustomed to similar publications to do, promising improvements in future and palliating faults. He made the preface an answer to Everitt, and stated that "he inserted the article without reflection." This he did as the shortest mode of getting rid of the matter, dreading far more than the inference that would be drawn from the avowal against himself, the trouble it would cost him to vindicate his contributor, a friend who had put the article into his own hand. This if he had glanced at he had done so in a fit of abstraction, for it was not probable just commencing the work, which he thought such a task, he would have omitted to look over the article. He pleaded his own oversight or want of reflection, and then began to neutralize the effect of what had appeared ten months before and was now nearly forgotten by the public. A very injudicious course, pursued upon the momentary impulse, and not likely to invalidate reasoning on the whole not unprovoked nor unjust. Such, however, was the poet's mode of proceeding. He had no tact, which was almost a virtue in the position in which he then stood, or at least a most important qualification. A few months after the magazine began he might have pleaded "want of reflection" with more justice to the fact, but for the first or second month, while it was new to him, he was anxious and sensitive overmuch about it, and certainly did not omit to look at an article placed in his own hands by a friend.

The case of the unfortunate Queen Caroline happened about the time of the commencement of the publication. He held the same opinion as every body else who attended to the evidence and had travelled in foreign countries, that no guilt was proved against her majesty. She might be guilty, but the evidence established scarcely a suspicion to those who knew foreign manners and habits, which very few in England at that time did; the crown lawyers showed themselves palpable blockheads by letting this ignorance of theirs be seen. The conduct of the king made Campbell very indignant, particularly as if the queen's guilt were proved, his manifold and notorious habits of profligacy would prevent him obtaining a divorce. But these sentiments Campbell confined to the circle of his friends. He had evidently no wish to offend openly the ruling powers. "Don't place the magazine in jeopardy," he said to me, "by entering

into the merits of the case, it is better to pass it by ; only give an outline of the facts. We must not go head and ears into the conduct of the authorities, even about the queen's funeral, disgraceful as the ministers have shown themselves to be. We cannot, as you know, make a political work of the magazine, and it is useless to go only a part of the way towards it. The turn of events is already decided." This was the obvious course to the plainest observation. To have taken either side would have injured the publication seriously. Campbell himself, too, had a pension at the ministers' mercy.

During the second year of the poet's editorship the magazine increased greatly in circulation ; fresh contributions from other distinguished writers filled its pages. Among those who were thus numbered were the present Master of the Mint, whose writings, as various as they were forcible and eloquent, always arrayed on the side of those principles of which the time elapsed since has confirmed the solidity, were calculated to attract much attention. If I remember rightly, one of Shiel's first papers was an account of the celebrated Talma, whose character he sketched with a discrimination and accuracy of portraiture which could only result from a happy genius allied with cultivated talents, and both joined to a rare acuteness of observation. Of his numerous contributions, many were sketches of Irish characters, most of the living originals of which are now no more. These were recognised at once, and caused a sensation among those who knew them by exceeding verity, and among those who had no personal knowledge of them by strength of outline and the peculiarly rich tone of their descriptive colouring. There was scarcely a trait of the individual described that was not elaborated, hardly a forensic trick or habitual peculiarity that was not faithfully conveyed in these portraits, and very frequently a sentence ironically worded carried to those who alone could understand it a meaning which, if it did not act as a cure, at least administered a corrective to some prominent failing. Nor were politics forgotten. Irishmen, it is a virtue that must be conceded to them by the most niggardly spirit that has exhibited its animosity to their misused country, never rend asunder the tie of patriotic feeling. Shiel ever remembered its claims and enforced them, however fruitlessly, in times far different from the present, when hope was well nigh hopeless: in this he was seconded by a countryman, whose family name has long told wherever the voice of patriotism has been heard, eloquence admired, or flashes of unequalled wit, either excited pleasure or stung vicious delinquency to the quick, William Henry Curran. His powerful and graphic pen was as a twin brother to that of Shiel. He was also a most valuable early contributor. For Curran, Campbell had a personal friendship of no common kind, and it need not be added that it was mutual. It is scarcely possible to look back without a feeling of more than melancholy upon the little friendly meetings that took place about this period between the poet and two or three other friends, of whom Curran, when in London, was certain to be one. The poet, the liveliest of the party, always unreserved among select friends, related anecdotes or discussed some topic of literary interest, and seemed to forget there was any world beyond the walls of the apartment in which he happened to be placed at the moment. It was before the death of his excellent wife, when in the prime of existence and fame that Campbell thus comported himself, the time in his life that happens once in the lives of all, when

the evils of existence seem to pause a moment from their labours at human disquietude. Before, too, in consequence of that event, he vainly made two or three years of effort to maintain something of the same kind of domestic life he had before done, until the void so wide between himself and comfort, cast him out upon the world till his decease, to live as if he had never known the real enjoyment of a domestic hearth.

Another early contributor was Banim, the novelist, also an Irishman. Colley Grattan, now Consul at Boston, U. S., and Sullivan. To the earlier part of the list may be added subsequently from the same country, those on the liberal side in politics, James Emerson now Sir James Emerson Tennant, governor of Ceylon. The Chevalier Pecchio, Dr. Lyal, the traveller in Russia, who subsequently died British Agent in Madagascar; Barry St. Ledger; Turner of the Foreign Office, since I believe, a British *Chargé d'affaires* in the East; Thomas Roscoe, Mrs. Hemans, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Shelley, Himalaya Frazer, Manoel de Goristiza, the well-known dramatic poet of old Spain, afterwards ambassador from Mexico to both France and England; Captain Cochrane the Khamschatkan traveller, Leigh Hunt, M. Beyle, H. Ellis, Dr. Macculloch, Carne, author of "Travels in the East," W. Graham, Brown of Florence, Hazlitt, Wrangham, &c., were among the contributors during the first two years of Campbell's editorship. Mr. Englebach the elder of the Audit office, wrote the articles on Music, which were of high merit.

The contributions of Campbell to the volumes in 1822, amounted pretty nearly to the same quantity as in the first year. Among them was the fine patriotic song, beginning,

Men of England who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !

The history of this song is nearly as follows: it exemplifies the mode in which the poet proceeded in his compositions. He had been taken up with some new subject of research, having promised poetry for the magazine, and had not commenced at the "eleventh hour." In order to write with more facility, and be away from immediate interruption, he went down to his house at Sydenham, leaving a message that the verses should be ready if I would come down and dine there the next day but one. I knew that to secure the verses in time for the publication it was necessary to be punctual. I started for Dulwich, intending to walk from thence, not finding a conveyance for Sydenham direct. I did not get to Campbell's house until the dinner hour had nearly arrived. I met him at the door.

"Have you had no note from me putting off the verses until to-morrow?"

"None."

"I have written you; but no matter, I am glad to see you. How did you arrive so late?"

I explained every thing, and expressed a hope that my delay had insured the perfect completion of the verses.

"They are not quite completed," said Campbell, "I am finishing the last stanza; but the dinner is ready, I will complete them afterwards."

"No, no, before dinner, if you please."

"My good friend the dinner is ready."

"Then I won't eat a particle until I have the verses—that is positive."

"You do not mean it?"

"I do indeed; we shall be late as it is; the time closes in."

Away walked Campbell, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned with that noble song, saying he had been puzzled all day about the last line of the last stanza, and thought it was better as he gave it, with the conclusion that was the result of the first intention, rather than with any of several alterations which he had previously tried.

"Now," said he, "I will read them."

He read them accordingly with great effect, then gave them to me. When I had them in my pocket we sat down to dinner.

We chatted over our wine until the moon was high in the heaven, talking of Sydenham, the occasional social meetings of choice spirits there, the freaks of Hook, and the good sayings of the "Authors of the Rejected Addresses." There was no conveyance back to town. Campbell wished me to remain the night, but I declined his invitation, set off late, and walked on towards the reservoir nearly in front of his house. Supposing I did not see it, he called out to me from his door to take care of my footsteps. It was the last time I ever heard the poet's voice from the house which to himself had been the source of so many pleasing recollections. I walked to town and arrived on a brilliant summer morning, in the solitude of the metropolitan streets, after the sun arose, with the verses safe in my possession.

On arriving I found the following note at my house, evidently written to gain another day:

"To-morrow you shall have the verses, some ten stanzas of four lines."

The song comprised seven stanzas of four lines only. I am persuaded that the poet had worked hard to finish them to his own mind in the time. He did not always change his language for the better. Thus in the lines now referred to he wrote, and the fourth stanza was printed as follows, from the copy at Sydenham:

What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtue blooms?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arches, tombs?

This stanza he altered in his collected poems thus:

What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Had "temples" been singular in place of plural the reading might have been better for the sake of having "public virtues" plural, but it is hard to discover the difference between "no public virtue," that is, "no one public virtue," and "no public virtues," while the last line gives the idea of many temples, but only a single arch and tomb. In all events the alteration, for the sake of the conjunction "and" weakens the energy of the verse.

In the stanzas to Kemble he altered the line

That where supernal light is given,

To

That when supernal light is given,

an improvement.

In the "Lines on receiving a seal with the Campbell crest from K. M. before her Marriage," the three first stanzas were printed,

This wax returns not back more fair
An image of the gift you send,
Than graved in memory's thoughts I bear
Your well-defined worth, my friend.

We are not friends of yesterday,
I think you know me not a little,
But poets' hearts are apt, they say,
To be impressible and brittle.

Well should fair faith my heart condemn
To lose your virtues' fair impress,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
And mine the waxen brittleness.

This was altered as follows :

The wax returns not back more fair
The *impression* of the gift you send,
Than *stump'd upon my* thoughts I bear
The *image of your* worth, my friend.

We are not friends of yesterday,
But poets' fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say),
By turns impressible and brittle.

Well should *its frailty e'er* condemn
My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the leading gem,
And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

In regard to the lines in the eighth stanza, in which the name "Mac-callin More" had been written, Campbell, being absent from town, asked me to revise his proof during his absence, which I told him I would do. It is remarkable, as showing upon what he was doubtful, and how little attention he paid to some points in his writings, as when he made tropical productions grow on the shores of the Susquehanna in his "Gertrude." He left the proof, and a note, which closed as follows :

"I am not sure about the orthography of 'Maccallin More,' but, by looking at Scott's ballad, called "Lord Ronald," it will be found, I dare say, exactly spelt. My own idea is, that it should be 'MACCALLIN'—I don't know!"

I found he was in error, and that the proper way of spelling the name was as it now stands in his works, "Macallan Mor," as I caused it to be printed.

His opinion of Scott was, as with every body besides, very high indeed, although they differed so much in politics. It was singular that both these celebrated men should have been, as much perhaps by hereditary feelings as natural inclination, politically opposed to each other. Scott was said to have imbibed his Jacobitish political feelings from having spent some time in his boyhood with the Stewarts of Appin, of whom his father was the confidential friend. The Campbells were, on the other hand, knit to the Argyle standard in political opinion, and opposed to the Jacobites, or that section of the Tories that were so de-

nominated in opposition to the "revolution Tories," who took the side of William III. Those who are most gifted with talent are not always above the predilections of early life. Sensible of this, and of his own predisposition, Campbell never expressed towards Scott any feeling but that of kindness and admiration, except upon one occasion, at a time when both were in the full flush of public regard. This feeling on the part of Campbell might have been fully justifiable by the treatment the bold, honest, uncompromising covenanters received at the hands of the great novelist. His mention of the Dukes of Argyle, towards whom, save on one occasion, Scott showed he had no friendly feeling, was not like himself, nor consistent with fact. It happened, in one case, that the only nobleman of that house he had spared and admitted to possess some amiable qualities, was the grandfather of his friend the Duke of Buccleugh. This being observed by Campbell, he passed it over without its producing any remark; he probably thought every writer of fiction had a justifiable latitude to indulge his predilections. But when George IV. visited Scotland, Scott came to facts. He wrote two songs, before the king's arrival, to an old Scotch air, "Carle, now the King's come," into which he introduced all the Scotch nobles except the Duke of Argyle. The thing was so palpable, that Scott could not avoid hearing of it, and then made an excuse for the omission by stating that he had heard that the Duke of Argyle was not coming to Edinburgh. This did not mend the matter, because other noblemen had not arrived when the songs were written, and yet were introduced; among the absentees being the present Duke of Hamilton. Such was the mode in which the affair came to Campbell.

At these things the poet expressed his regret. Afterwards, when he heard that the king had shown peculiar attention to the Duke of Argyle, and that then Scott was observed to take marked notice of the duke also, that it had been altogether a subject of notice in Scotland, he again spoke of the pity it was that Scott should have shown such a feeling. "Let Scott have his political bias," said Campbell, "we all have it; but why carry the enmity towards a whole race? If an old Duke of Argyle was opposed to the Jacobites, why retort the feeling upon the present generation? When the Stuarts are extinct, why should their friends, on the strength of tradition, be inimical to the descendants of their opponents, who are guiltless of treason against those whose memory is only honoured upon the faith of others. Scotland owed a debt of gratitude to the Argyle family, and to the Covenanters too, worth all the Stuarts, for the freedom they were the means of working out by their uncompromising resistance to tyranny. However, Scott is too good and great a man to differ with on such a topic. History tells the truth, and every day that passes, proclaims, through the progress of knowledge, that the cause of the Stuarts gets weaker, and their name more detestable as we advance in wisdom."

It was remarked to him that Scott called the chief of the Campbells "McCullum More," in place of "Mac Callean-more," or "the son of Malcolm," in the place of "the son of Colin," which was not accidental. In "Waverly" the name was used correctly, as well as in the "Lady of the Lake." "No matter, let Scott call us what he likes," said Campbell, "only let him not paint historical facts partially; in exchange for the pleasure his wonderful imagination gives to the world, let him not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

VALERIE.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

CHAP. X.

ONE day he came, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn, who joined him very earnestly in requesting me to pass a day or two with them at their country house at Kew. I accepted the invitation, and they called for me in their carriage on their way down. It was Summer time, and I was very glad to be out of London for a day or two. I found a charming family of two sons and three daughters, grown up, and who appeared very accomplished. Mr. Selwyn then for the first time asked me whether I was settled or not.

I told him no, that I was giving lessons in music, and that I sang at the chapel, and that I was laying by money.

He said I was right, and that he hoped to be able to procure me pupils, "but now," said he, "as I did not know that you had a voice, I must be permitted to hear it, as otherwise I shall not be able to make my report."

I sat down immediately and sang, and he and Mrs. Selwyn, as well as the daughters, were highly pleased with my performance. During my stay, Mr. Selwyn treated me in, I may say, almost a parental manner, and extracted something more from me relative to my previous life, and he told me that he thought I had done wisely in remaining independent, and not again trusting to Lady M—— or Madame d'Albret. I went afterwards several times to their town house, being invited to evening parties, and people who were there and heard my singing, sent for me to teach their daughters. In six months after I had taken up my residence with the Gironacs I was in flourishing circumstances. I had twenty-eight pupils, ten at five shillings per lesson, and eight at seven shillings, and they took lessons twice a week. I had also a school, for which I received about five guineas per week, and the singing at the chapel, for which I received three. In fact, I was receiving about eighteen pounds a week during the winter season; but it must be confessed that I worked hard for it, and expended two or three pounds a week in coach hire. Nevertheless, although I now spent more money on my appearance, and had purchased a piano, before the year was over, I had paid 250*l.* into Mr. Selwyn's hands to take care of for me. When I thought of what might have still been my position had it not been for the kindness of poor Lady R——; when I reflected how I had been cast upon the world, young and friendless by Madame d'Albret, and that I was now making money rapidly by my own exertions and that at such an early age (for I was but a little past twenty years old), had I not reason to be grateful? I was so, and most truly so, and moreover, I was happy, truly happy. All my former mirth and vivacity, which had been checked during my sojourn in England, returned. I improved every day in good looks, at least so everybody told me but Mr. Selwyn; and I gained that which to a certain degree my figure required,

more roundness and expansion. And this was the poor Valerie, supposed to have been drowned in the River Seine!

I forgot to say that about three weeks after Lionel went to Paris, I received a letter from Madame d'Albret, in which she thanked me warmly for my having introduced the young Englishman to her, as she took it as a proof of my really having forgiven her what she never should forgive herself. She still indulged the hope that she might one day embrace me. With respect to Lionel, she said that he appeared a modest, unassuming young lad, and that it should not be her fault if he did not turn out an accomplished gentleman. That he had already the best fencing and music-masters, and was working very hard at the language. As soon as he could speak French tolerably, he was to commence German and Italian. She had procured him a *pension* in an excellent French family, and he appeared to be very happy.

I could not help reflecting as I read the contents of this letter, upon the change which had taken place in Lionel Dempster as soon as he found himself established in his rights. From an impudent, talkative page, he at once became a modest, respectful, and silent young man. What could have caused this change? Was it because when a page he felt himself above his condition, and now that he had gained a name and fortune, that he felt himself beneath it? I decided when I remembered how anxious he was to improve himself, that such was the case, and I further inferred that it showed a noble, generous, and sensitive mind. And I now felt very glad that I had written to Madame d'Albret, and all my objections to seeing her again were removed; why so? because I was independent. It was my dependence that made me so proud and unforgiving. In fact, I was on better terms with the world now that I had somewhat raised myself in it. I was one day talking over my life with Mr. Selwyn, and after pointing out how I had been taken in by my ignorance and confidence: how much wiser I had become already from experience, and my hopes that I should one day cease to be a dupe, when he replied,

"My dear Miss Valerie, do not say so. To have been a dupe is to have lived; we are dupes when we are full of the hope and warmth of youth. I am an old man; my profession has given me great knowledge of the world; knowledge of the world has made me cautious and indifferent, but this has not added to my happiness, although it may have saved my pocket. No, no, when we arrive at that point, when we warm before no affection, doubting its truth; when we have gained this age-bought experience, which has left our hearts as dry as the remainder biscuits after a long voyage—there is no happiness in this, Valerie. Better to be deceived and trust again. I almost wish that I could now be the dupe of a woman or a false friend, for I should then feel as if I were young again."

"But, sir," replied I, "your conduct is at variance with your language, why else such kindness shown to me a perfect stranger, and one without claims upon you?"

"You overrate any little attention, my dear Valerie, but that proves that you have a grateful heart. I speak of myself as when in contact with the world. You forget that I have domestic ties to which the heart is ever fresh. Were it not for home and the natural affections, we men would be brutes indeed. The heart, when in conflict with the world;

may be compared to a plant scorched by the heat of the sun, but in the shade of domestic repose it again recovers its freshness for the time.

I have stated that through the recommendation and influence of a Mademoiselle Adele Chabot I taught music at an establishment for young ladies at Kensington. It was what is called a finishing school. The terms were very high, and the young ladies did not always sit down to boiled mutton; but, from what I learnt from Adele, in other points it was not better than schools in general; but it had a reputation, and that was sufficient.

One day I was informed by Mrs. Bradshaw, the proprietress of the establishment, that I was to have a new pupil the next quarter, which was very near, and when it did arrive, and the young lady was brought in, who should it be but Caroline, my former companion and pupil at Madame Bathurst's.

"Valerie!" exclaimed she, rushing into my arms.

"My dear Caroline this is an unexpected pleasure," said I; "but how came you here?"

"I will tell you some day," replied Caroline, not wishing to talk about her family while the teacher who came in with her was present.

"I hope Madame Bathurst is well?" inquired I.

"Quite well when I saw her last," said Caroline.

"Well, my dear, we must work and not talk, for my time is valuable," said I, "so sit down and let me hear whether you have improved since I last gave you a lesson."

The teacher then left the room, and Caroline having run over a few bars, stopped and said, "I never can play till I have talked to you, Valerie. You asked me how I came here. At my own request; or, if a girl may use such language, because I insisted upon it. I was so uncomfortable at home that I could bear it no longer. I must speak against my father and mother, I cannot help it, for it is impossible to be blind; they are so strange, so conceited, so spoiled by prosperity, so haughty and imperious, and so rude and uncouth to any whom they consider beneath them, that it is painful to be in their company. Servants will not remain a month in the house—there is nothing but exchange, and every thing is uncomfortable. After having lived with my aunt Bathurst, who you will acknowledge to be a lady in every respect, I really thought I was in a *Hôpital des Fous*. Such assumption, such pretension, such absurdities, to all which they wished to make me a party. I have had a wilderness of governesses, but not one would or could submit to the humiliations which they were loaded with. At last by rebelling in every way I gained my point, and have escaped to school. I feel that I ought not to speak disparagingly of my parents, but still I must speak the truth to you, although I would say nothing to others, so do not be angry with me, Valerie."

"I am more sorry that it is so, than that you should tell me of it, Caroline, but from what I saw during my short visit I can fully give credit to all you have said."

"But is it not a hard case, Valerie, when you cannot respect your parents?" replied Caroline, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It is, my dear, but still on the whole it is perhaps for the best. You were taken from your parents and well brought up; you return to them and find them many degrees below you in the scale of refinement, and therefore you cannot respect them. Now if you had never left them you

would of course have remained down at their level, and would have respected them, having imbibed the same opinions, and perceiving nothing wrong in their conduct. Now which of the two would you prefer if you had the power to choose?"

"Most certainly to be as I am," replied Caroline, "but I cannot but grieve that my parents should not have been like my aunt Bathurst."

"I agree with you in that feeling, but what is—is, and we must make the best of it. You must excuse your parents' faults as much as you can, since your education will not permit you to be blind to them, and you must treat them with respect from a sense of duty."

"That I have always done," replied Caroline, "but it too often happens that I have to decide between the respect I would show to my parents, and a sense of justice or a love of truth opposed to it—that is the greatest difficulty."

"Very true," replied I, "and in such cases you must act according to the dictates of your own conscience."

"Well," replied Caroline, "I think I have done wise in getting away altogether. I have not seen my aunt Bathurst since you took me to my father's house, for although some advances were made towards a reconciliation, as soon as my aunt Bathurst was told that my father and mother had stated that I had been most improperly brought up by her, she was so angry at the false accusation, that all intercourse is broken off, I fear, for ever. Oh, how I have longed to be with my aunt again; but, Valerie, I never heard why you left her. Some one did say that you had gone, but why was not known."

"I went away, Caroline, because I was no longer of any use in the house after you had been removed, and I did not choose to be an incumbrance to your aunt. I preferred gaining my livelihood by my own exertions, as I am now doing, and to which resolution on my part, I am indebted for the pleasure of our again meeting."

"Ah, Valerie, I never loved you so much as I did after I had lost you," said Caroline.

"That is generally the case, my dear," replied I, "but now if you please, we will try this sonata. We shall have plenty of time for talking, as we shall meet twice a week."

Caroline played the sonata, and then dropping her fingers on the keys, said, "Now, Valerie, do you know what was one of my wild dreams which assisted in inducing me to come here? I'll tell you. I know that I shall never find a husband at my father's house. All well-bred people if they once go there do not go a second time, and whatever may be the merits of the daughter, they have no time to find them out, and leave the house with the supposition that she, having been educated in so bad a school, must be unworthy of notice. Now I mean, if I can, to elope from school, that is if I can find a gentleman to my fancy—not to Gretna Green, but as soon as I am married to go to my aunt Bathurst direct, and you know that once under a husband's protection my father and mother have no control over me. Will you assist my views, Valerie? It's the only chance I have of happiness."

"A very pretty confession for a young lady, not yet eighteen," replied I; "and a very pretty question to put to me, who have been your governess, Caroline. I am afraid that you must not look to me for assistance, but consider it, as you termed it at first, a wild dream."

"Nevertheless, dreams come true sometimes," replied Caroline, laughing; "and all I require is birth and character; you know that I must have plenty of money."

"But, my dear Caroline, it is not people of birth and character who prow round boarding-schools in search of heiresses."

"I know that; and that was why I asked you to help me. At all events, I'll not leave this place till I am married, or going to be married, that's certain, if I stay here till I'm twenty-five."

"Well, do not make rash resolutions; but surely, Caroline, you have not reason to complain of your parents' treatment; they are kind and affectionate towards you."

"Indeed they are not, nor were they from the time that I returned to them with you. They try by force to make me espouse their own incorrect notions of right and wrong, and it is one scene of daily altercation. They abuse and laugh at aunt Bathurst, I believe on purpose to vex me; and having never lived with them from my infancy, of course, when I met them I had to learn to love them. I was willing so to do, notwithstanding their unkindness to my aunt, whom I love so dearly, but they would not let me; and now I really believe that they care little about me, and would care nothing, if I were not their only daughter, for you know, perhaps, that both my brothers are now dead?"

"I knew that one was," replied I.

"The other, William, died last year," replied Caroline; "his death was a release, poor fellow, as he had a complaint in the spine for many years. Do you know what I mean to do? I shall write to aunt Bathurst to come and see me."

"Well, I think you will be right in so doing; but will not your father and mother come to you?"

"No; for they are very angry, and say, that until I come to my senses and learn the difference between people who are somebodies and people who are nobodies, they will take no notice of me; and that I may remain here till I am tired; which they think I shall soon be, and write to come back again. The last words of my father, when he brought me here and left me, were,—'I leave you here to come to your senses.' He was ~~quite~~ with anger: but I do not wish to talk any more about them."

"And your time is up, Caroline; so you must go and make room for another pupil. Miss Greaves is the next."

Shortly after my meeting with Caroline, I received a letter from Lionel stating that it was his intention to come over to England for a fortnight, and asking whether he could execute any commissions for me in Paris previous to his departure. He also informed me that he had received a very kind letter from his uncle the baronet, who had had several interviews with Mr. Selwyn, and who was fully satisfied with his identity, and acknowledged him as his nephew. This gave me great pleasure. I replied to his letter, stating that I should be most happy to see him, but that as for commissions I was too poor to give him any. Madame d'Albret had sent her kind souvenirs to me in Lionel's letter, and I returned them in my reply. Indeed, now that I was earning a livelihood, and by my own exertions, I felt that I was every day adding to my means and future independence, a great change, I may safely say for the better, took place in me. My pride was lessened, that is, my worst pride was superseded by a more honest one. I had a strange revulsion in feeling

towards Madame d'Albret, Madame Bathurst, and Lady M——, and I felt that I could forgive them all. I was no longer brooding over my dependent position, fancying, perhaps, insults never intended, or irritated by real slights. Every thing was *couleur de rose* with me, and that *couleur* was reflected upon every thing.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Valerie," said Madame Gironac to me one day, "I had no idea when I first made your acquaintance that you were so witty. My husband and all the gentlemen say that you have *plus d'esprit* than any woman they ever conversed with."

"When I first knew you, Annette, I was not happy; now I am happy, almost too happy, and that is the reason I am so gay."

"And I don't think you hate the men so much as you did," continued she.

"I am in a humour to hate nobody," replied I.

"That is true; and, Mademoiselle Valerie, you will marry one of these days; mind," continued she, putting up her finger, "I tell you so."

"And I tell you, no," replied I. "I think there is only one excuse for a woman marrying, which is, when she requires some one to support her; that is not my case, for I thank Heaven I can support myself."

"*Nous verrons*," replied Madame Gironac.

Caroline did, however, find the restraint of a school rather irksome, and wished very much to go out with me. When the holidays arrived, and the other young ladies had gone home, I spoke to Mrs. Bradshaw, and as she was very partial to me, and knew my former relations with Caroline, she gave her consent. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw accepted an invitation to pass three weeks with some friends, and I then proposed that Caroline should pass the remainder of the holidays with me, to which Mrs. Bradshaw also consented, much to Caroline's delight. Madame Gironac had made up a bed for her in my room, and we were a very merry party. A few days after Caroline came to the house Lionel made his appearance. I should hardly have believed it possible that he could have so improved in appearance in so short a time. He brought me a very kind letter from Madame d'Albret, in which she begged, as a proof of my having forgiven her, that I would not refuse a few presents she had sent by Lionel. They were very beautiful and expensive, and when I had had some conversation with Lionel, I made up my mind that I would not return them, which certainly I at first felt more inclined to do than to keep them. When Lionel took leave, promising to come to dinner, Caroline asked me who that gentlemanly young man was. I replied, "that it was a Mr. Lionel Dempster, the nephew of Lady R——," but further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of young Mr. Selwyn, who came with a message from his father inviting me to Kew. I declined the invitation on the plea of Caroline being with me. Mr. Selwyn remained some time conversing with me, and at last inquired if I should like to go to the next meeting at the Horticultural Gardens, at the same time offering me two tickets. As I was anxious to see the gardens I accepted them. He told me that his father would call for us, and his mother and sisters were to be there, and then he took leave.

"Who is Mr. Selwyn?" inquired Caroline.

I told her.

"Well," said she, "I have seen two nice young men this morning; I

don't know which I like best, but I think Mr. Selwyn is the more manly of the two."

"I should think so, too, Caroline," replied I; "Mr. Selwyn is twenty-four years old, I believe, and Mr. Dempster is younger, I think, than you are."

"I did not think he was so young; but, Valerie, are we not to go to the National Gallery?"

"Yes, when Monsieur Gironac comes home to escort us; we may as well put on our bonnets, for he will be here in a few minutes."

"Oh, Valerie, how fortunate it was that I came to Mrs. Bradshaw's," said Caroline, "and that I met you. I should have been moped, that is certain, if I had not, but now I'm so happy—that's Monsieur Gironac's knock, I'm sure."

But Caroline was wrong, for it was Mademoiselle Chabot, of whom I have before spoken, who made her appearance. Mademoiselle Chabot was an acquaintance of Madame Gironac, and it was through my having become intimate with her that I obtained the teaching at Mrs. Bradshaw's. Adele Chabot was a very pretty person, thoroughly French, and dressed with great taste. She was the resident French teacher in Mrs. Bradshaw's establishment, and although twenty-five years old, did not look more than eighteen; she was very amusing and rather wild, although she looked very demure. I never thought that there was any thing wrong in Adele, but, at the same time, I did not consider that Caroline would derive any good from her company, as Caroline required to be held in check as it was. But, as is usually the case, the more I attempted to check any intimacy between them, the more intimate they became. Adele was of a good family; her father had fallen at Montmartre, when the allies entered Paris after the Battle of Waterloo: but the property left was very small to be divided among a large family, and consequently Adele had first gone out as a governess at Paris, and ultimately accepted the situation she now held. She spoke English remarkably well, indeed, better than I ever heard it spoken by a Frenchwoman, and every body said so as well as me.

"Well, Adele, I thought you were at Brighton," said Caroline.

"I was yesterday, and I am here to-day; I am come to dine with you," replied Adele, taking off her bonnet and shawl, and smoothing her hair before the glass. "Where's Madame Gironac?"

"Gone out to give a lesson in flower-making," replied I.

"Yes, she is like the little busy bees, always on the wing, and, as the hymn says, 'How neat she spreads her wax.' And monsieur, where is he?"

"Gone out to give a lesson also," replied I.

"Yes, he's like the wind, always blowing, one hour the flute, another the French horn, then the bassoon or the bugle, always blowing and always shifting from one point to the other; never a calm with him, for when he comes home there's a breeze with his wife, a *l'aimable*, to be sure."

"Yes," replied Caroline, "always blowing but never coming to blows."

"You are witty, Mademoiselle Caroline," said Adele, "with your paradox. Do you know that I had an adventure at Brighton, and I am taken for you by a very fashionable young man."

"How can you have been taken for me?" said Caroline.

"The gentleman wished to find out who I was, and I would not tell him; he inquired of the chambermaid of the lodging-house, and bribed her, I presume, for the next day she came up to my room and asked me for my card, that her mistress might write my name down correctly in the book. I knew that the mistress had not sent her, as I had, by her request, entered my own name in the book three days before, and I was therefore certain that it was to find out who I was for the gentleman who followed me everywhere. I recollected that I had a card of yours in my case, and I gave it to her very quietly, and she walked off with it. The next day, when I was at the library, the gentleman addressed me by your name; I told him that it was not my name, and requested that he would not address me again. When I left Brighton yesterday, I discovered the chambermaid copying the addresses I had put on my trunks, which was your name, at Mrs. Bradshaw's; so now I think we shall have some fun."

"But, my dear Adele, you have not been prudent; you may compromise Caroline very much," said I; "recollect that men talk, and something unpleasant may occur from this want of discretion on your part."

"Be not afraid, Valerie; I conducted myself with such prudery that an angel's character could not suffer."

"I do not mean to hint otherwise, Adele, but still you must acknowledge that you have done an imprudent thing."

"Well, I do confess it, but, Valerie, every one has not your discretion and good sense. At all events, if I see or hear any more of the gentleman I can undo it again,—but that is not very likely."

"We have had two gentlemen here to-day, Adele," said Caroline, "and one dines with us."

"Indeed; well, I'm in *demi-toilette*, and must remain so, for I cannot go all the way back to Mrs. Bradshaw's to dress."

"He is a very handsome young man, is he not, Valerie?"

"Yes," replied I, "and of large fortune too."

"Well, I shall not have a fair chance then," said Adele, "for go back I cannot."

"Now, Adele, you know how much more becoming the *demi-toilette* is to you than the evening dress," replied Caroline, "so don't pretend to deny it."

"I deny nothing and I admit nothing," replied Adele, laughing, "except that I am a woman, and now draw your own inferences and conclusions—*ce m'est égal*."

We had a very pleasant dinner party. Adele tried to flirt with Lionel, but it was in vain. He had no attentions to throw away, except upon me; once he whispered, "I should not feel strange at being seated with others, but to be by your side does make me awkward. Old habits are strong, and every now and then I find myself jumping up to change your plate."

"It's a great pleasure to me, Lionel, to find you in the position you are entitled to from your birth. You will soon sit down with people of more consequence than Valerie de Chatenceuf."

"But never with any one that I shall esteem or respect so much, be they who they may," replied Lionel.

During dinner, I mentioned that Mr. Selwyn had called and engaged Caroline and me to go to the Horticultural fête.

"I wish Madame Gironac was going," continued I, "she is so fond of flowers."

"Never mind, my dear Valerie, I will stay at home and earn some money."

"Madame," cried Monsieur Gironac, pretending to be very angry, and striking with his fist on the table so as to make all the wine glasses ring, "you shall do no such thing. You shall not always oppose my wishes. You shall not stay at home and earn some money. You shall go out and spend money. Yes, madame, I will be obeyed; you shall go to the Horticultural fête, and I invite Monsieur Lionel, and Mademoiselle Adele to come with us that they may witness that I am the master. Yes, madame, resistance is useless. You shall go in a *remise de ver*, or glass-coach, as round as a pumpkin, but you shall not go in glass slippers, like Cinderella, because they are not pleasant to walk in. How Cinderella danced in them has always been a puzzle to me, ever since I was a child, and of what kind of glass they were made of."

"Perhaps isinglass," said Lionel.

"No, sir, not isinglass; it must have been fairy glass; but never mind. I ask you, Madame Gironac, whether you intend to be an obedient wife, or intend to resist my commands?"

"Barbare," replied Madame Gironac, "am I then to be forced to go to a fête! ah, cruel man, you'll break my heart; but I submit to my unhappy destiny. Yes, I will go in the *remise de ver*: pity me, my good friends, but you don't know that man."

"I am satisfied with your obedience, madame, and now I permit you to embrace me."

Madame Gironac, who was delighted at the idea of going to the fête, ran to her husband and kissed him over and over again. Adele and Lionel accepted Monsieur Gironac's invitation, and thus was the affair settled in Monsieur Gironac's queer way.

The day of the Horticultural fête arrived. It was a lovely morning. We were all dressed and the glass-coach at the door, when Mr. Selwyn arrived in his carriage, and Caroline and I stepped in. I introduced Caroline, who was remarkably well dressed, and very pretty. Mr. Selwyn had before told me that he was acquainted with Madame Bathurst, having met two or three times, and sat by her at a dinner party. He appeared much pleased with Caroline, but could not make out how she was in my company. Of course he asked no questions before her.

On our arrival at the gardens we found young Mr. Selwyn waiting at the entrance to take us to Mrs. Selwyn and his sisters, who had come from their house at Lew. About half-an-hour afterwards we fell in with Monsieur Gironac, madame, Adele, and Lionel. Mr. Selwyn greeted Lionel warmly, introducing him to his family, and on my presenting the Gironacs and Adele, was very polite and friendly, for he knew from me how kind they had been. Adele Chabot never looked so well; her costume was most becoming; she had put on her *air mutiné*, and was admired by all that passed us. We were all grouped together close to the band, when who should appear right in face of us but Madame Bathurst. At that time Caroline was on the one arm of Mr. Selwyn and I on the other.

"Caroline!" exclaimed Madame Bathurst, "and you here!" turning to me. While she remained in astonishment, Caroline ran up and kissed her.

"You recollect, Mr. Selwyn, aunt, do you not?"

"Yes," said Madame Bathurst, returning the salute of Mr. Selwyn, "but still I am surprised."

"Come with me, aunt, and I will tell you all about it."

Caroline then walked to a seat at a little distance, sat down, and entered into conversation with Madame Bathurst. In a few minuets Madame Bathurst rose and came up to our party with Caroline on her arm.

She first thanked Mr. Selwyn for his kindness in bringing her niece to the fête, and then turning to me, said, with some emotion, as she offered her hand, "Valerie, I hope we are friends. We have mistaken each other."

I felt all my resentment gone, and took her offered hand.

She then led me aside and said, "I must beg your pardon, Valerie, I did not"—

"Nay," replied I, interrupting her, "I was too hasty and too proud."

"You are a good, kind-hearted girl, Valerie—but let us say no more about it. Now introduce me to your friends."

I did so. Madame Bathurst was most gracious, and appeared very much struck with Adele Chabot, and entered into conversation with her, and certainly Adele would not have been taken for a French teacher by her appearance. There was something very aristocratic about her. While they were in converse, a very gentlemanlike man raised his hat to Madame Bathurst, as I thought, and passed on. Adele coloured up, I observed, as if she knew him, but did not return the salute, which Madame Bathurst did.

"Do you know that gentleman, Mademoiselle Chabot?" inquired Caroline. "I thought he bowed to you and not to aunt."

"I have seen him before," replied Adele, carelessly, "but I forget his name."

"Then I can tell you," added Madame Bathurst, "It is Colonel Jervis, a very fashionable man, but not a very great favourite of mine; not that I have any thing to accuse him of, particularly, except that he is said to be a very worldly man."

"Is he of good family?" inquired Adele.

"Oh, yes, unexceptionable on that point; but it is time for me to go. There is my party coming down the walk. Caroline, dear, I will call upon you to-morrow at three o'clock, and then we will make our arrangements."

Madame Bathurst then bid adieu to Mr. Selwyn and the rest, saying to me, "*Au revoir*, Valerie."

Shortly afterwards we agreed to leave. As Mr. Selwyn was returning to Kew, I would not accept the offer of his carriage to take Caroline and me to London, the glass-coach, round as a pumpkin, would hold six, and we all went away together.

I was very much pleased at thus meeting with Madame Bathurst, and our reconciliation, and quite as much so for Caroline's sake, for although she had at first said that she would write to her aunt, she had put it off continually for reasons which she had never expressed to me. I rather think that she feared her aunt might prove a check on her, and I was, therefore,

very glad that they had met, as now Madame Bathurst would look after her.

During the evening, I observed that Adele and Caroline had a long conversation *sotto voce*. I suspected that the gentleman, at whose appearance she had coloured up, was the subject of it. The next day Madame Bathurst called, and heard a detailed account of all that had passed from Caroline and from me since we had parted. She said that as Caroline was put to the school by her father, of course she could not remove her, but that she would call and see her as often as she could. She congratulated me upon my little independence, and trusted that we should ever be on friendly terms, and that I would come and visit her whenever my avocations would permit me. As there was still three weeks of the holidays remaining, she proposed that we should come and pass a portion of it with her at a villa which she had upon the banks of the Thames.

She said that Caroline's father and mother were down at Brighton, giving very gay parties. Having arranged the time that the carriage should come for us on the following day, she kissed us both affectionately and went away.

The next day we were at Richmond in a delightful cottage *ornée*; and there we remained for more than a fortnight. To me it was a time of much happiness, for it was like the renewal of old times, and I was sorry when the visit was over.

On my return, I found a pressing invitation for Caroline and me to go to Kew, and remain two or three days; and as we had still time to pay the visit, it was accepted; but before we went Adele came to see us, and after a little general conversation, requested that she might speak to me in my own room.

"Valerie," said Adele, as soon as we were seated, "I know that you think me a wild girl, and perhaps I am so; but I am not quite so wild as I thought myself, for now that I am in a critical position, I come to you for advice, and for advice against my own feelings, for I tell you frankly, that I am very much in love—and moreover—which you may well suppose, most anxious to be relieved from the detestable position of a French teacher in a boarding school. I now have the opportunity, and yet I dread to avail myself of it, and I therefore come to you, who are so prudent and so sage, to request, after you have heard what I have to impart, you will give me your real opinion as to what I ought to do. You recollect I told you that a gentleman had followed me at Brighton, and how for mere frolic, I had led him to suppose that I was Caroline Stanhope, I certainly did not expect to see him again, but I did three days after I came up from Brighton. The girl had evidently copied the address on my trunk for him, and he followed me up, and he accosted me as I was walking home. He told me that he had never slept since he had first seen me, and that he was honourably in love with me. I replied that he was mistaken in supposing that I was Caroline Stanhope; that my name was Adele Chabot, and that now that I stated the truth to him he would alter his sentiments. He declared that he should not, pressed me to allow him to call, which I refused, and such was our first interview. I did not see him again until at the horticultural fête, when I was talking to Madame Bathurst. He had told me that he was an officer in the army, but he did not mention his name. You recollect what Madame Bathurst said about

him, and who he was. Since you have been at Richmond he has contrived to see me every day, and I will confess that latterly I have not been unwilling to meet him, for every day I have been more pleased with him. On our first meeting after the fête I told him that he still supposed me to be Caroline Stanhope, and that seeing me walking with Caroline's aunt had confirmed him in his idea, but I assured him that I was Adele Chabot, a girl without fortune, and not, as he supposed, a great heiress. His answer was that any acquaintance of Madame Bathurst's must be a lady, and that he had never inquired or thought about my fortune. That my having none would prove the disinterestedness of his affection for me, and that he required me and nothing more. I have seen him every day almost since then; he has given me his name and made proposals to me, notwithstanding my reiterated assertions that I am Adele Chabot, and not Caroline Stanhope. One thing is certain, that I am very much attached to him, and if I do not marry him I shall be very miserable for a long time," and here Adele burst into tears.

"But why do you grieve, Adele?" said I. "You like him, and he offers to marry you. My advice is very simple, marry him."

"Yes," replied Adele, "if all was as it seems. I agree with you that my course is clear; but notwithstanding his repeated assertions that he loves me as Adele Chabot, I am convinced in my own mind that he still believes me to be Caroline Stanhope. Perhaps he thinks that I am a romantic young lady who is determined to be married *pour ses beaux yeux* alone, and conceals her being an heiress on that account, and he therefore humours me by pretending to believe that I am a poor girl without a shilling. Now, Valerie, here is my difficulty. If I were to marry him, as he proposes, when he comes to find out that he has been deceiving himself, and that I am not the heiress, will he not be angry, and perhaps disgusted with me—will he not blame me instead of himself, as people always do, and will he not ill-treat me? If he did, it would break my heart, for I love him—love him dearly. Then, on the other hand, I may be wrong, and he may be, as he says, in love with Adele Chabot, so that I shall have thrown away my chance of happiness from an erroneous idea. What shall I do, Valerie? Do advise me."

"Much will depend upon the character of the man, Adele. You have some insight into people's characters, what idea have you formed of his?"

"I hardly can say, for when men profess to be in love they are such deceivers. Their faults are concealed, and they assume virtues which they do not possess. On my first meeting with him I thought that he was a proud man—perhaps I may say a vain man—but since I have seen more of him I think I was wrong."

"No, Adele, depend upon it you were right; at that time you were not blinded as you are now. Do you think him a good-tempered man?"

"Yes, that I firmly believe that he is. I made a remark at Brighton: a child that had its fingers very dirty ran out to him, and as it stumbled printed the marks of its fingers upon his white trousers, so that he was obliged to return home and change them. Instead of pushing the child away he saved it from falling, saying, 'Well, my little man, it's better that I should change my dress than that you should have broken your head on the pavement.'"

"Well, Adele, I agree with you that it was a proof of great good temper."

"Well then, Valerie, what do you think?"

"I think that it is a lottery; but all marriages are lotteries, with more blanks than prizes. You have done all you can to undeceive him if he still deceives himself. You can do no more. I will assume that he does deceive himself, and that disappointment and irritation will be the consequence of his discovery, that you have been telling the truth. If he is a vain man he will not like to acknowledge to the world that he has been his own dupe. If he is a good-hearted man he will not long continue angry; but, Adele, much depends upon yourself. You must forbear all recrimination—you must exert all your talents of pleasing to reconcile him to his disappointment, and if you act wisely you will probably succeed; indeed, unless the man is a bad-hearted man you must eventually succeed. You best know your own powers, and must decide for yourself."

"It is that feeling—that almost certain feeling that I shall be able to console him for his disappointment, that impels me on. Valerie, I will make him love me, I am determined."

"And when a woman is determined on that point she invariably succeeds in the end, Adele. This is supposing that he is deceiving himself, which may not be the case, Adele, for I do think that you have sufficient attractions to make a man love you for yourself alone; and recollect that such may be the case in the present instance. It may be that at first he followed you as an heiress, and has since found out that if not an heiress you are a very charming woman, and has in consequence been unable to resist your influence. However, there is only one to whom the secrets of the heart are known. I consider that you have acted honourably, and if you choose to risk the hazard of the die no one can attach blame to you."

"Thank you, Valerie, you have taken a great load off my heart. If you think I am not doing wrong, I will risk every thing."

"Well, Adele, let you decide how you may, I hope you will prosper. For my part I would not cross the street for the best man that ever was created. As friends they are all very well; as advisers in some questions they are useful; but when you talk of marrying one, and becoming his slave, that is quite another affair. What were you and Caroline talking about so earnestly in the corner?"

"I will confess the truth, it was of love and marriage, with an episode about Mr. Charles Selwyn, of whom Caroline appears to have a very good opinion."

"Well, Adele, I must go down again now. If you wish any advice at any future time, such as it is, it is at your service. You are making 'A Bold Stroke for a Husband,' that's certain. However the title of another play is 'All's Well that Ends Well.'"

"Well I will follow out your playing upon plays, Valerie, by saying that with you 'Love's Labour's Lost.'"

"Exactly," replied I, "because I consider it 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

The next day Lionel came to bid me farewell, as he was returning to Paris. During our sojourn at Madame Bathurst's he had been down to see his uncle and had been very kindly received. I wrote to Madame

d'Albret, thanking her for her presents, which, valuable as they were, I would not return after what she had said, and confided to Lionel a box of the flowers in wax that I was so successful in imitating, and which I requested her to put on her side table in remembrance of me. Mr. Selwyn sent his carriage at the time appointed, and we went down to Kew, where I was as kindly received as before.

What Adele had told me of the conversation between Caroline and her made me watchful, and before our visit was out I had made up my mind that there was a mutual feeling between her and Mr. Selwyn. When we were going away this was confirmed, but I took no notice. But although I made no remark, this commencement of an attachment between Caroline and Mr. Selwyn occupied my mind during the whole of our journey to town.

In Caroline's position I was not decided if I would not encourage it and assist it. Mr. Selwyn was a gentleman by birth and profession, a very good looking and very talented young man. All his family were amiable, and he himself remarkably kind-hearted and well-disposed. That Caroline was not likely to return to her father's house where I felt assured that she was miserable, was very evident, and that she would soon weary of the monotony of a school at her age was also to be expected. There was, therefore, every probability that she would, if she found an opportunity, run away as she had stated to me that she would, and it was ten chances to one that in so doing she would make an unfortunate match, either becoming the prey to some fortune-hunter, or connecting herself with some thoughtless young man.

Could she do better than marry Mr. Selwyn? Certainly not. That her father and mother, who thought only of dukes and earls would give their consent was not very likely. Should I acquaint Madame Bathurst? That would be of little use, as she would not interfere. Should I tell Mr. Selwyn's father? No. If a match at all, it must be a run away match, and Mr. Selwyn, senior, would never sanction any thing of the kind. I resolved therefore to let the affair ripen as it might. It would occupy Caroline, and prevent her doing a more foolish thing, even if it were to be ultimately broken off by unforeseen circumstances. Caroline was as much absorbed with her own thoughts as I was during the ride, and not a syllable was exchanged between us till we were roused by the rattling over the stones.

"My dear Caroline, what a reverie you have been in," said I.

"And you, Valerie."

"Why I have been thinking; certainly, when I cannot have a more agreeable companion, I amuse myself with my own thoughts."

"Will you tell me what you have been thinking about?"

"Yes, Caroline, provided you will be equally confiding."

"I will, I assure you."

"Well, then, I was thinking of a gentleman."

"And so was I," replied Caroline.

"Mine was a very handsome, clever young man."

"And so was mine," replied she.

"But I am not smitten with him," continued I.

"I cannot answer that question," replied Caroline, "because I do not know who you were thinking about."

"You must answer the question as to the gentleman you were thinking

of, Caroline. I repeat that I am not smitten with him, and that his name is Mr. Charles Selwyn."

"I was also thinking of Mr. Charles Selwyn," replied Caroline.

"And you are not smitten with him any more than I am or he is with you?" continued I, smiling, and looking her full in the face.

Caroline coloured, and said,

"I like him very much from what I have seen of him, Valerie; but recollect our acquaintance has been very short."

"A very proper answer, my dear Caroline, and given with due maidenly decorum—but here we are; and there is Madame Gironac nodding to us from the window."

The next day, Caroline went back to Mrs. Bradshaw's, and I did not see her till the music-lesson of Wednesday afterwards. Caroline, who had been watching for me, met me at the door.

"Oh! Valerie, I have a great deal to tell. In the first place, the establishment is in an uproar at the disappearance of Adele Chabot, who has removed her clothes, and gone off without beat of drum. One of the maids states that she has several times seen her walking and talking with a tall gentleman, and Mrs. Bradshaw thinks that the reputation of her school is ruined by Adele's flight. She has drank at least two bottles of eau-de-Cologne and water to keep off the hysterics, and is now lying on the sofa, talking in a very incoherent way. Miss Phipps says she thinks her head is affected."

"I should think it was," replied I. "Well, is that all?"

"All! why, Valerie, you appear to think nothing of an elopement. All! why is it not horrible?"

"I do not think it very horrible, Caroline; but I am glad to find that you have such correct ideas on that head, as it satisfies me that nothing would induce you to take such a step."

"Well," replied Caroline, quickly, "what I had also to communicate is, that I have seen my father, who has informed me that on their return from Brighton in October, they expect that I will come home. He said that it was high time that I was settled in life, and that I could not expect to be married if I remained at a boarding-school."

"Well, and what did you say?"

"I said that I did not expect to be married, and I did not wish it; that I thought my education was far from complete, and that I wished to improve myself."

"Well?"

"Then he said that he should submit to my caprices no longer, and that I should go back in October, as he had decided."

"Well?"

"Well, I said no more, and he went away."

Having received all this intelligence, I went up-stairs. I found Mrs. Bradshaw crying bitterly, and she threw herself in my arms.

"Oh, Mademoiselle Chatenœuf!—the disgrace!—the ruin!—I shall never get over it," exclaimed she.

"I see no disgrace or ruin, Mrs. Bradshaw. Adele has told me that a gentleman had proposed marriage to her, and asked my advice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Yes."

"Well, that alters the case; but still, why did she leave in this strange way?"

"I presume the gentleman did not think it right that she should marry out of a young ladies' establishment, madam."

"And why not?" said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"The example to the young ladies, madam."

"Very true: I did not think of that."

"After all, what is it? Your French teacher is married—surely that will not injure your establishment?"

"No, certainly—why should it?—but the news came upon me so abruptly, that it quite upset me. I will lie down a little, and my head will soon be better."

Time went on; so did the school. Miss Adele, that was, sent no wedding-cake, much to the astonishment of the young ladies, and it was not till nearly three weeks afterwards that I had a letter from Adele Chabot, now Mrs. Jervis. But before I give the letter to my readers, I must state that Mr. Selwyn, junior, had called upon me the day before Caroline went to school, and had had a long conversation with her, while I went out to speak to Madame Gironac on business: further, that Mr. Selwyn, junior called upon me a few days afterwards, and after a little common-place conversation, *à l'Anglais*, about the weather, he asked after Miss Caroline Stanhope, and then asked many questions. As I knew what he wished, I made to him a full statement of her position, and the unpleasant predicament in which she was placed. I also stated my conviction that she was not likely to make a happy match, if her husband was selected by her father and mother, and how much I regretted it, as she was a very amiable, kind-hearted girl, who would make an excellent wife to any one deserving of her. He thought so too, and professed great admiration of her; and having, as he thought, pumped me sufficiently, he took his leave. A few days afterwards, he came upon some pretended message from his father, and then I told him that she was to be removed in October. This appeared to distress him; but he did not forget to pull out of his pocket a piece of music sealed up, telling me that, by mistake, Caroline had left two pieces of music at Kew, and had taken away one belonging to his sister Mary; that he returned one, but the other was mislaid, and would be returned as soon as it was found; and would I oblige him so far as to request Miss Stanhope to send him the piece of music belonging to his sister, if she could lay her hand upon it.

"Well, I will do your bidding, Mr. Selwyn," replied I; "it is a very proper message for a music-mistress to take; and I will also bring back your sister's music when Caroline gives it to me, and you can call here for it. If I am out, you can ask Madame Gironac to give it to you." Upon which, with many thanks and much gratitude for my kindness, Mr. Selwyn withdrew.

Having made all this known to the reader, he shall now have the contents of Adele's letter.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SANCTUARY OF VARALLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS."

LIFE OF GAUDENZIO FERRARI.

"Fuor di quest' eccezioni che nelle opere migliori schivò del tutto, Gaudenzio è pittor grandissimo, ed è quegli fra gli aiuti di Raffaello che più si avvicini a Perino e a Giulio Romano. . . . e parve unico in esprimere la maestà dell' Esser divino, i misteri della religione, gli affetti della pietà, della quale fù lodevol seguace, detto *eximie pius* in un sinodo Novarese In questa grande opera ha spiegato carattere di pittor vago, più forse che in attia; inserendovi teste bellissime e angioletti quanto gai nelle forme, altrettanto spiritosi nelle azioni. Ho udito celebrar questo come la migliore sua opera; ma il Lomazzo, e l' autor della Guida, asseriscono che la via tenuta da Gaudenzio nel sepolcro di Varallo è stata migliore di tutte."—*Lanzi. Storia Pittorica*, vol. iii., p. 175.

GAUDENZIO FERRARI was born at Valduggia, the principal town in the valley of that name, and which is one of the lateral valleys of the Sesia. He was the son of Franchino Ferrari, and of a Vinzio, who brought him into the world, in the year 1484. He showed an early predilection for painting, and no sooner had he ascertained the bent of his mind than he left his native place, went to Vercelli, and became a pupil of Girolamo Giovenone, a painter of some reputation of that time. He worked with such zeal and assiduity, that in a few years he painted in a masterly style (so says his biographer); and an altar-piece, with folding-doors (the fashion of that time) and in different compartments, still exists in the old church of Quarona, of which although much injured, sufficient remains to attest his early talents; he likewise, at that time, painted a "Pieta" in the Franciscan convent in Varallo, in such good fresco, that it still remains fresh and beautiful; also an "*Ancona*" for the church of Gattinara, still much prized.

At Vercelli they have a tradition, that Giovenone was his master; giving as a reason, that on a picture of this same Giovenone he has placed his own signature, with the addition, "Maestro di Gaudenzio;" thereby intimating that he considered it an honour to have formed a painter of such merits. Should a stronger argument be required, say they, it is to be found in the resemblance of style in the above-mentioned painting, finished by Ferrari before he was twenty years of age.

Taking courage, from having so soon been able to imitate his master, he determined to advance himself as much as possible in his art; and for that purpose went to Milan, where he was delighted to find that Scotto Luini, and all the pupils of Leonardo da Vinci, were painting with the greatest success, in a style at once freer and more flowing than had been practised in the schools he had just left; and the progress he there made is very visible in the frescoes on the walls of the chapel of the Pieta (No. 40), in the Sacro Monte, at Varallo, and which he executed about the year 1504, being then but twenty years of age.

But he was not satisfied with the progress he had made, nor yet with what he saw of the art in Lombardy and Piedmont, and determined to go to the fountain-head. He, therefore, placed himself under Pietro

Perugino, the leading artist of Italy, according to the opinion of many. Here he learned to give more grace to his heads, and a better style of colouring; and became acquainted with the works of Raphael, who had greatly surpassed Perugino. He set to work to follow his traces; and, in their common pursuit of the art, contracted an intimacy with Raphael himself; and it so happened that towards the year 1506, whilst Raphael was colouring the picture of the "Deposition from the Cross," for the Baglioni chapel at St. Francesco, he commissioned Ferrari to paint the half-figure of God the Father, with some heads of angels, in which he succeeded admirably.

Raphael was so pleased with Gaudenzio's skill and his amicable disposition, that he became much attached to him; and took him as one of his assistants in carrying out the great works which he was called to execute at Rome.

In the meanwhile, all the lovers of the arts, and an infinity of painters, were attracted to Florence by the "Cartoons" of Leonardo; the "Battle of Pisa," designed by Leonardo da Vinci; also by Michael Angelo. Raphael, and Gaudenzio, were amongst the number; the latter being well aware of the value of Leonardo's works. Ferrari must have followed Raphael there, as it could only have been at that time he painted the two pictures mentioned in the catalogue of the gallery there: the one representing the "Virgin and Child," to whom St. Anna is offering fruit, with St. James and another saint in attendance; the other, the "Murder of the Innocents;" both works of great expression, and for which he acquired much praise.

After his return to Rome, he was entirely employed in assisting Raphael; and his fame having reached his own country, he was invited by the leading people in Varallo, in the name of the community, to return, and paint the Franciscan convent at their expense. He accepted the invitation with much satisfaction, and was the first who practised the Raphaellesque style in Upper Italy; and not Pellegrino Munari, as Lanzi has asserted. These paintings were commenced not later than the year 1510, and were finished in 1513, many years before Pellegrino painted in the Modenese country.

Ferrari began his labours, in the chapel of St. Margaret, in fresco, with "The Dispute of the Doctors," in one corner, and "the Circumcision," in the other. Six Apostles, under the archway, half-lengths; and "The Annunciation" in *chiaro-oscuro*, on the ceiling. "The Epiphany," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Adoration of the Magi," in small dimensions, and different other figures, in borders of grotesque and various colours; in which performance may be traced the change from his early to his second manner—that of the Raphaellesque prevailing. Afterwards, with a higher and more noble expansion of soul, and with greater labour, he painted in twenty-one compartments, upon a vast screen (which divides the church from the choir), "the Birth, Life, and Death of our Saviour." This is a noble work, in which are combined fine attitudes, expression, admirable design, variety of costume, and brilliant colouring: above all, an invention full of truth and effect; in a word, the work of an able master.

Notwithstanding his labours, when employed on this great work in fresco, he found time to paint several pictures for private individuals, who were desirous of having specimens of his art; amongst others, he painted

a picture of St. Francis, for Emiliano Scarognini, who had erected the first chapel in which mass was celebrated on the Sacro Monte of Varallo. In this picture he introduced the wife and son of the founder, with that of his two friends—it has been quite destroyed by time; as also that of two prophets, in a small chapel in the same vicinity—now demolished.

His next work was an admirable picture in six compartments, for the collegiate church at Arona. "The Nativity" occupies the centre composition; "The Eternal Father and two Angels" are placed above; on either sides, "Saints;" and below, in small-sized figures, "Our Saviour and his Apostles." The heads are exceedingly graceful, the colouring fine, and the accessories and attitudes express much eloquence; recalling forcibly the style of Perugino perfected by Raphael; at the bottom of the principal compartment may be seen the date 1511. He also painted, in the same church, "The Adoration of the Magi," in fresco; of this, unluckily, nothing remains but the memory. The first picture has been erroneously attributed to Gaudenzio Vinzio; from the fact of the maternal name of Vinzio having been written on the frame (a family still inhabiting the *Malduggia*); an error very palpable, although, amongst other writers, Lanzi himself has been misled; for it is not likely that, had such a painter existed, he would not have left other specimens of his talents; further, in the archives of the church, the documents have been found, concerning the receipt of the picture, and the hanging of it, which leaves no doubt that it is to be ascribed to Ferrari.

In the church of St. Rocca, he painted on a gold ground, and on folding doors "The Annunciation," various saints, "Two Angels guarding the Sepulchre" (after the Lord has risen). There was also in the oratory of the same church a picture of the Madonna and Child, which is lost; a fate which is said also to have befallen the three paintings said to have existed in the church at Romagnano, and the "Supper of Our Lord," which he had painted in the church of Gozzano.

The family of Morbio, of Novara, possess two pictures which represent "Angels in Adoration," and the church of Quarono a picture of the "Virgin and Child," most tastefully designed, and a "*Presepio*," also from his easel, so highly finished that it has been compared to a miniature, passed during the last reign from the Archbishop of Milan's gallery to Paris.

The last work of Ferrari in his second manner, and of this period of his life, is now placed in one of the chapels of the cathedral of Novara, for which 1250 imperial *lire* were paid, as is shown by the deed dated June 20th, 1514; it is divided into six compartments: "The Virgin hailed by the Angel," in the upper, and "The Babe in the Manger," is the subject of the centre one. In the lower compartments, "The Virgin and Child" in the middle, with saints on either side, and at the bottom in *chiaro-oscuro*, some events from the life of St. Gaudenzio. There is much

* We visited this church, situated about three miles along the high road from Varallo towards Romagnano, and had the picture shown to us by a most civil curate, who was excessively obliging, and offered refreshments and wine. The situation of this church is exceedingly picturesque, placed at the outlet of a deep ravine, and upon the edge of a mountain torrent. The vicar arrived before we had completed our examination, and informed us that the picture was for sale, as they required funds to build a new altar. That in the first instance the government were to have the refusal of it. It would be a delightful acquisition to any collection, but our informant added, that in all probability it would not be allowed to leave the country.

natural expression in the beautiful and devout faces, but the work has somewhat suffered and lost brilliancy, the effect of time only.

He had but just finished the above work at Novara when he again started for Rome, in all probability at the invitation of Raphael, although there is no account extant of his having done more than assisting him in the great frescoes he was at that time finishing in the chambers of the Vatican; and he particularly distinguished himself amongst the other pupils engaged, by his fine execution in that "miracle" of art, "The Victory of St. Leon over the Saracens at the Gates of Ostia," and in that of "Heliodorus expelled from the Temple," and it is supposed by many that nearly one-half of these works are by the hand of Gaudenzio, as also the painting in the Loggia, besides the Loggia Ghigi at Longara. After the death of Raphael he must have continued on with Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni and Pierino del Vaga, until the year 1523, to finish the paintings of the acts of Constantine, left unfinished by Raphael. Ferrari became so expert during these works, that it is difficult to distinguish his performances from those of his fellow-workmen, so that on his departure from Rome they usurped all the merit of them; and Vasari thus formed a pretext for omitting any mention of him, either amongst the friends of Raphael or as one of those employed in the Vatican. Notwithstanding which, however, full justice is done to Ferrari by Fitti, Orlandi, Conioli, Carpani, and Lanzi, all of whom enumerate him amongst the fellow-workmen of Raphael.

It is said in Rome that Gaudenzio, when there, painted several pictures in oil, and that one of them was the fine, "Woman taken in Adultery," which passed from the gallery of Prince Pius to the gallery of the Capitol.

Gaudenzio had now so increased his powers under the direction of the first of painters, and his fame became so great, that on his return to his native country, in 1524, he was immediately commissioned to paint in the largest of the chapels of the Sacro Monte, at Varallo—his field of glory and masterpiece. He entered upon the undertaking full of ardour and has given lasting proofs of a bold style, grandeur of design, and of perfect colouring; further, his skill in the art of statuary is there exemplified in the chapel of Christ Crucified; and in a group of six-and-twenty figures he expressed the awful scene with such truth of action, movement, and colouring, that the eye cannot look upon it long without pain. He next turned his attention to painting the walls. Upon which he represented a concourse of people of different ages, ranks, and sexes; some on horseback and others on foot, grouping them in the most judicious manner, and impressing on all their countenances their horror in the dreadful moment; and upon the curvings of the ceiling, as a finish to the picture, the subjects of which moved heaven and earth,—he painted a group of angels descending from the clouds, as if they in that moment obscured the sun: their expressions also denote grief and distress.

It has been said, and most justly, that this is a work which astounds even those who are acquainted with the stupendous works at Rome and in Tuscany. In every sense it is surpassingly grand. Expression, colouring, attitudes, the flesh, countenances, all are as near perfection as the art can reach; amongst them are to be seen many aged persons, women, and lovely children.

The Cavalier Frederick Zuccaro, in his work published at Bologna, in 1608, and entitled "*Il Passaggio per l'Italia colla Dimora in Parma, &c.*"

speaking of the works in this chapel, thus expresses himself:—"Gaudenzio was a man of most spirited genius, and of very agreeable manners. In this chapel of Calvary he himself made the figures in relief as well as the beautiful ones depicted in fresco on the walls. Amongst the figures, those of the soldiers casting lots with dice for the raiment of our Lord, are gesticulating in a manner worthy of such ruffians; hard by there is a group, the Madonna walking towards the Cross supported by the Marys, St. John is standing near. I know no sculptor who could have better expressed the grief of the mother, or the compassion of the Marys, who support the Virgin as she advances with open arms to embrace the Cross, raising her head at the same time to behold her son on the Cross, and expressing her agony at the sight. The heads, hands, feet, and clothes are wonderfully sculptured, and not only are the statues by his hands, but, as I have said before, so are the paintings likewise."

On one occasion, to give an agreeable surprise to a person who had long given him a commission, and whom he had put off for some time, he painted by moonlight and in a few hours, a St. Petronilla, on the outer wall of a little chapel of St. Peter, at Varallo; a graceful figure which had never been injured until by a violent hailstorm in the summer of 1809.

Affection for his native country next led him to paint a picture of the "Virgin and Child," with some saints, for the church of St. Rocca, in Valduggia, which was so much admired as to have been celebrated in Latin verse by Giacomo Boccioni—a contemporary and compatriot of the painter's. They are still extant in the museum of Novara; these are all that remain; the painting has been long since lost. In the cathedral church of Varallo is a fine picture on folding-doors, "The Marriage of St. Catherine" being the subject, a beautiful work of art, and coloured with the greatest softness and delicacy, and, as the biographer observes, "Con un lume sì dolce che fanno stupire chiunque le vede."

For the old church of the St. Monte (at Varallo), he had painted various saints, and "The Annunciation," of which nothing remains but one figure, "The Angel Gabriel." In the cathedral at Novara there is another picture of St. Catherine in good preservation.

About a mile on the road from Romagnano, before entering Varallo, there is a small chapel called "The Madonna di Loretto;" it is of the lightest possible architecture, very elegant, and painted completely in fresco, and its situation amidst picturesque and fine old chestnuts and huge boulder stones is very striking. As a lunette in the portico Gaudenzio painted "The Madonna in Adoration before the Cradle," a most graceful performance and very pleasing, the Varallese have had a framework of glass raised in front to preserve it from the effects of the weather.

There is a fine picture of the "Virgin and Child," with saints and angels, at Crevacore, in a remote part of the Biella district. It was painted for the Prince of Mazzerano and Crevacore, in the chapel of which family it still remains.

In the year 1531 Gaudenzio left Varallo to paint the church of San Cristoforo, at Vercelli, at the invitation of the Corrado family. In a chapel on the right he represented the crucifixion, and on a wall hard by, in four compartments, different events in the life of Mary Magdalen; in an opposite chapel, "The Assumption of the Virgin," and on the adjacent wall, divided as the former into four compartments, the "Nativity," the

"Marriage," the "Manger," and "the visit of the Magi." Under a window St. Nicholas and St. Catherine assisting two devout persons, supposed to be a mother and daughter of the Legnani family. In the corners of "The Crucifixion" he painted the picture of Angelo Corradi. The whole of these frescoes are fine, but that which gained him the greatest honour was a picture in oil of the patron saint. He has placed the Madonna seated, but turning towards St. Cristoforo, whom he has represented with a stick in his hand and of rather colossal dimensions; but not more so than is the general custom, as this saint was supposed to be gigantic in stature. St. John, two Capucins, St. Nicholas, St. Joseph, and different cherubs with festoons of fruit and flowers, fill up the picture.

Lanzi, in speaking of this picture, says:—" *Se nella grazia e nella bellezza, il Ferrari non uguagliò Raffaello, non è però che non tenga molto di quel carattere.*"

That Ferrari had two completely different manners of painting in fresco may be seen by a careful comparison of his best works. At Varallo they are beautifully finished, but with a firm and decided touch; at the church of St. Cristoforo, on the contrary, they are finished up in the manner of an oil painting, both equally pleasing but in an opposite manner. Lanzi considers that the picture of the "Conversion of St. Paul," formerly in that town (but now in the Royal Gallery at Turin), to be nearest he ever saw to that of Michael Angelo in Pauline Chapel. The best *connoisseurs*, however, of the old masters—at the present day—doubt if it can justly be attributed to Gaudenzio, or that it merits the praise bestowed upon it by Lanzi. There is also a picture of "St. Catherine" in the same town, which is in Ferrari's first manner; but of the story of St. Rocco, mentioned by Lomazzi, there exists no trace. There can still, however, be traced "The Madonna and Child," with three cherubim, painted by him in fresco, on the wall, forming a part of the convent of St. Andrew, and with which he apparently was so well satisfied that he placed his name to it in 1524. The Cavaliere Gregory, in his history of Vercelli, asserts that he is in possession of a fine design in *chiaro-oscuro*, representing "The Annunciation," and he also affirms having documents which show that Ferrari was declared a citizen of Vercelli as a mark of distinction for his extraordinary talents.

From Vercelli he went to Saronno, where he painted in fresco the cupola of the Church of the Madonna; for this he received two hundred gold scudi, besides his lodging, wine, and food, as appears in the archives of that church, dated September 28th, 1534. He finished this work in one year. The whole cupola is covered with bands and orders of angels, who are represented as singing praises and hymns in honour of the Virgin. The cupola* is so painted as to represent Paradise, and from above and over all God the Father looks down amidst rays of gold, surrounded by a cloud of cherubim, whose expressions beam forth adoration. Ferrari gave full play to his genius in representing this Paradise, and truly it is a wonderful work of art.

* Of all the glorious inventions of *art* for the ornament of churches, there is nothing like the wonderful combinations of architecture and painting represented upon these cupolas; they elevate the soul beyond the regions of the earth. A fine example of this is the church of the Carmine, at Florence, that of St. Agnese, in Piazza Navona, at Rome *cum multis aliis*.

Our artist, it appears, worked at those productions of his easel, which are moveable, at his own house in Varallo, in the intervals between his great labours in fresco, and it must have been during one of these pauses that he finished the picture of Pentecost, quoted by Lomazzo, which existed in the sacristy of the Duomo, at Vigevano; that of the high altar in the Pieta church at Canobbio, the subject of which is Christ going to Calvary; the face is beautifully painted; the same subject in the possession of the Marquis Trivulzi, and the other two mentioned by Lomazzi are the story of Lazarus and Martha; the other the rape of Proserpine, painted for the King of France.

This is the only known instance of his having painted any subject not strictly sacred. In the cabinet of M. Crozet, at Paris, there was at one time a picture of the "Descent of the Holy Ghost," which was engraved by Fredrick Hortemels for his collection.

For the chapel of his beloved native village he painted in a simple but grand style a "Child in the Manger," and for the oratory of St. Rock hard by, a figure of "Religion with St. Crispin."

In consequence of certain dissensions which arose between the persons in charge of the sanctuary at Varallo, the works in the chapel there were suspended, and Gaudenzio not thinking they would be soon resumed, left the place and went to Milan in 1539. Here he executed on an *ancona* an "Assumption," which is to be seen in the church of Busto Arsizio, a work of great merit; also the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine" for the church of the convent of St. Angelo, which now adorns the Brera Gallery, and, are admirable according to the judgment of Ignazio Fumagalli, the late secretary of the Royal Academy delle Belle Arti, who, speaking of these pictures and that of the "Crucifixion," says, "The great painter knew well how to unite the fire of Michael Angelo with the soft and sublime beauty of Raphael; on the other hand, he gave proofs of beauty alone in the picture of the 'Baptism of Christ,' in the church of St. Celso. All breathes beauty and greatness, and like Bianconi I cannot pass over in silence the little angels which are introduced as present at the function, and who appear, according to him, more as if they had descended from heaven than like the offspring of a human pencil." Even Vasari, who is usually silent on the subject of Ferrari's merit, makes honourable mention of this picture. But this motive of Vasari's silence is accounted for by a contemporary.

His best works at Milan are upon the walls and ceiling of the chapel of the Passion, at St. Maria delle Grazie. For the same church he also executed a large picture in oils of "The Passion," to which he placed his name, and the date 1543.

So far I have principally followed the account given of Gaudenzio by Bordigia of Ferraris, published by him in 1821. Now I shall quote from the testimony given by that celebrated painter Fredrick Zuccaro, who can neither be accused of partiality to a countryman nor of any other motive to bias his opinions. He thus wrote to Antonio Ghigi, in a letter to be found in the seventh volume of the collection made by Bottari, continued by Ticozzi, and edited by Silvestri in 1822. "I have seen in the church of the Grazie a picture by Gaudenzio of St. Paul in ecstasy, and a landscape so finely painted that Raphael himself perhaps could hardly have done better. There is also a 'Chapel of the Passion' painted in fresco,

with an infinite variety of heads, of figures, of dresses, and a 'Scourging of Christ,' so affecting that it appears rather done by the breath than the brush." The chapel remains, but this fine picture passed into France with many other treasures, where it remains."

He painted also in the same year a "Lord's Supper," for the church of the Passion. Vasari calls it "*bellissimo*," but he erred in stating it to be unfinished, as it is a work finished to the highest degree; and now to explain the secret of this celebrated writer, he could not but have seen the other pictures of Ferrari's in the Church of the Grazie, since he must have gone *there* to visit the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci and the picture by Titian, and it is inconceivable that he should have made no mention of them, as though he had not deigned to glance at them. This inexcusable silence astonished Zuccaro, and in the above-quoted letter he thus frankly solves the mystery. "I had always a high opinion of the Lombard artists, but now I think that they deserve to be more highly esteemed than is usually their lot, and it is a natural consequence. This country—I speak particularly of Milan—is rich in convents, monasteries, churches, and noblemen who lay out much money, so that the painters have no need to go about seeking employment at a distance, and therefore are not much known elsewhere; and there are few intelligent persons who come into these parts—Giorgio (Vasari), indeed saw their works but with his eyes blinded, and was more sparing of his praise than his abuse, but he could only praise his Tuscan school, were they good or bad, for which may God forgive him.

"He was, in fact, so inflated by the protection of Michael Angelo and the Duke Cosimo de Medici, that those who did not pay court to him were not mentioned in his work."

Zuccaro was displeased with Vasari because he had not sufficiently praised his brother Taddeus, and so allowed himself to write truths which he might have otherwise passed over in silence. It is, however, true that in reading Vasari, it is easy to detect that he only praised or blamed more than was their deserts different artists accordingly as they had been civil to him or his book—but enough of this.

Returning to the life of our painter at Milan, he painted in the church of St. Giorgio in Palazzo, a "St. James," a picture that would have been most valuable, but alas! it is much injured by time. In the convent of St. Nazzaro a fine fresco of the "Madonna and Child," with saints, was lost by the destruction of the church in 1798, and the same fate attended the pictures on the façade of the Dominican church, which is likewise destroyed. He left two pictures in Tempera, which are in the cathedral at Como, one the "Marriage of the Virgin," and the other the "Flight into Egypt." The cartoon of the former is in the Ambrosian Library, but there are a greater number of figures in it.

He was recalled from Milan in 1545, where he had been occupied so busily. He painted at Saronno four oval pictures in the angles of the cupola of the cathedral there, which he had, as before stated, filled with angels. The subjects are, "Eve rising from Adam's Side," "The Sin of Disobedience," "The Expulsion from Paradise," and "The Condemnation to the Labours of the Earth." On the inside wall of the façade of the church, "The Apostles and the Assumption;" but which last pictures have been destroyed by the erection of an organ.

Passeri, in his "Lives of the Genevese Painters," speaks of a picture of

"The Salutation of Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary," so good, to use his own words, it could not have been better from the hands of Raphael or Andrew del Sarto. The picture, which originally existed in the church of the nuns of St. Chiara in Milan, being much injured by time, was divided into several pieces, and of that which remains—the "Virgin and Child"—now adorns the Carrara Gallery in Bergamo. In one of the chapels of the Basilica of St. Ambrozio at Milan, there is, by his hand, the picture of the "Madonna and Child," who is gathering a fruit presented to it by St. Bartolomeo, whose figure is on one side, whilst that of St. John is on the opposite—a symmetrical and beautiful composition. The celebrated Professor Scarpa possessed an excellent picture of the Redeemer; it had been the principal figure in a picture which Ferrari had painted for the church of Maggianico, near Lecco. The noble house of Taverna, near Milan, had an oil picture of the birth of the Saviour, a *replica* of which is to be found in the Royal Gallery of Paris, and is engraved by Poilly.

Ferrari, although now he must have been much advanced in years, was recalled to Varallo, where he finished the "Chapel of the Magi" (in the same of that of the Crucifixion). The kings on horseback are arriving before the castle, and are very richly dressed. Their numerous suite are painted on the walls, and are marvellously well in costume, according to the bizzarre dress of the different nations, and are well grouped in a spirited and bold style; it yields, however, to the other chapel, and for some reason or other he left it to be finished by his scholars.

In that magnificent work entitled "*La Reale Galleria di Torino illustrata da Roberto, d'Azeglio*," Gaudenzio's picture of the "Descent from the Cross" was first engraved; and the celebrated illustrator takes occasion to remark how Gaudenzio came forth from the school of Giovenone by a finished painter; and how that, on this account, and the place where he was born, are to be ascribed to the Piedmontese and the Milanese school, as Lanzi erroneously said. Great connoisseurs, in the paintings of Giovenone, he also observed that Ferrari kept some traces of his early instruction, although the knowledge of the perfection which he acquired at Rome had in a measure overcome it. "It appears also to me," so says his biographer, and very justly, "that Giovenone must be considered his master;" and that the first time Ferrari went to Milan he did not remain under the tuition of Scotto, as some assert. He having already painted in several places on his own account, that he should not have left any trace of his pencil, seems inconceivable if, as it is said, he painted for himself at that time—he having invariably left some proof of his art wherever he went.

In order, if possible, not to forget any of his works, mention must be made of "Presepio," belonging to the late Counsellor Mainoni, which was engraved by the aforesaid Fumagalli, as a wonderful work of art and grace. There is also in the Royal Gallery at Turin, another picture of St. Peter and a worshipper, which must have been a part of the folding picture in the chapel of the palace at Rivoli. There are also cartoons in the Academy at Turin; amongst which there is the one representing Mary Magdalen carried to heaven by angels, and which is carried out in the Carrara Gallery at Bergamo, and some others of the execution of which nothing is known.

Lomazzo speaks of the painting made by Gaudenzio in Valtellina; of

the first it is not known what has become of it; it existed, says he, in Traona, and represented Christ in the act of crowning his mother in the heavens, surrounded by a numerous choir of angels holding musical instruments. This work, he adds, breathed beauty and grace in the expressions of the faces, and was admirable from the variety of postures and the instruments, so much so, that in his work he recommends this and the cupola of Saronno to the young students of painting as excellent models. The second picture named by him is to be seen at Morbegno. It is a "Presepio," in the lunette over the door of the supposed church of St. Anthony.

Ferrari's last works were for the church of La Pace at Milan, the picture over the high altar representing the "Birth of the Virgin Mary;" and the church being destroyed it remained the property of the Prince of Aresini, from whom it passed to the Count St. Sanguiliani, and the paintings in fresco representing various events in the life of the Virgin and St. John, were transported into the Brera Pinacotheca. These are the pictures which remained incomplete on account of the painter's death, so that Vasari, if he did not intend to write a libel, must have had his mind confused, and must have intended to speak of this instead of the "Last Supper" at the Church of the Passion, which, as we have said, could not have been more highly finished.*

Ferrari died at Milan at the end of 1549, aged sixty-five. By Lomazzo he is enumerated amongst the seven first painters of the world. Perhaps this is going too far, but certain it is that in carrying out great stories he was very remarkable, having received from nature the greatest facility of inventing and varying his compositions, even in the constant repetitions of the same subjects, however numerous they were. He also, as Lanzi has remarked, knew well how to express the majesty of the Divine Being and the affections of piety. His saints always breathe reverence and devotion—his angels grace, and his women modesty; his men decorum and dignity, and his children and youths innocence and ingenuousness. He had the power to express with great strength the atrocious passions of ruffians and demons; he having shown himself in such things terrible, strange, and full of wild imagery—indeed he might, with advantage, have sometimes left out the natural defects with which he gifted them. In representing naked forms he preferred beauty to muscular force, and in his faces and attitudes he made the feelings speak. In his dresses he introduced great richness, often showing caprice in the folds of the drapery and the ornaments. He laboured hard at the accessories and in many cases in his early years he made use of relief, in his ornaments, as did also Pinturicchio and some others.

In the colouring he succeeded so well that where his works are to be found the eye at once detects them, and rests upon them in admiration. As to his women and children, the above-quoted Fumagalli, an excellent judge, declared, and with great truth, that "Ferrari did not find his models in memory, or classical works, nor in ideal beauty, but that he found them, and selected them from nature only, 'You may find them,' says he, 'living and breathing amongst the population of his native valley—Varallo, on a fête or market-day, offers in children especially, in babes and their mothers, a character of beauty which could be found with difficulty in the finest works of art. In the adjacent valleys, in the

neighbouring Forbello, you will make likenesses and it will be said that you have made inventions." Perhaps from this fondness for copying nature, we owe his constant habit of painting tresses bordering on red, a hue which predominates amongst the beautiful inhabitants of that valley to the present hour.

In those of his pictures where landscapes form a great part he was ever excellent and diversifical; it is therefore most probable he made himself master of this part of his art by also painting from nature—the fantastic shapes of rocks—the rough and broken and decayed stumps of trees or stones, with which the country about Varallo abounds—the Valsesia being highly picturesque. When, instead of landscape, his subject demanded some architectural design, such are ever introduced with great judgment, and the perspective is admirable. Somewhat in the style of Bramanti, and as a lover of every branch of art, he gave several good examples of the grotesque.

In every work requiring genius he always took delight. He was strong and grand in forming figures in plaster, at that time much in fashion, and his figures in the chapel at Varallo demonstrate his talents in this branch of the art; and history informs us that he was also a philosopher, an architect, a mathematician, an optician, and that he was something of a poet, and accompanied himself in improvising with a lute.

He painted himself at about the age of twenty-nine in the dress of a pilgrim, amongst the group of figures in the compartment of the Crucifixion on the screen in the Franciscan church at Varallo; and again at the age of forty, in the same costume, on the wall of the chapel of the Crucifixion on the Sacro Monte; and again eight years after in the Magdalen at Vercelli. Lanino, his favourite scholar, painted him in the same manner in the old church of the Sacro Monte at Varallo, introduced in a picture of Pentecost; and later at the age of sixty-two in the magnificent painting of the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine," in a chapel adjoining the basilica of St. Nazaro in Milan; and from these portraits it would appear that he was of the middle height, his forehead somewhat bald, his hair and beard inclining to red, his eyes rather small, and his nose aquiline—but on the whole a fine face. In manners he was simple, of a graceful carriage, and very tenacious concerning the customs of his native country to which he was fondly attached, so much so that he ever preferred employing his genius rather in his own country than elsewhere, as he never left Varallo, where he had taken a house, except when the works on the mount were suspended, and where he had expected to find employment for life. His wife was Maria della Foppa of Morbegno, in Valtellina; which fact escaped the researches of Bordiga, who states him to have been unmarried. He was an excellent Christian and citizen, and led a life of honourable exertion, so that he obtained the epithet of *eremie pius* from the senate of Novara. Thus it was that he succeeded so well with divine countenances, and which cannot be attained without faith. Country sports and pastimes delighted him, and he could be amusing and gay, but never to the detriment of the good name of others—always generous, he cared not for money, and he was an affectionate and excellent master, and left many scholars eminent in his art—amongst the number were Bernadino Lanini, above-mentioned, of Vercelli; Fermó Stella of Caravaggio, who was mentioned by Il Quadrio amongst the Valtelline painters as having passed the greater part of his life painting in different

churches, particularly in those at Teglio and Mazzo; Giulio Cesare Luini of Varallo; Antonio Zanetti of Bugnato; Giovanni Battista della Cerva of Milan, who is quoted by Vasari as a good colourist, and hard-working artist; and Bernardo Ferrari of Vigevano, mentioned by Lomazzo with much admiration. Lomazzo, indeed, as Lanzi observed, learnt much of his opinions on art from Ferrari, so that the greater part of the opinions recorded in his work are to be attributed to Ferrari.*

Bordija, the compatriot of Ferrari, distressed at the destruction by time of so many of Gaudenzio's works, and seeing many more of them in a course of ruin, has undertaken to collect and engrave them with the assistance of Signor Pianazzi, likewise a countryman of Ferrari's. Bordija died in 1837, since which time the work has been continued by Pianazzi. The engravings are executed with great talent, and the expressions of the heads have, as much as possible for the size, that of the glorious originals.

From a small pamphlet published at Milan by Signor A. Perpentì, I have found the substance of the above sketch of the life of Gaudenzio, and have translated it, hoping it will enable the lovers of the arts to find such of that painter's works as still exist.

THE RIVER.

BY MRS. POWSONBY.

UPON thy breast, oh ! gliding river,
The sunbeams shine, the moonbeams quiver;
Reflected on thy face we view
Alike morn's rose and noontide's blue,
The golden tints of evening's hour
The storm's wild beauty and its power.

But thou, bright Spring ! so closely seal'd,
Whose buried waters unreveal'd,
Save to the hand that form'd thy rest,
Sparkle within the earth's dark breast,
Keeping for him whose slave thou art
The garner'd treasures of thine heart.

'Tis thine to image forth the mind
With all content, to all resign'd,
Which on its pure and steadfast throne
Worships one ever—one alone—
Too blest on that dear shrine to pour
All hope, love, faith for evermore.

* The lovers of art will do well to visit any places containing works of the above pupils of Gaudenzio—all of whom, but Fermo Stella in particular, were artists of no ordinary powers.

ADRIEN ROUX ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

Diversité c'est ma devise.—LA FONTAINE.

CHAP. I.

THE ENFANS TROUVÉS.

THIS is a "true history" in which I purpose to disclose such of my life's adventures as may possibly instruct, and, I would fain hope, amuse the travelled English to whom they are dedicated. It is not conscience which impels me to the act, for I am not yet forty, and have still an excellent digestion; neither is it any lack of the *esprit de corps* which so closely binds our fraternity together; neither do I reveal my experiences to gratify any lurking desire for revenge—for *that* has been always satisfied with impunity enough. It is easier, perhaps, to define what is *not* other than what is my motive in giving these pages to the world—my motives are always of difficult analysis; let it pass for "my humour," upon the intelligent reader puts a better construction upon it on finding himself *tant soit peu* wiser when he lays them down than when he took them up.

In all matters of autobiography there is a certain portion which must necessarily be derived from the tales told by those who watched the infant in its cradle, and witnessed the first struggles that childhood makes to scramble along the high-road of life, the *pavé* of which is at all times somewhat of the hardest. The best memory must be at fault to describe any thing beyond magnified impressions of the two or three events which form the sum total of a child's history while his mind is yet in the hands of others, and before he is capable of assigning a reason for aught that befalls him.

"Quickly comes such knowledge," soon taught by buffets and privations; but in the meantime he must take on trust what eye-witnesses allege, and adopt their story as his own. It is not every one, situated as I was when the infant cry is heard which compensates for all a mother's pain, who could tell of his earliest days as I am able to do, for the *enfant trouvé* has parents only by chance; but she who acted the part of a mother and a nurse towards me took an interest in my young existence, as warm and earnest as if it had drawn its source from her own bosom, and the minuteness with which she dwelt on facts indifferent to all but ourselves, has fixed them so firmly in my memory, that the actual remembrance of the events could hardly make them stronger.

There are few people then living—certainly no Frenchmen—who have forgotten the hard winter of 1813. It was not necessary to have gone to Moscow to recollect the severity of the frost which hardened the earth and threw an icy mask over the fast-flowing rivers of all Europe. In Paris it was deeply felt; but hard as was the earth, and thick the ice that contracted the current of the stream, there were yet found hearts as hard,

and blood as cold as the elements themselves—for in the midst of that direful season was I born and abandoned by my parents!

It was on the last night of December, or rather at the hour when night and morning are at odds, just before the new year opened its eyes on the cold blue mist which still hung over the streets of Paris like the funeral pall of the year just dead—that the watchers of the Hospice in the Rue d'Enfer were summoned to the *tour* in the wall of the gate, by the loud ringing of the bell which announced that misery or sin were at the door, clamouring to deposit the unwelcome offspring of poverty or guilt.

“Ca fait le dixième cette nuit,” muttered old Jacques the porter, as he briskly turned the handle of the box which admitted the new-comers within the precincts of the Hospice; “ma foi, c’est mon avis que le Bon Dieu aurait mieux fait de ne pas laisser enfanter des p’tits êtres dans un temps comme celui-ci; moi je suis gelé si je quitte pour un instant même le coin du feu; que feront donc ces p’tits innocents qui ne savent point s’échauffer du tout, du tout, pas même fumer une pipe! On dirait que les femmes prennent du plaisir à faire des enfans au milieu de l’hiver; au lieu d’attendre jusqu’à la belle saison. Mais—ce sont des femmes, v’là la cause!”

And with this liberal apostrophe to the disposition of the ~~sex~~, which probably had its source in some recent domestic interference with his own high will, the old porter ceased from his labours, for the box had turned and I was in it.

He took me out with his accustomed care—for though his hands were horny his heart was tender; moreover, he had experience—only too much—and carried me into the lodge where the registry of arrivals was kept, in which mine was formally entered.

It ran thus:

“Hospice des Enfans Trouvés, 1, Janvier, 1814. No. X. Un enfant mâle; apparemment nouveau-né; chétif et fort petit; porte une étiquette au cou avec le nom ‘Adrien Roux;’ linge fin; une tache noire sur l’épaule gauche; point d’autre signallement.”

This formality gone through, I was put into a small thick flannel bag, from which my head only was allowed to escape, that I might breathe freely, and was carried across the wide court-yard to the receiving-room of the Hospice.

“Here’s a pretty New Year’s gift, Petronille,” said the porter, placing me in the arms of a comely young woman; “you’ve had all your share of these *jolies etrennes*, I think, to-night.”

“Yes, thank God,” replied Petronille, “we must work for our living, and the Bon Dieu gives us enough. If Providence did not send these little creatures on earth, we might perhaps be left to starve.”

“Hum!” returned Jacques, who was not prepared for this philosophical view of the question; “I was wondering only a few minutes since why they came at all—at any rate during this cold weather; mais, c’est bien vrai—if there were no little children there could be no nurses—no nurses no Hospice—no Hospice no porter—bah! things must remain as they are, I suppose.”

“Le Bon Dieu,” said the kind nurse, “allows of no wrong without some good to make it even. Ah, le pauvre chéri,” added she, balancing me in her arms, “he seems very small and weakly; he must weigh very little.”

To the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life, I was immediately submitted. A six-pound weight carried the day against me, and Petronille looked wistfully in my face, while she scanned the probability of my surviving. To supply the place of nature, she gave me her tenderest care ; I was dressed in a little checked night-gown, swathed with linen bands, and then laid out beside my nine predecessors (all heavier and more vigorous than I), our ten heads looking like so many small Swedish turnips, on a broad mattress, spread on a frame which sloped gently upwards from before a very large fire, under whose influence we all, no doubt, became tolerably comfortable.

When the famous son of Jeanne de Navarre was born, his grandfather, old Henri d'Albret, in the certain expectation that he would turn out a hero, put a clove of garlic in his mouth, and moistened his lips with good old wine of Jurançon, from that pleasant *côteau* which spreads its golden treasures in front of the old towers of Pau. How it throve with him all the world knows ! Now, whether it arises from indifference on the part of the directors of the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés as to the development of heroic qualities in the children whom they succour, or whether the modern Frenchman be a tenderer plant than the young Béarnaise, I cannot pretend to decide. Certain it is that neither wine nor garlic, nor even the symbolical "tyrelarigot" swallowed by the great Gargantua just after his birth, were the aliments on which my first step towards gathering strength depended ; but, in lieu of these, frequent small doses of *eau sucrée*, the *elixir vitæ* of France, were carefully administered by the attentive Petronille.

In the course of my career I have familiarised myself with the habits of most nations. I have drunk port with the Englishman, Schiedam with the Hollander, beer with the German, pure *agua fresca* with the Spaniard, and all with a good grace ; the vintages of France prevent me—if I had the will—from saying any thing heretical of the beverages of my own country, but the *amor patriæ* itself has not been able to reconcile me to the taste of *eau sucrée*. In my hopeless state as I lay on the mattress, too weak to scream, and too tightly bandaged to kick—an Egyptian mummy might as well have attempted either feat—I swallowed so much of this fluid from the long spout of the china vessel held over me, that unconsciously I may, perhaps, have imbibed my aversion to it from that moment. However, not to be ungrateful, the innocent mixture was of service in its small way, and sent me to sleep ; when I awoke other food awaited me, and thus between eating and sleeping, and some compunction on the part of nature, shamed out of her supine consent to my being prematurely cut off, I made good my claim to become a tenant of the dwelling my soul had crept into for the long lease of "three score years and ten."

This improvement continued after my removal from the Crèche—as the general reception-room is called—and in a short time, except, perhaps, to the eye I was more delicate than those around me, I gave as fair a promise of being able to cling to life as the most robust of my companions. But, without disparagement to the care of the attendants in the Hospice, there still remained the possibility that some incautious nurse, in the absence of my especial guardian, Petronille, might have given me an over-dose of syrup of poppies, as it befel in one day to no less than six of my nine companions. I was, however, saved from

this fate, and such other accidents as infant helplessness is heir to in a crowded establishment, where the safety in multitude does not apply to the patients, by being formally made over to the good woman in whose hands I had been first placed, and who, like many others, had come from a short distance in the country to seek for a nursling. This custom, though it generally entails a life of hardship on the child, and sometimes turns out worse than the first abandonment, makes for it a home of its own. No woman ever nurses a child without feeling affection for it—often a very strong one; insensibly it takes its place in the *ménage* as if born to fill it, and when the time comes for the administration of the Hospice to reclaim the infant for the orphan department, to part with it is as great a source of grief as the loss of a legitimate offspring.

Petronille, who loved me with a mother's affection, was not exposed to this severe test. At the expiration of the customary two years, my slight frame and a recent malady, afforded a pretext for my being still confided to her care, and I eventually fell into the category of those children with whom a certain sum is given by the Hospice to bring them up as farm-labourers, in which condition it is that the risk is run of all the previous care being more than neutralised by neglect or brutality—the farmer to whom the boy is apprenticed being no longer kept in check by the surveillance of the Paris establishment.

It is time I should say something of the family with which I was domiciliated, and under whose roof I passed the first ten years of my life.

The husband of Petronille was not a regular farmer, though he periodically tilled himself the three or four acres of land which stretched in a long strip behind the house in which he dwelt; neither was he a regular *marchand de bœufs*, though he bought and sold beasts as occasion served at the market of Poissy; neither was he a professed horse-dealer, though it rarely happened that the stalls in his *écurie* were without at least two or three occupants; he might better be described as one who combined the three occupations in a desultory way, according as the times were propitious or inclination led him. And to these he superadded the casual occupations to which a man naturally betakes himself when he has no pursuit that altogether engrosses his attention; thus it caused him no remorse of conscience to poach a little when the markets were slack, or to supply the Parisians with articles of consumption which were not destined to pay the Octroi duty; nor did he hesitate to undertake the cure of sick animals, to “nourish” them, according to the established phrase, as effectually, perhaps, though it may be not quite so tenderly, as the little *enfant trouvé* was nourished by his wife Petronille. Michel Bruneau, such was his name, was not a bad fellow after all, albeit some of his propensities led him now and then *en dehors de la loi*; but then he used to say, “C’est pas moi qui avons fait les loix, dans ce cas là j’les aurions observé très r’ligieusement,” and the emphasis which he laid on this last word afforded ample proof of the sincerity of his intentions. Take him on the whole, therefore, allowing for the temptations which beset the path of one who dabbles in horseflesh, deals now and then in dogs, frequents the haunts of cattle merchants, and who cannot be induced to believe that the cheap *approvisionnement* of his customers (in the shape of a little smuggling and poaching) is other than a virtue, and you have as fair a specimen of his class, in the person of Michel Bruneau, as you might have found in the arrondissement. He was a tolerably good-looking, large boned, strong

limbed man, somewhat coarse in his manners, and rough, but not violent, in his mood; if he gave a heavy blow occasionally to some unlucky urchin, or *garçon d'écurie*, the atonement was as prompt as the act which called for it, and, to do him justice, he was more liberal of gifts than cuffs, and when in a good humour scattered the gros sous about with an open hand.

His wife, Petronille, was one of a very different order. Endowed with the most perfect self-denial, and the most patient, enduring courage, the vicissitudes of fortune consequent upon Michel's uncertain calling, never affected her conduct. Prudent when the sun shone upon them, she had no need to be penurious when the sky was overcast, for she always contrived to have enough in store to meet any temporary difficulty. She met adversity more than half-way, not by prognosticating its arrival, but by silently and unobservedly preparing for its reception "*de manière que*," as Michel often said, "*c'est pas possible de surprendre not' femme*." Her disposition was most gentle, her heart full of affectionate warmth, and her habits lively and cheerful. She was by no means illiterate (the same could not be said of her husband); on the contrary, her education had been cared for in her youth, for her father, an *épicier* once in a tolerable way of business in the faubourg St. Denis at Paris before he unfortunately failed, had been able to afford her the means, and by the time she was eighteen, and kept her father's books, and superintended his household affairs, she was looked upon as clever a girl as any in the faubourg, and prettier certainly than nine-tenths of them, facts which few disputed, except the modistes, the demoiselles Marie and Clotilde Blondeau, who lived opposite, and who, on the strength of their calling, and endowed by nature with very black eyes, very high colours, and a large stock of assurance, arrogated to themselves not only all the beauty but all the intellect of the quartier. The critical said—for even cynics are cynicised *sous cape*—that if Mademoiselle Marie had not been quite so tall and stout, and if her upper lip had been a little less shaded with the hue of the raven's wing, she might have possessed strong claims to universal admiration; and of Mademoiselle Clotilde they were known to observe, that although long limbs, large hands, and the gauntness of figure which indicates strength, are doubtless very useful attributes in a hard-working *ménage*, they are not altogether the qualities essential to a fashionable *modiste*. The male sex seemed mostly to be of this opinion, as far, at least as any serious demonstration went, for the demoiselles Blondeau, flirts à l'outrance, though surrounded by dangles, had never received an offer when Petronille Martel was married to Michel Bruneau. They first met at the fête in the park of St. Cloud, where they danced together, and straightway fell in love. He was handsome, and at that time well to do, having some little patrimony besides a *pied à terre* at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he resided, at no great distance from the forest; and the Sieur Martel made no objection to his daughter's choice. It need scarcely be said, that the event excited the envy of the demoiselles Blondeau, though they affected to treat the match with contempt, the bridegroom, in their opinion, being nothing better than a "*rustre*" and a "*manant*;" and as for the bride, *what she was* had long been settled. It unfortunately happened, that the predictions, not to say the wishes of the envious, came to pass, and in the course of three short years the demoiselles Blondeau, had the satisfaction of seeing that their prophetic announcement of evil days in store for the young married couple were in a fair way of being fulfilled.

The Sieur Martel whose savings and profits had been, as he was led to suppose, accumulating in the hands of an agent, suddenly discovered the roguery of the man whom he had trusted, and died a bankrupt. Michel Bruneau had lived freely, and speculated unwisely in each of his triune occupations, and his heaviest losses fell upon him at the very time of his father-in-law's death, so that from comparative affluence, he found himself reduced to the verge of absolute poverty, with an increasing family, and all the concomitants which vex the dwellings of the poor. Till that period, Petronille had only shown the gentleness of her nature; she now displayed its courage and firmness, and by her care, things were kept together, and the family was enabled to struggle on without assistance. Their condition was known and variously commented on in the faubourg St. Denis, but without being indifferent to the good wishes of her friends, or the sneers of those who thought less kindly of her, she had too much justifiable pride, and her self-reliance was too strong to suffer her to become a claimant on the bounty of others. She worked hard; therefore, and by degrees, in some respects, retrieved her husband's position; her own prudence, could not, however, suffice for his want of it, and shortly before the time I came into the world—or rather into the Hospice, for that was the only world that acknowledged me—matters had again gone so badly with him, that they were reduced to every shift to keep the wolf from the door. Michel, unknown to his wife, acquired a very decided *penchant* for the pursuits of a braconnier, and, as he lived near the forest preserves, and luck favoured him, he turned his love of field-sports to tolerable account. Petronille, who had just lost an infant at the breast (the fifth child of an union of which four survived), resolved à l'insçu de son mari, to replace the child, and make a little profit by the act to the advantage of her family; so feigning a visit of a few days to a friend in Paris, she presented herself at the Hospice des *Enfants Trouvés*, as a nurse in want of a *nourisson*, was accepted, and in a few days returned to St. Germain-en-Laye with her charge. Michel was at first somewhat astounded at this unexpected increase to his family, but apart from my advent being a real benefit to the ménage, for the payment is sufficiently liberal, he was too good-natured to thwart his wife's inclinations.

"Voyez vous," he observed to a neighbour, "not' femme a perdu son p'tit, faut bien trouver un r'mplaçant, ça n'aime pas d'êtr' privé de la sorte."

It was under these auspices that I became one of the family of Michel Bruneau.

CHAP. II.

THE MAT DE COCAGNE.

I HAVE said that four arrows were yet left in the quiver, the possessor of which, if it be full, is said to be blessed. This is an Oriental simile rarely estimated at its full value in the West, and very little appreciated in France, where the great art of domestic economy lies in the endeavours to keep down the number of children, partly with an eye to the present, and partly with reference to the future, the succession being equally divided amongst the survivors. The family of Michel Bruneau consisted of two boys and two girls: Philippe, the eldest, was at the time of my joining them, about ten years of age; Josephine came next, a year and a half

younger than her : Jeanneton followed at an interval of two years ; and François, a year older than myself, was begining to crawl about on his own account. I was therefore very naturally looked upon as "the baby," a title which ensures all sorts of little attentions to him who enjoys it, especially from the females of the community who are never too young to assume the various duties of a mother, and who, though they love a doll to distraction, infinitely beyond distraction adore a live infant. Thus, owing to the numberless *petits soins* of which I was the object, and the careful tending of Petronille, by the time I was three years old I had quite outgrown all fear of being classed amongst the rickety and deformed, and every year brought with it improved health and greater strength, so that when I was nine years of age I was considered as robust, though not quite so largely made, as either Philippe or François had been at the same period.

The former was now a young man, and his father's pursuit being uncongenial, except such of them as related to the royal preserves and the Bureau de l'Octroi, had willingly submitted to the tirage, become a soldier, and departed on his first campaign with the Spanish expedition under the Duc d'Angoulême. I am not sure whether he reaped any share of the fame which accrued to the immortal hero of the Trocadero, but from the accounts which reached us we had no reason to doubt that in whatever hard work it was the lot of the army to encounter, the young grenadier largely participated.

As all my countrymen are, as a matter of course, politicians, Michel Bruneau had his opinions, and they certainly were not favourable to the restored dynasty. Not being of a belligerent turn of mind, he had avoided the conscription under the empire by the payment of a round sum to a willing substitute ; but, at a distance, he was as fond of glory as if he was in the constant habit of "covering himself with it" (as our continental phrase runs) in the field of battle. He consequently idolised the emperor, and he did so the more after his final abdication, on the simple principle which induces man always to yearn after the unattainable. An invasion under the guidance of a Bourbon was not particularly to his taste, but it had the merit of being an invasion and a Spanish one, and therefore, like a true Frenchman, he was more easily reconciled to the destiny of his eldest-born.

At our age, neither François nor I cared a straw about politics, for it had not yet become the fashion to dress up children in the uniform of the national guard, but we heard enough about Napoleon, and were ourselves sufficiently adventurous to get up a kind of miniature partisan war amongst the boys of our own age in the town, in which we invariably figured as victorious marshals of France, and our enemies as defeated arch-dukes and discomfited Lord Vellintons. This aggressive spirit was not a little encouraged by a retired grenadier of the empire, Père Grénier, as he was familiarly called, who in his quality of guardian of the parterre in the great place near the military prison of St. Germain was looked upon by all of us with the most intense awe and admiration. On the occasions when he unbent from the severe dignity of his office, and for a brief interval discontinued the objectionable uses of the sharp-pointed cane with which he was wont to correct the refractory *gamins* who climbed the trees and otherwise "degraded" the parterre, the *vieux moustache* would condescendingly arrange our order of battle, the field on which it was generally fought being the open space between the parterre and the prison, with occasional

headlong charges down the broad terrace walk which overlooks the Seine and commands so fine a view of distant Paris.

But our warlike demonstrations were not always sham fights; a little reality came now and then to add piquancy to that strife which is a boy's Elysium. At an early period after the restoration, a great many English families had established themselves at St. Germain-en-Laye and chiefly such as had large families. In this *pepinière* therefore, we found a constant supply of our natural enemies, the "god-dem Angleesh" as we generally called them, though we not unfrequently applied to them the term of contempt, "les voieux," which passes current as an insult in their occasional frays between the grown-up *canaille* of St. Germain and their adversaries.

Distinction of birth or difference of situation matter little where boys are in the habit of meeting indiscriminately. If it does not lead to fraternisation it answers another purpose equally well, that of establishing a strong line of demarcation. It was traced broadly enough between the "Angleesh" and ourselves. We hated them because they belonged to the race, who somehow or other, in spite of their being so often beaten by our armies had found their way as victors to Paris; we disliked the airs of superiority which they gave themselves partly on the strength of their social position, and partly because, as they were in the habit of boasting, "they knew how to make use of their fists," an accomplishment which, it must be owned, we do not always turn to the best account in France, though the *savate* is by no means without its merits, as all who have experienced its effects will at once allow. Add to these causes the instinctive desire to create an enemy, and our pugnacious tendencies will at once be accounted for. Our foes had motives of their own perhaps not very dissimilar to those which impelled us, and their haughty bearing and the perpetual use of the word "polisson," as applied to the whole juvenile community of St. Germain, were not used as cloaks to conceal them. The *rixes* which diversified our daily recreations were consequently not of very rare occurrence; the fortune of war was various; we were more numerous than our opponents, and were not in the habit of neglecting the Napoleonic maxim, instilled into us by Père Grénier, of acting in masses, six to one being the shape in which we often administered castigation to solitary antagonists whom we sometimes caught wandering in the forest or fishing by the river's brink. On the other hand when the "Angleesh" mustered in any tolerable force, they imprudently began the assault, and on these occasions it happened that they remained masters of the *terrain*, a result which arose simply from their knowledge of the "art de boxer." By dint of frequent encounters I at length learnt something of the science myself, but from constant collision out of doors and other kinds of intercourse in moments of truce, I acquired what has since proved almost as serviceable to me,—a partial acquaintance with that singular jargon called the English language. My foster-mother Petronille who discountenanced our quarrels as much as she possibly could, did all in her power to induce me to learn to read, and during the long winter's evenings which afforded me leisure, she actually taught herself English from a school-book that had been given to me in order that I might have a companion in my studies, for François inherited the national inability to conquer the tongue of the barbarous Britons.

But I had other pursuits in which he also shared. They originated in the occupations of his father, but what with Michel Bruneau was desul-

tory, became in us a passion. Living as we did, on the borders of the forest, inclination no less than example led us to exercise our ingenuity in snaring the royal hares and pheasants in the first instance, and in evading the *gardes champêtres* after we had secured our prey. That there is an extraordinary pleasure in what the English call "sport," none can deny who have ever fully entered into it ; but that pleasure is immeasurably enhanced when it is enjoyed through the medium of poaching. The risk run reduces the inequality between the sportsman and his game, and whatever gives rise to a contest for its possession will invariably cause the greatest charm. But even the love of poaching was subordinate to the delight which I felt in being brought into contact with horses. Whenever I was sought for at home, I was sure to be found in the stable, and my predilection was so marked, that even when a child of four or five years of age, Michel Bruneau had no hesitation in setting me astride of the tallest horse in his lot. Sorry hacks, no doubt, the greater part of them were,—for he was a *dealer*,—but I have since ridden many a *cheval de race* with much less pleasure than the raw-boned spavined jades which I used to take to water, before I was intrusted with the more arduous mission of carrying messages on horseback, of accompanying Michel to the fair of Poissy, or of conveying a led horse almost to the gates of Paris to facilitate his quick return when engaged in some transaction that made an *alibi* rather desirable. I had more aptitude for these services than François, who though a daring, fearless fellow in every thing else, never manifested any evident desire to break his neck from a horse's back ; the fact was, nature in the disposal of her gifts had not endowed him with a good seat ; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and swing himself from a branch at a height that would astonish a mason, but deprive him of his hands, and all idea of the secret of the balance vanished at once. He made two or three ineffectual attempts to conquer the difficulty, but at length gave it up in despair, and I became the recognised master-of-the-horse in the stable of Michel Bruneau.

— Before I describe the habits of life which led me nearer and nearer to the profession I have since adopted, I must speak of an occurrence which caused me the first real grief I have experienced.

Amongst the amusements which the people enjoy the most in Paris and its environs, are those which take place on the different fête-days, and at the various fairs. The fêtes of St. Germain were, in our estimation, at least, no way inferior to those which took place in the Champs Elysées, or at the Barrière du Trône, and they certainly had the advantage of a wider space and more picturesque scenery, as they are held in the forest. The most attractive amusements for the young who are actors in them, and, indeed, for their elders, who are only lookers on, consist in the various *tours d'adresse* which the competition for the prizes at the *tourniquet* and the *mât de cocagne* call forth. The first is an exceedingly difficult essay in equilibrium, the adventurer having to travel along a very slender string, well oiled, and just strong enough to bear his weight, on which he seats himself *en califourchon*, and for his support, rests his feet, by way of stirrups, on two other oiled strings stretched in a parallel line beneath. These strings connect two posts together, and he who can traverse safely from one end to the other without a *culbute* gains the prize, generally a goose, a pair of ducks, or poultry of some kind. If the strings were steady, the task would not be a very serious one, but they all depend on a pivot, and if the equilibrium be in the slightest degree dis-

turbed, the unlucky wight who is crawling painfully towards the goal, is violently hurled from his seat, and reaches the ground amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators. Some of the *gamins* contrive furtively to pepper the strings to render them less slippery, but even then it requires the greatest nicety to accomplish the trajet successfully. François was no adept at this sport from his insufficient knowledge of the balance, but I, to whom it was intuitive, was in the habit of carrying off more ducks and geese than any other boy in St. Germain. My foster brother, however, had his hour of triumph when the *mât de cocagne* was set up. The coremony which accompanied this event was in our eyes a most imposing one. The night before its erection the commissaire du roi, represented by Père Grénier, made his appearance on the ground where the fête was to be held, and selecting a favourable spot, like a navigator taking possession of an unknown shore, planted a stout staff from which floated the *drapeau blanc*, on which occasion, if on no other, the emblem of the Bourbons was always hailed with loud cries of "Vive le roi," by the eager crowd of assembled *gamins*. In the course of the night a deep hole was dug where the flag had been planted, and by daybreak the *mât de cocagne* made its appearance, drawn on a long truck in great state, by several horses. It is generally sixty feet high, and is made of a barked pine, smooth enough by nature, but rendered a hundredfold more slippery by the *savon vert*, or soft soap, with which it is smeared from one extremity to the other. At the summit a hoop is fastened, round which are hung the different prizes which are to reward the agility of the climbers; they consist of a *timballe d'argent*, of the value of twenty-five francs; a silver watch, worth about fifteen francs; and a variety of articles of clothing. The national flag surmounts the whole in a socket at the top of the mast, and he who succeeds in detaching it from its place and bringing it down with him to the ground, receives a reward of fifty francs; this, therefore, was always the great object of our ambition, not only as the more costly, but the more dangerous prize. When the mast is firmly planted, the preparations for the *lutte* begin. A crowd of *gamins* anxiously present themselves, whose names are written down in the order in which they come; they then strip off all their clothing with the exception of a flannel jacket and caleçon, and with bare legs and arms prepare for the ascent. Some who distrust their powers of tenacity, or are more wary than the rest, sling over each shoulder a sack filled with wood-ashes, into which they, every now and then, dip one hand as they climb, to damp the grease and enable them to cling with a firmer grasp to the pole. Neither François nor I ever adopted this precaution, but we availed ourselves of the privilege which is permitted to help each other in ascending the mast together.

The Fête des Loges, which took place at the close of August in 1824, and which is always held around an enormous antique oak in the centre of the noble forest, was, to our thinking, the most brilliant one we had witnessed. There were shows of every description, conjurers of every degree of mystical delusion, from the loquacious charlatan to the sublime magician; and games of every possible variety. La Quintaine, tilting at the ring, and equestrian exercises on wooden steeds abounded. In every quarter loud voices proclaimed the excellence of smoking sausages and *pâtés* of indescribable composition,—shrill cries proclaiming the virtues of lemonade, rent the air from the ambulating vendors who carried their supply in gaily-decorated vessels strapped to their backs; and more

noisily than either was heard the din of the nine-pin lottery-men with their never-ceasing invitation to the juvenile world to try their luck. "Qui abat, qui abat la quille à Mayeux, messieurs? Chaque quille abattue, chaque demi-douzaine (of macaroons); un sou le coup! Qui abat, qui abat, messieurs?"

I need not say that we entered eagerly into all these amusements, expending freely the handful of sous which Petronille had carefully hoarded for François and myself. Josephine and Jeannette, both very pretty girls, and the first almost a woman, occupied themselves with the more important consideration of arranging who should be their partners in the coming dances, recognising their acquaintances, and occasionally with a knot of girls of their own age with desperate hardihood entering the wild beast show and gazing at the real animals whose portraiture was so skilfully rendered outside the booth, and whose ferocity was so energetically described by the indomitable showman.

But when the moment arrived for the trials at the *mât de cocagne* every thing else was set aside; the multitude flocked to the spot and formed a dense circle round it, and the noisy showmen themselves drew near to witness the operations.

Michel and Petronille knowing that François and I meant to try our luck, had stationed themselves with their daughters and the swains who waited on them, in the foremost rank, and gave us many words of encouragement.

A great many climbers preceded us, the majority of whom failed, however, to get higher than the middle of the mast, when, their strength being exhausted, they usually slid to the bottom with the velocity of an avalanche. One or two, more hardy than the rest, succeeded at length in getting down a coat or a waistcoat by a desperate strike out at the floating garment, but the chief prizes remained untouched. François now said that he would make the trial in company with me. As I was the smaller and lighter of the two I ventured first, and began to swarm up the mast; François followed, and kept a short distance below me, sometimes supporting my foot with his hand, and thus affording me a slight rest. I toiled on with infinite difficulty till I had ascended within about ten feet of the top, and already the timballe and the watch glittered before my eyes, when I felt my strength beginning to fail. It was now that the principle of our partnership was brought more actively into play.

"Je n'en peux plus," said I, looking down.

"Tiens," replied François, "accroches-toi au mât; je passerai par dessus tes épaules!"

I did as he bade me, and held on as if I would have strangled the mast in my embrace, while, like the hero whose adventure is so well told by Sully, François proceeded cautiously to limb over me, in order to reach the top of the pole. It was a perilous and a painful task, but he accomplished it, and the shouts of the spectators declared their approbation of the feat, but the weight of his body as it pressed upon my shoulders added to the original difficulty of retaining my grasp, loosened my hold, and after one or two ineffectual attempts to get a little higher, I felt the mast gradually sliding from me, and presently I shot rapidly to the ground. I had done well, however, and the cause of my failure was too manifest to provoke other than a few compassionate expressions, such as, "Très bien, p'tit,—t'as très bien fait, ton camarade l'attrapera!" Besides, every one's attention was now fixed on François; with unabated energy he continued

his progress, sometimes slipping a few inches—then pausing, and then gaining ground, till at length the prizes were within his reach. But it was not his intention to content himself with the commoner ones, he made no effort to remove either watch or timballe, and many below speculated on the probability of his strength being exhausted, as he seemed to be quite motionless. He soon put their doubts at an end by renewing his ascent, and passing clean through the hoop we saw his head reappear above it at the very top of the mast. He then put out his arm, and the next moment we saw the flag waving in his hand, and by a violent effort he threw his body across the truck of the mast, and in that position, with his face towards the ground, spun round on his stomach three several times. It was a terrific feat for a professed saltimbanque, still more so for a boy of little more than ten years' old, and dread was mingled with admiration at seeing him perform it. But that dread was increased when we saw him preparing to descend the mast head-foremost—an example set him the previous year, and which he had vowed he would imitate. His mother, Petronille, shrieked out to him to desist, but the clamour of voices was probably too high to allow him to hear her warning, for, with the flag between his teeth, he lowered himself with his head towards us. A firm grasp, and the danger was more apparent than real, but just at the instant he was about to slide down, a gust of wind rattled the silver prizes in the hoop, he turned his head at the sound, forgot his grasp, and the next moment he was flying through the air with the rapidity of lightning. One universal shout arose, and every one rushed to the foot of the mast—Petronille was the foremost—but he had reached the ground, and her extended arms were spread over him in vain; she fell on her knees before his body; the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils—his head fell heavily back as they raised him up—he opened his eyes once, then closed them for ever in death.

CHAP. III.

SANS-POUCES AND HIS BRETHEREN.

THE gloom which this sad event threw over the family may well be imagined. Petronille was at first inconsolable, and for a long time the horror of the scene was constantly before her eyes. I, too, deeply lamented the loss of my companion, but though I always retained a vivid recollection of the accident, the natural buoyancy of youth soon raised my spirits again. Another circumstance contributed also to give them a different turn.

Michel Bruneau had a brother named Pierre, who kept the post-house in the long, straggling village of Bourg la Reine, the last stage on the high-road from Orleans to Paris. Shortly after the death of poor François, he had come over to pay a visit for a few days to his brother, and during his stay was so much struck with my fondness for horses, and the skill with which I rode them, that he expressed a strong desire for me to go back with him and learn something more of a *métier*, for which I seemed intended by nature. Petronille was very unwilling to agree, for, besides her strong affection for me, she associated me with every act of her lost child, and remembered that the fatal accident by which he lost his life had been, to a certain extent, risked also by myself. It was I who had last been touched by him while alive, and the last thing done

by the object whom we deplore clings closest to the memory. That which excited universal tenderness in the mother seemed to have produced an opposite effect in the father. He evidently looked upon me as the cause of his son's death; indeed, on one occasion, he said as he pushed me violently out of his way in the stables.

"Sans toi, p'tit gredin, j' n' aurions pas perdu mon fils !"

These words sunk deeply into my mind as I crept into the hay-loft, where, an hour afterwards, I was discovered by Pierre Bruneau crying bitterly. With a rough sort of kindness he pulled me out of my lair, and was not long in learning the cause of my sorrow. It suited his purpose to encourage the mood I was in, but instead of aggravating my position by dwelling on his brother's harshness, he gave the affair a different aspect by the great stress he laid on the superiority of his own stable at Bourg la Reine.

"V'là une écurie à voir," exclaimed he, "trente chevaux à panser chaque jour, et de superbes ! Fichtre ! nous faisons de grandes affaires, nous autres ! C'est là qu'on apprend à monter à cheval !"

He added much more of the same kind in glorification of his stables, and succeeded completely not only in rousing my curiosity to behold them, but in firing my ambition to control so vast an establishment. Michel, when I saw him again, appeared sorry for what he had said, and thrust a handful of sous into my pocket, but when Pierre broached the subject of my being taken back to Bourg la Reine with him he made no kind of objection. On the contrary he plainly said he thought it a good opening for me to get on in the world, and his brother renewing his instances and talking in a large, though somewhat vague manner of the advantages which were likely to accrue to me in consequence, Petronille at length gave way, and it was settled that I should accept the offer of Pierre Bruneau.

On a fine morning, therefore, at the end of September, in the year 1824, after taking an affectionate farewell of Petronille and her daughters, who all promised to come and see me very soon, and stuffed my bundle with eatables of various kinds, I left St. Germain-en-Laye to enter upon the new career which awaited me on the other side of Paris. We travelled in a *patache* belonging to Pierre Bruneau, and Michel accompanied us as far as Paris. The road was too familiar to me, and the regret at separating from Petronille too recent to rouse me into observation for some time, and for the first hour I buried myself in a corner of the carriage communing with my own thoughts; but in proportion as we approached the capital and their current was disturbed by the remarks addressed to me from time to time by Pierre, who never failed to criticise the horses in the different equipages that passed us (a criticism which always ended in a favourable allusion to his own unequalled stud), I began to take a livelier interest in the objects around me, and when we were fairly within the walls of Paris I had quite recovered my natural gaiety. We drove to a well-known cabaret in the Rue St. Jacques, where shone in full splendour the ensign of the "*Cheval Rouge*," a sign which attracted a large proportion of the couriers and postilions who came from the south, and which was the habitual rendezvous of the postmaster of Bourg la Reine. The hostess, a "*Gas-se-con*," as she herself pronounced the provincial distinction of which they are all so proud, was a merry, stout, bustling, black-browed woman, who, with her own hands, prepared the very excellent *fricot* to which our early drive enabled us to do full justice.

Neither did the brothers fail to pledge each other in rather better wine than the customers of the *Cheval Rouge* were in the habit of drinking, a fact which will not be questioned when I add that the worthy host, a gentleman in a hairy cap and a short jacket, and with a great propensity for keeping his hands in the pockets of his trousers, formed one of the party. The conversation which took place at this repast was not altogether intelligible to me, for a great many words were mixed up with it which I had never heard before; it was, moreover, plentifully seasoned with oaths of an equine nature, but the bursts of laughter which every now and then shook the whole party showed that the subject that entertained them was greatly relished. Frequent allusion was made to somebody under the name of "Sans-Pouces," but who this thumbless character was I had not the slightest idea, though he was evidently the hero of their story.

At length, being thoroughly *rassasié*, and more than one *petit verre* having been swallowed to qualify the Bordeaux, Michel Bruneau rose to depart. He gave me a thirty sous piece and a hearty thump on the back, and with an incoherent expression which was, perhaps, intended for a benediction, embraced his brother and the host of the *Cheval Rouge*, and left me with my new protector. We were not long in following his example, and the *patache* being brought to the door, after a world of admiring comments on that vehicle and the horse which drew it, pronounced by the host in the hairy cap, we found ourselves in motion towards Bourg la Reine. As we turned the corner of the Rue Cassini, on our way to the Barrière d'Enfer, Pierre checked his horse, and pointing to the door of a porte cochère on the right-hand side, abruptly said,

"Est-ce-que tu connais ça?"

"Mais, non pas," I replied, "je n'y ai jamais été!"

"Vrai!" returned Pierre, "eh bin, je te dis que sans ça tu ne serais pa'zici, c'était là ton berceau."

"Comment!" I exclaimed with surprise, for at that time I had never heard the full particulars respecting my birth; "qui est ce qui demeure dans cette maison?"

"Je n'en savous rien," was Pierre's answer, "vù que les locataires changent tous les jours, mais toutefois tu y as eu ta part; c'est l'Hospice des Enfants Trouvés."

I comprehended something of the meaning of the term, and something also of Pierre's purpose in making this explanation. He wished to begin betimes to show me that it was to his compassion I was to look for the daily bread which was to be my portion. I felt enough of this to cause me a sharp pang; but I saw that Pierre's eye was on me, and I restrained the tears which the sense of my dependant situation might otherwise have wrung from me. Pierre said no more, but with a loud adjuration to his horse, accompanied by several cuts with his whip, laid on with a strong hand, in which, perhaps, a certain moral was intended to be conveyed, drove briskly through the Barrière, and in another hour we drew up without further adventure at the door of the post-house of *Bourg la Reine*.

There was a striking contrast between the picturesque place I had quitted, and the dull, unmeaning village where I was now to reside. It consisted of one long, monotonous street, without the slightest pretension to architectural beauty, but as the same may be said of the greater part of the villages in France, whether long or short, Bourg la Reine has not

even the privilege of special ugliness to boast of. Moreover, it had its advantages, for, at the time of which I am speaking, its stony street was seldom quiet for half an hour together, owing to its being constantly traversed by travellers and special couriers proceeding to and from Paris. This perpetual whirl of carriages and scurrying of post horses would alone have kept me on the *qui vive*, if there had not been added the cares of Pierre Bruneau's stables. It was quite clear that he never intended I should enjoy a sinecure, and it required all my love of horses to reconcile me to the hard work which he exacted from me. His disposition was not so kind as that of his brother ; he was quite as *grossier* but had none of the good-natured *bonhomme* of Michel. Whenever he gave a blow he always meant that the receiver should remember it, and it was not his fashion to attempt to cure the pain by gentle words. He was unmarried, and his rude *ménage* was conducted by a tall, raw-boned, hard-working Auvergnaise, who could saddle a horse or harness a team with the same readiness with which she made our daily *pot-au-feu*, or chopped up the firewood for winter. Though ignorant as the oxen from her native plains of La Limagne, she had some of the better properties which we ascribe to those animals, being patient, laborious, docile, and good-tempered. It was, perhaps, lucky that she from the first took rather a fancy for me, as I fared better in consequence than I otherwise might have done, and as there is nothing appeals so readily to a hungry boy's affections as ministering to his appetite, this evidence of her regard was not thrown away upon me.

With my natural aptitude for the economy of the stable, it was not long before I became one of the notables of the post-house, and I was speedily thrown into contact with a class of men, whose adventures, as they described them to me, materially strengthened the views I had formed of my future course of life. These men were the newspaper couriers, who owe their greatest celebrity to the enterprise of the English journalists. The portrait of one of them may be worth sketching, he has since become rather a well-known character.

The hero of the post-house of Bourg la Reine, and the centaur-idol whom I exclusively worshipped, was the owner of the name I had so repeatedly heard mentioned at the *Cheval Rouge*—the ubiquitous, indefatigable "*Sans Pouces*." He was a little, sharp, sturdy fellow, with a ruddy complexion ; straggling, crisp, black hair ; dark eyes set deeply in his head ; and a mouth strongly expressive of determination. No one ever knew his real name, nor whether his *sobriquet* arose from his having been born without thumbs, or from having lost them by some untoward accident. The last was not impossible, as he had all his life been a getter-into rows, was a hot-blooded Provençal, and himself always carried a knife, less, it was said, for professional purposes to remedy mischances on the road than to avenge himself if injured or insulted. Like most of the brotherhood, his gait, when he condescended to walk—a rare occurrence—was ludicrously wide, as if the necessary separation of his legs in riding had made them perfect strangers to each other. He was in the habit of swearing with frequent and terrific vehemence, an art he had, no doubt, been compelled to cultivate for the benefit of his *bidets*, and the practised manner in which he threw off glass after glass of cognac, showed that he was no lover of thin potatoes. Some men become their occupations so well that they appear as if born to them, and this was the case with *Sans Pouces*, whom one might well have fancied to have been born in a saddle.

It seems otherwise hardly credible how he contrived to ride from Marseilles to Paris, on one occasion, in three days and three nights without ever once dismounting, and even to have extended his journey immediately afterwards. The reason for the latter act arose from a circumstance curiously illustrative of the artifices of couriers. In conveying expresses, if these worthies happen to start together, or coming up with each other on the road, find they cannot shake off their rivals, they are content to travel in company, being assured of one thing, that even if they do not go a-head they cannot be beaten. It happened on one occasion that a well-known courier, named Porcher, was the bearer from Marseilles of despatches known to be of importance. He was employed by a leading London journal, and his great object was to expedite them before those of any other paper. *Sans Pouces* had a similar mission, and stuck like a leech to his rival, so that by the time they arrived at Orleans a tacit agreement appeared to have been entered into to take it rather more coolly than usual, or at any rate not to risk their necks by a race on the high road, for they were equally well-mounted. Porcher, therefore, cantered on in the most friendly straightforward manner, and *Sans Pouces* kept by his side, certain that as long as he did so all must be right. He had reckoned, however, without his host, for on reaching Bourg la Reine, to his infinite disgust, he discovered that Porcher had played him a trick. While they had halted for a short time at Orleans for refreshment, the latter had slipped away and given his despatches to a fresh courier, who stole out of the town by a backway, took a cross-road for a short distance, and then striking into the *grande route*, proceeded *ventre à terre* to Paris, where he arrived exactly an hour and a half before the innocent Porcher and his luckless, unsuspecting companion. The moment *Sans Pouces* became aware how thoroughly he had been done, he swore a tremendous oath, drank half-a-dozen petits verres in succession, and instantly resolved to set out at once for Boulogne, though he had then been seventy-two hours on horseback. Those who laughed at him for making the attempt little knew of what his strong determination and iron frame were capable. Lifted, saddle and all, as is the courier's custom, from the back of his tired horse to a fresh one, he was rapidly in the heart of Paris; as quickly clattered through the streets of St. Denis; Beaumont was soon left behind; and when he passed through the gates of Beauvais, he had distanced the rival who had stolen a march upon him, and finally accomplished the journey to Boulogne in seventeen hours from Paris—the whole distance travelled, within four days, being not less than seven hundred and sixty miles.

From this individual I speedily acquired a knowledge of many peculiarities in his calling, and what he failed to impart I learnt from others. There was a burly man with one eye, Le Borgne, they called him, heavy enough, one would have thought, to break any horse's back, but who always rode with amazing swiftness; and a tall, thin man, named Vapard, whose legs were like a gigantic pair of tongs, who had had much experience on the road; there were Batiste, a smart, active Picard, and Sergeant, a grim Champenois, with an enormous pair of whiskers, at once my terror and my delight; all these men had something to tell of their pursuits and secrets, which they made a favour of communicating. I swallowed all their stories with an avidity which excited them still more to the narration, and I inwardly resolved one day to have a bulletin of my own. How I accomplished my object will be told in the following chapters.

C R A C O W.

ON THE ANNEXATION OF THE ANCIENT CAPITAL AND LAST FREE CITY OF
POLAND TO AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM AT THE DICTATION OF THE RUSSIAN Czar,
IN VIOLATION OF THE TREATY OF VIENNA.

By T. ROSCOE, Esq.

"Voi cui fortuna ha posto in mano il freno
Delle belle contrade,
Di che nulla pietà par che vi stringa ;
Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade ?
Perchè 'l verde terreno
Del barbarico sangue si dipinga ?"

PETARCH.

I.

'Twas night! War's death-fires dimly gleam'd
From 'leaguer'd town and tower ;
While far the Crescent's glory stream'd
In victory's brightest hour :
And swept in one resistless flood
The chivalry that once had woo'd
Its fame from Paynim power,
Whose wild waves broke on Martel's rock,
Till Europe trembled with the shock.

II.

Now dark and deadlier lower'd the night
Of Europe's faltering fame ;
As from her brow those laurels bright
Were torn with scorn and sh
Her sun—set in a sea of blood—
Her banners struck by field and flood,—
Bow'd to the Moslem name.
And awe-struck kings in terror fled
The people whom they dared not head.*

III.

Her eagle-plumes, all bathed in gore,
Her loftiest eyrie now,
No refuge from that victor-power,—
The Hun's proud neck must bow ;
Bow to the dust—her last field fought,
Though Europe banded legions brought
To stay the dreaded blow,
Ere Christian freedom's genius dies—
Vienna's walls—the Moslem's prize.

IV.

Far as the mighty Danube roll'd,
Imperial gates oped wide—
Whose palace-towers and spires had toll'd
O'er fallen cities' crested pride ;
Fresh hosts of conquering foes rush'd on,
Till Austria's Empire's seat, proud won,
To Moslem might allied.
No hope—no ray of succour shed
On that doom'd city's hour of dread.

* The Emperor Leopold and other princes, seized with panic, took to flight, leaving the people exposed to the enemy, and sought refuge in Vienna.

V.

The hero of the noblest host,
 E'er tamed the Crescent's rage,
 Hurl'd back the Tartar hordes, when lost
 Europe's heroic age
 Beam'd in the chivalry alone,
 That built in Polish breasts its throne—
 History's most splendid page—
 Heard the far thunders of the war ;
 Bright shone their eagle-fortune's star.*

VI.

The Crescent waned before their might,
 Free Poland's banners waved
 O'er that doom'd city—in *her* light
 Of victory it was saved.
 From recreant emperors and kings,
 The Pole reluctant homage rings :
 His proud exploits engraved,
 On hearts and memories that deplored
 Such men they boasted not their lord.†

VII.

How mean the arts—the souls of kings—
 Was proven in that hour ;
 Dark earnest of the fate that springs
 From ingrates raised to power.
 While Sobieski to his God ‡
 Gave thanks, his Hero-Poles had trod
 Of turban'd chiefs the flower ;*
 Imperial princes with low pride
 Their saviour's noblest act deride.

VIII.

Brook'd not the fearless Pole to bow
 To loftiest diadem !
 When "gratitude,"§ forced, cold, and slow,
 Came from feign'd lips of phlegm ;

* "As Sobieski was on his march with his little army, he saw one day an eagle flying by them from the right, and availing himself of the superstition of the Poles, he took the opportunity of encouraging them by interpreting it as a good omen. Thus Sobieski, fifty-four years old, and so weak as to be obliged to be almost lifted on his horse, was the only man whom the emperor could look to for aid. As the Polish army crossed the bridge, they were particularly adifired for the fineness of their horses, and general appearance."

† "Even the stern warrior, Sobieski, shed a tear of joy at receiving the thanks and acclamations of the victims whom he had rescued from destruction. 'Never,' he said, 'did the crown yield me pleasure like this !' The people could not help comparing him with their own disgraceful sovereign, and exclaiming, 'Why is not this man our master ?'"—*Fletcher's Poland*.

‡ "With difficulty could the stern looks of the emperor's officers check these natural expressions of popular feeling. But Sobieski did not arrogate to himself only the glory of the victory; he went to the cathedral to return thanks, and began to sing the *Te Deum* himself. A sermon was afterwards delivered, and the preacher, in the taste of that age, chose the following text for the occasion: 'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.'"

§ "At length Leopold wrung from his lips the word 'gratitude,' for the deliverance of Vienna, at which Sobieski merely remarked, 'Brother, I am glad that I have done you that small service.' The young Polish prince, James, came up at this moment, and his father presented him to Leopold: 'This is a prince whom I am educating for the service of Christendom.' The emperor merely nodded, though this was the young man whom he had promised to make his son-in-law. One of the Polish palatines, stepping forward to kiss the haughty emperor's foot, Sobieski exclaimed, 'Come, *palatine*, no meanness.' The interview was then at an end."—*Fletcher's Poland*, pp. 127, 128.

That high heart roused his victor-bands,
 March'd as he came at Heaven's commands,
 New Tartar-tides to stem.
 Long Europe's bulwark, famed they stood,
 And pour'd for us their lavish blood.

IX.

Free states drew breath 'neath Poland's shield,
 Their frontiers' guardian land,
 When Poles no more Heaven's thunders wield,
 Nor in the broad gap stand,
 'Twixt ruthless Tartar Czars combined,
 With Europe; freed in vain, they'll find,
 Like fate, their freedom bann'd;
 And sweet their funeral wail shall rise,
 To Poland's last dread sacrifice.*

X.

The Sybil leaves are numbering fast,
 The coming tempest looms—
 Loud and more loud that Heaven-rung blast,
 Peals from the heroes' tombs.
 They rise, they arm—the "Nemesis"
 Of outraged nations never dies!
 Their day of vengeance comes,
 When faithless Gaul—when Albion falls,
 And Poland's shade no more appals.

* "Amidst the roar of artillery, the tears of the female portion of the inhabitants, and the curses of the male, the proclamation was read, by which Cracow is declared to be, for ever, a portion of the Austrian empire. A most stringent oath of fidelity to the emperor is being administered by means of the most atrocious violence; it is the reign of despotic terror; the utmost consternation prevails: the unhappy Cracovians find themselves delivered up bound hand and foot to all the long-suppressed hatred and vengeance of the most cruel, treacherous, and barbarous of governments. Respectable Polish citizens have been already wantonly attacked in the streets, or consigned to dungeons, for daring to pass without showing the required mark of respect towards Austrian sentinels. Domiciliary visits are enforced by its police. The personal liberty and the property of the citizens are threatened with destruction, and their former privileges all abolished. The merchants will be condemned to banishment, while the peasantry of the republic, once the happiest and most contented in the world, will be subjected to a grinding taxation, and to military impressment and rule. Poland does well to weep over her fallen capital—over the walls of her senators—over the fame which enshrines the ashes of her long line of kings and heroes,—where Kosciusko slumbers—where the Deliverer of Vienna and of Europe reposes from his ungrateful labour,—over that temple which the most indifferent cannot enter without feeling that Poland was once glorious and powerful. But her tears should flow the faster for that bold peasantry, so true in war, so gentle and light-hearted in peace; whose simple virtues will excite distrust and aversion in the breasts of masters, skilled in the arts of oppression and corruption. The last hopes of the inhabitants of Cracow are fixed upon Lord ——. It is certain that Austria holds her new possession with a trembling and unsteady hand; that final arrangements respecting its government are not to be made until it is known how England will brook the insult which has been cast upon her. Austria is, indeed, in no condition to go to war about Cracow. Her finances are in a desperate state; her troops wretchedly equipped, and neither officers nor troops to be relied upon. The mere rumour of a certain old commodore having received orders to hoist his pennant in the Adriatic, would send the Austrian troops to Podgorze more rapidly than they have ever yet executed the march. To say nothing of honour, justice, and the faith of treaties, England will sustain losses in the way of trade, if the occupation is permitted; all the principal articles imported by Cracow, as cotton goods and hardware, being chiefly of English origin."—*A Correspondent from Cracow*—see *The Times*, 11th of December.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN

A FANTASIA.

PROCUL ESTE PROFANI!

Stay your rude steps whose throbbing breasts infold
 The legion fiends of glory or of gold!
 For you no Dryads dress the roseate bower,
 For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
 Unmark'd by you, light graces skim the green,
 And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.

Avaunt then, ye of sordid worshippings, or soul unfanciful!
 But if I have a fair, pensive, and imaginative reader, who will lend her
 mind to reveries more wild than ever yet were dreamt of in the world's
 philosophy, conduct her, Muse of Visions! to some sylvan and sequestered
 spot, where I may mesmerise her spirit, until, by interfusion of our minds,
 she shall see and hear all that I myself perceive, however fantastic the
 apparitions, however supernatural the sounds that may salute her startled
 senses.

Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
 Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade,
 There, as meek evening wafts her temperate breeze,
 And moonbeams glimmer thro' the trembling trees,
 The rills that gurgle round shall sooth her ear,
 And Philomela's strains enchant the sphere,
 While spirits unreveal'd to grosser eyes,
 Shall charm her soul with blissful prophecies.

Nay, over-prudent damsel! withhold not credence from my revelations
 because they may anticipate an unborn century, and introduce to thee an
 angel visitant. Still, still, wilt thou scatter golden light from thy ringlets,
 as thou shakest thy head distrustfully? Then will I address thee in the
 words of Pope to Belinda:—

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circling green,
 Of virgins visited by angel powers
 With golden crowns, and wreaths of heav'nly flowers,
 Hear and believe!

And why may I not win to the perusal of my tale some visionary youth
 who, in the weariness of life's monotonous realities, and the dull turmoil
 of cities, hath hied to some umbrageous solitude, and throwing himself
 beside a silver-tongued brook, hath listened to its evening hymn, and the
 dulcet melody of the wind, plying its Eolian harp amid the leaves, and the
 softly blended harmonies that warble nature's lullaby as the God of day
 sinks to his cloud-pavilioned couch, until he hath felt his senses to be
 slowly spiritualised, and his soul hath been upward rapt, and the ra-
 vishing music of the spheres, so falsely deemed a poet's reverie, hath
 been, to him, a fact singular? Why *not* indeed? Since I may evoke,
 even by describing it, as if it were an echo to my thought. Hist! hark!
 Hear you not its chimes symphonious as they float away upon the breeze,

and die to their own hushing requiem?—Oh, how thrilling, how exquisitely sweet, how infinitely

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When corn is green, and hawthorn buds appear ;

how incalculably more musical than any earthborn sound that ever yet bewitched a poet's ravished ear!

Are there not even full-grown men of flesh and blood, whose nimble and fiery spirit, escaping from its corporeal prison, hath spread its wings, and chased the Will-o'-the-whisp o'er sedgy marsh and willowy wild morass, hailing him in the words of Puck—

How now, spirit, whither wander you ?

And hearing him reply in aqueous tones—

Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
Swifter than the moone's sphere.

Live there not bearded men, who wandering in some Summer solitude, what time Diana's cresset glimpsed through the silvered clouds, have seen the fairy court—

On haunted hill, by dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beach'd margent of the sea,
Dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind.

Breathes there an adult wearer of the plaid, who hath not seen Tam O'Shaunter in his mad career, scared by the tramping of his phantom-steed, although his hoofs left no print upon the sand, no sound upon the air, and following him with fascinated eye until

He past the burks and mickle stone,
Where drunken Charlie brake's neck-bone,
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters found the murder'd bairn,
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither bang'd hersel.

Talk of maidens, youngsters, and adults delighting to revel in the perusal of such phantomry! Why look, behold! Do I not see gray-headed sages of every nation locking themselves in their lonely studies, that they may pore over the page of Goethe, and be haunted by the phantomry that beleaguered Faust, when, under the guidance of Mephistophiles, he shared the wild revels of the Walpurgis night, revealed to him by the ominous light of the ignis fatuus? Lo! how the trees struggle with the hurricane!

The branches are creaking and cracking all,
And heavily moaning the trunks complain,
And the roots snap and gape as they yield to the strain!
In their fall intermingled and hideously clashing,
All through one another are splintering and crashing,
And along the ravine's wreck—encumber'd abysses,
Hark to the blast, how it falls and it hisses!

Voices aloft on the hill do ye hear?
Some that are distant, and some that are near?
Yes, the whole chain of the mountains along,
Streams a mad torrent of magical song!*

Readers of either sex and of every age! If ye have faith in these and similar supernaturalities, why should ye not have faith in my coming narrative, albeit to those whose earth-bound fancy hath no wings, it may seem to surpass the compass of belief? Why should I cajole ye with baseless gossipry? Me, on whose head Time hath so long scattered snows that its life current must soon be frozen; me, nameless, unknown, and never appetent of fame; me, whom the golden bait of authorship hath long ceased to tempt, what imp of falsehood could beguile, what youthful freak incite, what mercenary spirit urge to pen an aimless fabrication?—Distrust, if so ye list—for I myself am thus far incredulous (although the predictions poured into mine ear were melodised by spirit lips)—distrust the possibility of their final accomplishment; but that the strange Apocalypse vouchsafed to me was made distinctly cognisable to my senses, neither ye nor I can entertain a warrantable doubt. To facts, however, to facts! and a truce to this preambulous discursion.

To render my disclosure intelligible, it is necessary to premise that I have ever been a conservative and a protectionist, staunch, strenuous, consistent—ay, and independent of all other influence than my own conscientious convictions; for not an acre of land have I ever possessed; to no shackles of party have I ever yielded up my mind. Glad to shut out the fogs of last November, which added gloom to my desponding thoughts, I rang the bell for candles, and sinking into my study *fauteuil*, endeavoured to dispel my dejection by stimulating the fire into a cheerful blaze. Vain attempt! its flickerings seemed but to show more clearly the darkness of our national prospects, even as the lightning flash, after disclosing its own ravage, deepens the subsequent obscurity. Over the pages of the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post*, journals which I regularly peruse, I cast an anxious eye, but there all was sombre and ominous, all tended to persuade me that “bad begins and worse remains behind.” Lands thrown out of cultivation; “a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,” dying in the weed-choked fields, or driven by thousands into the workhouse; a famine desolating the whole country; a general bankruptcy impoverishing its inhabitants; enemies on all sides taking advantage of our weakness; and England finally lying “at the proud foot of a conqueror;” such were the dire prognostics my brooding fancy hatched; such were the coming events that projected their hideous shadows around me.

“Hovering as I am upon the verge of life’s allotted term,” such was my ejaculation, or rather my articulate groan, “perchance I may not personally behold these appalling horrors; yet I must confess—such is the insatiable curiosity pervading my soul, that I should enjoy the melancholy triumph of witnessing the accomplishment of my predictions, and of pitying the dumb-founded confusion of the free-traders. Not only the immediate, but the remote effects of these ruinous measures, and the consequent confirmation of my unheeded warnings would it yield me

* See a new translation of *Faust* by Captain Knox, unquestionably the fullest and most faithful that has yet appeared.

a mournful gratification to behold. Oh! how I envy my grand and great-grandchildren, who shall contemplate the full accomplishment of my prophecies. Oh! that my guardian angel would conjure me up from the tomb, a hundred years hence, only for a single hour, that so I myself, like a second unbelieved Cassandra, might behold over the width and breadth of the afflicted land the perfect and entire fulfilment of my predictions!——”

After the impassioned utterance of this aspiration, I resumed the perusal of the journals, which, by some unaccountable but not unprecedented influence, gradually steeped my senses in a total and a profound obliviousness. How long I remained in this death-like trance I know not, but as animation almost imperceptibly returned, mine ears were ravished with the sound of dulcet and delicious music, not resembling earthly strains, but rather like a dream of melodies celestial. Round about me, and stealing as it were into my very soul, floated at the same time exquisite odours, such as might have been wafted from the flower-garden of Eden, when offering up the incense of its first perfume. Anon a faintly shimmering light diffused itself around; it spread, it grew gradually brighter, and lo! with a cold shudder that thrilled through every nerve, I discovered that I was lying outstretched in a vaulted grave! Slowly, as if unwillingly, did the stealthy gleam creep up the mildewed walls, lazily did it crawl along the dripping arch, fitfully did it flicker on the plates of a pile of coffins at the further extremity of the sepulchre, ghastly was the hue it cast upon the winding-sheet in which I was shrouded! Describe my sensations at that moment? Impossible! Under the joint assaults of bewilderment and horror was I fast sinking, when I was revived by a feeling of intense curiosity, as the wandering luminousness, collecting itself into a focus, assumed the semblance of a human, or rather of a celestial head surmounting a train of roseate light, whose outlines described a form of faultless symmetry. Oh! how exquisitely beautiful was that seraph head, how angelic the smile that beamed in its azure eyes and dimpled mouth, how bright the coruscations of the ringlets, as they fell like golden hyacinths upon the alabaster shoulders, and lost themselves in the lambent form beneath.

As I gazed upon this so glorious apparition I heard the striking of a deep-mouthed church-clock, whose echoes, reverberating, as it seemed, through hollow aisles, died tremblingly away in the dumb darkness. Never was contrast of sound more total or more delightful when my celestial visitant, converting breath into music, exclaimed, in tones of tuneful suavity,

“Rememberest thou thy wish when thou wert dying?”

“Dying!” I ejaculated with an incredulous recoil, although the confined vault attested that I had indeed been committed to the tomb, “not the smallest recollection have I of my decease. How long have I been numbered with the dead?”

“Exactly one hundred years have elapsed since, with thy last breath, thou didst prefer an ardent aspiration which thy guardian angel, summoning thee back to life for the purpose, stands now ready to vouchsafe unto thy prayer.”

“An angel, and yet unfurnished with wings,” I ventured to murmur.

“Wings are for inferior spirits; celestials of my class, by a mere ex-

ercise of volition, are enabled to outstrip the fleetest pinions. Whither wouldst thou that I should transport thee?"

"How and where can I exhibit myself in these hideous grave-clothes?"

"Fear not. We shall both be 'invisible to mortal eye.'"

"To the House of Parliament," was my answer, suggested, probably, by my frequent visits to that structure when it was unfinished. Scarcely had the words escaped my lips when I found myself standing before the building, complete in all its architectural grandeur and beauty, but already discoloured by the breath of a London century. Closely thronged were its avenues by a crowd of orderly and well-dressed people, who presently drew back to make way for two plain carriages, in the foremost of which sat a man of pleasant and paternal aspect, who bowed graciously to the multitude as they saluted him with uplifted hats, and affectionate looks, and cordial greetings and blessings.

"Who is it?" I inquired of my mysterious companion.

"Thou art gazing upon King Albert the Fifth, about to open a new session of parliament."

"The king!" I ejaculated, "those coach-panels did not display the royal arms."

"Thou didst not behold the vain, frivolous, pride-born blazonry of the Herald, upheld by savage beasts and monsters fabulous. Long since has that senseless ostentation been exploded, but thou didst gaze nevertheless upon the royal arms of England—a crown, supported by Liberty and Law."

"But I hear no trumpet blast, no clattering of hoofs, I see no glitter-corselets. Where are his majesty's life-guards?"

"Everywhere: they are round about thee on all sides; his people are his panoply; scarcely has he a subject who would not gladly peril his life to save that of his sovereign. Thou seemest astonished at a royal popularity equally unquestioned and unprecedented. Listen, and thy surprise will vanish. Albert the Fifth, inheriting the domestic virtues and the amiability of his ancestor, Queen Victoria's consort, seeks to glorify the crown rather than to be made vain-glorious by wearing it; to derive his splendour from inward rather than from external greatness. Therefore has he voluntarily surrendered to the nation the superfluous revenues which his predecessors had so idly wasted in building gew-gaw palaces, not less tasteless than costly; in lavishing sumptuous banquets upon parasites already surfeited with feasts; in heaping up jewels and plate and other useless luxuries; or in incessant journeyings with numerous retinues, and without any visible object, from one residence to another. In the same spirit hath he abolished all those humiliating, useless, and fantastical court offices, relics of barbaric pomp, and of a darker age, which served but to generate a slavish sycophancy in the worshippers, and a perilous sense of self-sufficient irresponsibility in the idol. It is the great ambition of Albert the Fifth that his people should see in their monarch nothing more than a chief magistrate; in their chief magistrate nothing less than a father."

Loyal and conservative as I am, this strange revelation startled and displeased me. Of such innovations, thought I, a monarch may be the author, but their spirit and tendency is anti-monarchical, radical, revolutionary, and their results must be direful. To these impressions, how-

ever, as they seemed not to be shared by my guardian angel, I gave not utterance, but stared into the carriages as they passed, hoping to recognise some familiar face of noble or of commoner. What singular fatuity! I forgot that in the century which had elapsed my patrician and plebeian acquaintance must long since have mingled their dust together.

At this moment a partial opening of the crowd revealed to me, in front of the parliament house, three large marble statues, in which I recognised the effigies of Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, and Father Mathew! But little was I surprised at the sight of the two last, for Cobden, violating no pledge, had effected a great commercial change, and had upset a powerful government; while Father Mathew, accomplishing a still greater moral revolution, had entitled himself to the gratitude, not only of his own country, but of the whole human race. But that the baronet whom I had left ousted, powerless, and almost without a party, should occupy the proudest post of honour in front of the legislative palace, sorely perplexed my faculties. Yet did it recall to me the prediction of a Free-trade acquaintance, the only one of that obnoxious party whom I ever knew.

"Posterity," he said, "will do that justice to Sir Robert which his contemporaries have denied; and if you yourself live ten years longer, I foresee that you will reverse Goldsmith's well-known lines upon Burke, and admit Peel to have been a great, bold, and successful legislator, who, feeling that he was—

"Born for the universe, widen'd his mind,
And the claims of his party gave up to mankind."

Again did I gaze upon the occupants of the passing vehicles, and the face of one having awakened a recollection of England's primate, whom I had once known, I suddenly exclaimed,

"I see not any bishops' carriages driving towards the house."

"Because there are no bishops; their order hath been abolished," whispered my companion.

"Ha! then all my worst fears are confirmed!" was my indignant exclamation—"democracy and sectarianism have triumphed, and another Puritan revolution has levelled all."

"Speak not in the rashness of ignorance," interposed my companion, "it is pure and primitive piety that hath triumphed, and not any factious spirit of Dissent. Harken to my words, for their import ought to gladden, not disturb thy soul. Nearly fifty years have now elapsed since a self-convened ecclesiastical synod met to deliberate whether or not their appointment, habits, and position, were consonant to the spirit of Christianity. On the one hand they reviewed their solemn renunciation, when ordained and consecrated, of all worldly pomps and vanities, more especially of all avaricious appetencies; they recalled the Scriptural averment that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; they perpended the recorded opinion of the most learned episcopalian writers, that the office of bishop above other pastors in the church, has no foundation in the oracles of God; they frankly confessed the inconsistency of the fiction which, giving them a seat in the House of Lords as temporal barons, tempted them to become political partisans, rather than 'en-samples of the flock,' as enjoined by St. Peter; candidly did they admit

that the pledged abjurors of filthy lucre and all its degrading influences, ought not to clothe their numerous menials in purple and fine linen, to live in sumptuous palaces, to revel in luxurious indulgences, and accumulate enormous fortunes.

“O my reverend brethren!” exclaimed the primate of that day, “let not the fearful words of the Lord be any longer applicable to us; ‘they have reigned, but not by me; they have become princes, but I know them not.’ Convinced that the false position in which they stood was a scandal to the church, the members of the synod, all of whom were conscientious men, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity, unanimously signed a petition to parliament, praying that their order might be abolished, and their revenues be applied to charitable purposes, which was done accordingly.”

An involuntary groan escaped from me at this astounding intelligence, and I could not help remarking, that such a wholesale surrender of rights and property in the prelacy, must eventually injure the whole body of the clergy, by raising a popular cry for the extinction of tithes.

“Such might have been its effect,” resumed my companion, “but it was rendered unnecessary by the clergy themselves, who, in imitation of their episcopal leaders, voluntarily resigned an impolitic impost, productive of endless disputes, lowering, while it professed to uphold, the Christian ministry, and abundantly confirming the words of Archdeacon Paley, when he declared that, ‘Of all institutions adverse to cultivation and improvement, none is so noxious as that of tithes. They are not only a tax upon industry, but upon that industry which feeds mankind, upon that species of exertion which it is the aim of all wise laws to cherish and promote.’”

“And what,” I impatiently exclaimed, “what has become of the church after this perilous severance from the state?”

“Taking deeper root, and spreading its branches more widely over the land than ever, it hath returned to its primitive simplicity and purity; exemplifying the words of the same church dignitary who condemned the tithes. ‘Our religion, as it came out of the hands of its Founder and his apostles, exhibited a complete abstraction from all views, either of ecclesiastical or civil policy. In fact it is little better than profanation to imagine that the religion of God and of truth stands in need of the support of the state.’”

Let me confess, that at this moment a harrowing suspicion shot athwart my mind, especially when I recalled the saying, that the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. Is it possible, thought I, that a good angel could narrate, not only without indignation, but with manifest complacency, such revolutionary inroads upon our most hallowed institutions? The misgivings and the words of Hamlet recurred to me—

The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me.

As if to confirm this horrible suspicion, my companion, when I expressed a wish to visit the House of Lords, replied, “That it had ceased to exist by that title for nearly forty years! It was then discovered,” such

were the words by which mine ear was startled, "that to be the eldest son of an eldest son, the accident of an accident, so far from forming the best materials for an efficient legislator, were often express disqualifications for the discharge of the required duties. For an institution whose members were the result of a blind chance, England has substituted an upper chamber, composed of senators the most distinguished for experience, sagacity, and wisdom. When this change occurred, hereditary titles were abolished. Patents of nobility are still bestowed, however, as the rewards of talent and merit of every kind, for honours thus conferred operate upon all as an excitement to similar excellence; while long experience had shown that the transmission of titles and decorations to profligate and unworthy descendants, exercised a demoralising and most pernicious influence upon the whole community."

Such was the continued complacency with which this revelation was made, that I scrutinised more closely the speaker, expecting to discover the cloven foot below, and the rudiments, at least, of sprouting horns above; but all was still radiant with an expression of benignity and angelic truth. Turning from the last disclosures which, sooth to say, I found unpalatable and alarming, I requested to be escorted into Westminster Hall, that I might hear the pleadings of the most eminent barristers, should the courts be sitting.

"Happy am I to say," replied my companion, "that what was termed law, in this time, exists no longer. What was it? a fathomless chaos of fiction, tautology, obscurity, and chicanery; a system of unpunishable depredation, which, encouraging mendicity and oppression by the perversion, the delay, and the denial of justice, put fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured. So ruinous were the extortions, so gross the abuse, that the evil, becoming utterly intolerable, finally effected its own cure, and was swept away by the indignant fiat of the whole nation. Every district now possesses public arbitrators paid by the government, to whom all disputes must be referred, from whose decision there is no appeal. England is freed from the costly curse of litigation, and the poorest man hath the same chance of justice as the richest."

"Enough, more than enough of London," I exclaimed, shocked at the radical overthrow of so many institutions consecrated by the wisdom of our ancestors. "Fain would I see with mine own eyes whether our rural districts have participated in these most appalling inroads upon our world-enriched constitution and habits."

Scarcely had the wish been uttered, when I found myself whisking over the hills and plains of England with a speed that must have equalled that of Ariel's, when he put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes; yet not so fleet as to prevent an accurate and vivid perception of every object beneath me. Oh! what an Arcadian landscape was revealed to my delighted eyes! Not a patch of land was uncultivated; beneath me lay outstretched a boundless garden, interspersed with sylvan meadows, pastured by innumerable flocks and herds. On all sides were seen numerous parties travelling to visit their friends, or enjoy the beauties of the country; countless were the social assemblages whose merry tones resounded through the air, as they sat beneath the trees, enjoying their frugal repast; while whole villages were collected in the open places, celebrating their rural sports and pastimes, or dancing to the renovated pipe and tabor.

"What national festival is this," I inquired, "to which the people abandon themselves with such an universal joyousness?"

"It is the most solemn, and at the same time the most cheerful, of all festivals—the Sabbath. I told thee that the spirit of Religion, freed from the shackles that impeded its diffusion, had spread itself over the land more widely and deeply than ever; scarcely dost thou see a single individual who hath not participated in public or private worship; and that duty being performed, they believe themselves to be offering a different, though not less acceptable homage to the God of all goodness, when they dedicate a portion of the day to social happiness and innocent amusement. That their ancestors should have thought to propitiate the creator by the mortification and misery of the creature, seems to them a lamentable mistake, little short of impiety."

After witnessing so marvellous a change, I was a little surprised at learning, in answer to my inquiries, that the Game Laws already condemned by public opinion at the time of my death, had been totally repealed a few years afterwards; but great, indeed, was my amazement when, in reply to my inquiry, what had become of the extensive parks and stately mansions, with which every county used to be embellished, my companion said,

"The law of primogeniture and entail having been found equally detrimental to the happiness of families, the improvement of the land, and consequently to the welfare of the community, was abolished many years ago. The parks, therefore, have been divided into farms; some of the mansions have furnished materials for substantial cottages, while others have been converted into hospitals, schools, or charitable establishments."

"Alas, alas!" cried I, with a groan, "if titles and estates are no longer hereditary, if our magnates no longer live in embellished palaces, what is to become of the arts, and where are we to look for the proofs of English civilisation?"

"Thou speakest the language of a by-gone age. Sumptuous architecture, painted canvas, sculptured marble, the proofs of a merely material civilisation, have the evil tendencies of paupering to vanity, of exciting envy, of rendering more painfully conspicuous the contrast, where one class is revelling in the luxuries, while another and much larger is struggling for the necessities of existence. England can now claim the much higher pre-eminence of a moral civilisation, evidenced in a more equal distribution of property in the general diffusion of education, in the extension of the greatest happiness to the greatest number of the people, and in the consequent peace and prosperity of the whole nation. If asked to show the triumphs of her architecture, she points, not to palaces, but to the substantial combinations of grace and comfort which have been substituted over the whole land, for the miserable hovels of former days. If challenged to produce her paintings, she points to the ruddy cheeks of her poorest peasants and artisans, and the smiling looks that make them living pictures of health and happiness. If her statuary productions be demanded, she points to the vigorous thews and sinews, and to the forms of healthy symmetry, which have replaced the stunted and attenuated figures of her former labourers and artisans."

"And to what," I demanded, half breathless with amazement at the wonders I had heard, "to what may we attribute such strange revolutions, effected in the comparatively short space of a single century?"

"Principally to the establishment of Free Trade in England; an example which was speedily followed by the rest of Europe. Such were the advantages derived from an unrestricted interchange of their products, giving to every country the benefit of every climate, and of the universal industry of mankind, that the nations entered into a general confederacy for the preservation of peace. Secured, by a sense of their respective interests, from all chances of war, they agreed to disband their armies and dismantle their fleets, appropriating a portion of the large expenditure thus saved, to the establishment of schools in every parish, and the endowment of charitable institutions. Such have been the sources of the miracles you have witnessed."

"And were not the Free Traders and Protectionists deeply mortified when these results first began to manifest themselves?"

"For such feeling they had no ground whatever. Their opposition to the innovating measures had been founded on conscientious convictions and patriotic motives. They were wrong; and what mortal is unerring in his judgment? but they were the first to acknowledge their mistake—the first to hold out the right hand of brotherhood and reconciliation to their opponents; the first to unite with them in making the new order of things as extensively conducive as possible to the prosperity of their common country."

"Magnanimous conduct, and right worthy of the party!" was my ejaculation. "And now, most gracious guide! tell me, I implore thee, whether our sister island, delivered by a beneficent blight from the accursed root which dooms its cultivators to a life of savageness, has assumed that proud position among the nations, which the kindness of nature so manifestly—"

"Mortal!" interposed my companion, "I may no longer tarry, no longer answer to thy questionings. The hour for which I was commissioned to attend thee, according to thy dying prayer, is exhausted. I am called to other duties. My blessing be upon thee! Farewell!"

So saying, the speaker vanished rapidly into the upper air, leaving a train of light behind him, and at the same moment I heard the well-known sound of my hall-clock striking the hour; the fertile and festive scene upon which I had been gazing was no longer visible; I cast mine eyes around me, and lo! I was again sitting in my arm-chair, the candles were fitfully flaring in the socket, and the clicking fire, its own death-watch, was expiring in the grate!

Liberavi animam meam. I have disburdened my soul of its secret: frank and faithful has been my disclosure of all that was made manifest to me; and now remains the momentous question as to the nature of the mysterious visitant by whom it was revealed. Well may he be termed an Evangelist in one sense, for he was the bearer of good tidings; but were his conjurings the coming events that cast their shadows before, or were they of affinity with the illusions of the tricksome Ariel? Was he kindred with the Agatho-demon which haunted the philosophic reveries of Socrates; or rather with the evil spirit that tempted and seduced the knowledge-seeking Faustus? Oh, gentle and compassionate reader! aid me in this dire perplexity. Thou hast heard my case; pronounce thy verdict, and I will bow to the decision.

IRELAND AND THE POTATO BLIGHT.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

As the first apple cursed mankind,
 And to a world, for bliss design'd,
 Brought sin, and death, and fear in;
 So did the first Potato root
 Entail—(), lamentable fruit!
 The fall of smiling Erin.

Red Indians! whom our liquid fire*
 Hath sorely wasted with its dire
 And poison'd devastation,
 Well were your wrongs avenged, when first
 Your land consign'd this root accursed
 For Ireland's cultivation.

Dear to the Celt, unused to toil,
 Was food that needed little soil,
 No money, skill, or labour.
 Each on his own Potato plot
 Soon huddled up a pig-sty cot,
 Each married like his neighbour.

Sons aped their sires: fee-loving priests
 Were stimulants to marriage feasts,
 Not stern Malthusian Catos;
 And fearful was the human growth
 That sprang from poverty and sloth,
 Mud-hovels, and potatoes.

Now came the fierce Agrarian strife;
 As every rood of land was life,
 The want of it starvation,
 Landlords, their gains in absence spent,
 Smote, year by year, with higher rent,
 A poorer population.

Squatters—intruders driven out,
 Organised murder with a rout
 Of desperadoes savage;
 No wonder that the wealthy fled
 From homes unsafe and constant dread
 Of sanguinary ravage.

No factory expands its door
 To surplus crowds;—wealth shuns a shore
 Of insecure confusion:

* The Indians give to our ardent spirits the name of Fire-water.

Thus, in Round-Robin form, does Time
Write Erin's tale—want leads to crime,
Crime deepens destitution.

Unions where hunger marries thirst,
Land struggles, and the food accursed
That bars civilisation,
These are the truly Celtic cause
Of Celtic woes ;—not Saxon laws,
Nor Saxon domination.

But darker fate impends, for lo !
The people's food, the root of woe,
With wide decay is blighted ;
A famine fear appals the land,
Mute—paralysed its victims stand,
Bewilder'd and affrighted.

"England's distress," was once the cry,
"Is Erin's opportunity
For spurning her alliance."
Now Erin prostrate lies and weak,
And what revenge does England seek
For menace and defiance ?

Her ships, her granaries, her stores,
Heap sustenance on Erin's shores,
Without delay or measure ;
While, for her millions to provide,
Her purse, assail'd on every side,
Outpours uncounted treasure.

Lives there a Naxon, though his need
Be tax'd to pay the generous deed,
Who grudges this profusion ?
Not one !—with ready heart and hand,
Proud are the poorest in the land,
To share the contribution.

Yet may the gravest, most austere,
A smile commingle with the tear
That mourns her strange infliction,
When in the smitten land he sees
Such puzzling inconsistencies,
Such scenes of contradiction.

While wretches whom a mite would save,
Sink starved and unaided, to the grave,
In Erin's famine era,
O'Connell's tribute fund is piled
With gold, to prosecute a wild,
Impossible chimæra.

"Union with Britain," millions cry,
"Gives us a right to claim supply,
Are we not all one nation ?"

Hoarse with this cry, the self-same throats
Will bellow in still louder notes,
“Hurrah! for Separation.”

Dear sister Isle! be hopeful, calm,
Thy poison blight contains a balm,
Thy curse a future blessing;
For Ceres o'er each teeming plain
Shall flourish, thy Potato bane
No more the soil possessing.

Then shall internal discords cease,
Then shall the civil arts of Peace
Dispense a wide abundance.
Wealth on thy shores shall pour her stream,
And Factories thy land redeem
From populous redundancy.

O, Gentlemen of Erin! ye
Who to each foreign city flee,
Where pleasure's voice entices,
Home! and devote head, heart, and hand
To guide and aid your native land
In this transition crisis.

Ye Bards who blazon fancied wrongs,
Perverting in seditious songs,
The power with which ye're gifted,
O, sing in truer patriot mood,
How peace and plenty may be woo'd,
And Erin be uplifted.

Erin, old Ocean's gem and pride,
With sons brave, hardy, qualified
For man's most lofty mission,
With daughters chaste, and good as fair,
Was meant by nature for a rare
And world-admired position.

Men of each party, sect, and line,
Saxon or Celt! let all combine
To work this consummation.
And Thou, O, God of Goodness! heed
With gracious ear our prayer and speed,
Erin's regeneration!

“LUCRETIA.”—BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.*

THE publication of a work of remarkable interest and power, by the greatest living English novelist, after a lapse of four years, since the author has appeared as a writer of fiction, has naturally caused a great sensation in the world of letters. Amid the anxiety of some, the enthusiasm of others, and the curiosity of all, the cry of a few critical detractors has not failed to make itself heard, and that in a tone of malevolence which demands a word or two of comment.

Considering it as a fact established by all precedent, that it is in the portraiture of gigantic crime that the poet has rightly found his sphere, and fulfilled his destiny of teacher, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has, under the title of “*Lucretia; or, the Children of Night*,” given the history of two criminals who lived in our own age, and whose crimes, incredible as it may seem, actually took place within the last seventeen years. While delineating the profound knowledge and intellectual capacities of one criminal, and the glittering accomplishments of the other, with no exaggeration in the extent of the crimes, little departure from the details, the means employed having also their foundation in facts, the author insists in eloquent and impressive language, that the moral to be drawn from such pictures is, that the greatest friend to man is labour, that knowledge (and he might have added wealth) without toil is worthless, and that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth, the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed—in a word, that “*Labour and Patience are the true schoolmasters on earth.*”

“All that romance which our own time affords,” says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, “is not more the romance than the philosophy of the time. Tragedy never quits the world—it surrounds us everywhere. We have but to look, wakeful and vigilant, abroad—and from the age of Pelops to that of Borgia, the same crimes, though under different garbs, will stalk on our paths. Each age comprehends in itself specimens of every virtue and every vice, which has ever inspired our love, or moved our horror.”

Yet it is in the face of these great facts, here so ably set forth, that a class of bad critics ever yearning for temporary applause at the expense of honesty and justice, have denounced the book as “a bad book and of a bad school,” stigmatised it as a “revolting” picture of human crime and human suffering, and forgetful of the common decencies of Christian as well as of literary decorum, have called upon the Deity to brand the purpose of the work, so as to deter men from holding communication with such productions, and to cause this kind of literature to perish.

To such miserable demagogues it would be sufficient to oppose the intentions and purposes of the author, as announced by himself; but a principle is involved in the admirable wishes of the critic so charitably expressed, which must be placed in its proper light. If the vituperative writer really considered Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to be in error when he stated that the sphere of great poets and novelists as teachers, was essentially

* *Lucretia; or, the Children of Night*. By the Author of *Rienzi*, &c. &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otteley.

connected with the portraiture of crime, he should have demonstrated the fallacy of the statement by argument or by proof. Failing to do this, his charge utterly falls to the ground.

From the days of Chaucer, who, in his eloquent description of death by poison, says,

Ev'ry lacert in his breast adown,
Is silent with venom and corruption—

to the present day, the tragic drama and the epic will be found to be based on crime, as opposed to goodness, or, on vice, as brought into contrast with virtue. This principle is equally characteristic of the romance. The direction and objects of the latter have admitted of greater latitude than the tragic drama. But it is still the same thing. A story of any kind must always derive its main interest from the triumph of good over evil, or the successful war waged by virtue against vice.

The injustice of attaching to any living novelist the foundation of a school of crime, must be manifest to any one of the slightest reading. That such a stigma is so attached for party purposes is evident from this one fact, that while "a tale of English low life of vice, wretchedness, and misery" (we use the critic's words), "of one living novelist are said to be drawn with the truth and vigour of Crabbe, another is condemned for painting ghastly and hideous details of human suffering." This is dishonest criticism, for what is praised in the one is condemned in the other. When the critic asserts that it was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton who first introduced what has been stigmatised as "thieves' literature" into the novel, either he must have been unacquainted with Head's "English Rogue," Luna's "Lazarillo de Tormes," "Guzman's D'Alfarache," Quevedo's "Paul the Sharper," Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," and a whole host of other tales of a similar class, or he must have penned the statement, which he knew to be false, to suit a purpose.

A weekly journal, celebrated for its knowledge of all that is psychological and æsthetic (what an affected, repulsive word, says the gallant author of "Canada and the Canadians"), pronounces, in its usual dogmatic tone, against which there is no appeal, that "Lucretia" does not belong to *psychological fiction*. If the astute critic wishes to intimate that the work does not possess any principle of conduct or developments which have reference to the operations of *mind*, a more unfounded statement was never made. Never, perhaps, was the gradual preparation of the intellect for crime, and the mysterious workings of passion to effect its object, more searchingly or more skilfully portrayed. The inconsistent critic himself speaks of "Lucretia" as "the intellectual criminal," and of the author as "a philosophical novelist," yet neither constitute, in his æsthetic ideas, the accessories of a psychological fiction.

A higher authority than the foregoing journal, intimates that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's novel "may have been penned with the purpose of deterring men from crime, and that the end, therefore, would be a good one, but that that is not a mooted question." According to this view of the subject, the lofty purpose of deterring men from crime is nothing, the objects of a novel are beneath consideration, the end sought for is too insignificant to dwell upon: it suffices that the author has sinned by depicting *dark pictures* to the world. As if light itself could be known but by contrast with darkness; good except by its contrast with evil;

perfection by its contrast with imperfection, and virtue by its contrast with vice.

Injustice is always inconsistent. The same critic, who, with unpardonable personality, traces these much reprobated *dark pictures* to the author's domestic afflictions, also ventures on such delicate grounds as to assert of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton that "*his is the opprobrium of having suggested, if not actually promoted, the corruption of a large proportion of our population.*" This would be truly a serious accusation if the bungling manner in which it is announced did not convert it into something farcical. The falsity of the statement has been already shown; but the inconsistency of an author being at one moment allowed to be writing to deter mankind from crime, and at another paraded as a stalking horror—a pestilential thing, that can spoil and corrupt half a nation attests such a confusion of intellect and ideas as to prevent the slightest importance being attached to the accusation.

But there is one more feature peculiar to this sanctimonious school of criticism too characteristic to be passed over, inasmuch as it attests in the most striking manner not only the hypocrisy but the dishonesty of criticism when so prostituted. It is that those very journals which croak loudest against fiction founded on crime, never fail to condense into their own pages as much as they possibly can of the reprobated matter, always indeed taking care to select the most obnoxious portions! This is upon a par with depreciating a merchant's bills in the market, and then using them to your own advantage. The honourable reviewer blames the public taste and then panders to it with the most uncompromising prostitution of his pages, and that to the most unblushing extent.

It is time, however, to pass from this worthless school of criticism to the splendid fiction itself, the outcry against which has called forth our indignation. This eventful history opens during the Reign of Terror in Paris, where we are introduced to the criminal, yet intellectual Oliver Dalibard, on the eve of conducting his young son Gabriel to witness the execution of his mother. This portentous beginning passes like a summer cloud, to give by its temporary shadow additional brightness to the glowing beauties of Laughton, the old English country seat of Sir Miles St. John, an aristocratic and wealthy squire, who dwells in that fine old mansion with his niece and presumptive heiress, Lucretia Clavering. Into this hitherto tranquil and unpolluted house, proud of its gallery of reproachless ancestors, and with an unstained escutcheon at its portals, the quondam friend of Robespierre, has obtained a footing as tutor to the young lady—a fiend destined to bring crime and ruin in his train.

The game now played between the two has terror in its suspense, and as an intermediate there is the boy Gabriel, nursed in profligacy and crime, but drawn to Lucretia by an indefinable instinct of similarity in many traits of their characters,—“the whelp-leopard sporting fearlessly round the she panther.” While Sir Miles on his own side is contemplating the fusion of Laughton Manor with Vernon Grange, by an union between the heiress and the gentlemanlike *roué* Charles Vernon, and Dalibard is maturing his Satanic schemes, on his part; Lucretia herself has given her wayward heart to William Mainwaring, a young man, of whom it is sufficient to say, that he is without ancestry or career.

The scene in which Moonbeam and Starbeam penetrate into that old

house to betray Lucretia's midnight ponderings over the death, which will enable her to bestow Laughton on her lover, and in which the same Moonbeam and Starbeam brood over a father disturbing his child's slumbers to claim his allegiance in crime, is one of the most poetical creations in modern literature:

With the assistance of Gabriel, Dalibard betrays to the proud old Sir Miles, his niece's clandestine correspondence with Mainwaring. By a skilfully developed contrivance, a letter is brought forth from a strange post office—an old historical oak in the manor—and that letter not only contains the secret of her love, but also her anxious yearnings for the death of her aged and confiding protector.

The old man does not long survive the discovery of that household perfidy to which “in all lands, in all ages, God's curse seems to cleave, and to God's curse man abandons it.” He dies soon after, and in his will he leaves the Laughton property to Charles Vernon, disinheriting Lucretia of all, save the sum of 10,000*l*. He also leaves the same sum to Susan Mivers a sister of Lucretia's by her mother's second nuptials, a marriage which being deemed a kind of *mésalliance*, by one so proud of family descent as Sir Miles, its offspring had never been recognised by him. To Olivier Dalibard, he leaves an annuity of 200*l*. a year, and to Gabriel 3000*l*. besides sundry other legacies, not forgetting the only friends who had proved themselves such to the last, his favourite dogs. It is further willed that the Laughton estate shall pass on the failure of Mr. Vernon's issue to the issue of Susan Mivers; next to that of Lucretia Clavering.

Mr. Vernon while so far seconding Sir Miles's views as to have been once a suitor for Lucretia's hand, no sooner obtains the property without the lady, than he weds a certain Mary for whom he has entertained a previous predilection. The issue of this marriage is three boys, one of whom, Percival by name, alone lives to grow up to manhood.

In a similar manner William Mainwaring, for a time led astray by the superior intelligence and indomitable will of Lucretia Clavering, in reality loves the more amiable and humble Susan Mivers, who has been brought up in the family of Mr. Fielden, a Hampshire vicar. By Dalibard's contrivance, Lucretia is made aware of the preference given by her lover for another, and nothing remains for the disinherited and cast-off young woman, but to give herself up to the disciple of intellect and crime, who has so steadily and so successfully through ruin and death, worked his way up to the goal of his ambition.

The scene changes to Paris. Olivier Dalibard is intimate with the First Consul, and becomes a main instrument in the detection of the conspiracy of the Chouans and of Georges Cadoudel. Dalibard has also a rich cousin, Bellanger by name, whose wealth he covets, and it is at this period that Lucretia, become initiated into the chemical secrets of her crafty husband, begins herself to dabble in the use of poisons. Bellanger removed out of the way there remained a widow, whose next object it becomes Dalibard's plan to make his own. But Lucretia must first be got rid of, and through the means of Gabriel she is warned of the fate that awaits her. Then comes the duel for life and death, intellect against intellect, husband against wife.

“That mute coma of horror! that suspense of two foes in the conflict of death, for the subtle prying eye of Olivier Dalibard sees that he himself is sus-

pected, further he shuns from sifting! Glance fastens on glance, and then hurries smilingly away. From the cup grins a skeleton, at the board warns a spectre. But how kind still the words, and how gentle the tone; and they lie down side by side in the marriage bed, brain plotting against brain, heart loathing heart. It is a duel of life and death, between those sworn through life and beyond death at the altar. But it is carried on with all the forms and courtesies of duel in the age of chivalry. No conjugal wrangling—no slip of the tongue; the oil is on the surface of the wave—the monsters in the hell of the abyss war invisibly below. At length a dull torpor creeps over the woman—she feels the taint in her veins—the slow victory is begun. What mattered all her vigilance and caution? Vainly glide from the pangs of the serpent, his very breath suffices to destroy! Pure seems the draught and wholesome the viand—that master of the science of murder needs not the means of the burgler!”

Then keen and strong from the creeping lethargy starts the fierce instinct of self, and the ruthless impulse of revenge. Lucretia before it is too late delivers up her husband to the Chouans. He is slain in his own study, and Gabriel is revenged for the murder of his mother.

Again the scene changes, and Lucretia is in England. She has taken to herself a second husband—a puritanical hypocrite by whom she has a son. Braddell the sectarian is not fit company for Lucretia, they quarrel, and Dalibard's chemistry is brought into successful operation, in removing the puritan who, however, at his death, consigned their only child to another care.

Meantime, Mainwaring and his wife have died, leaving one beautiful and innocent child Helen; of whom Lucretia claims the guardianship from the old vicar Fielden, and the serpent and the dove live together in the suburbs of London. Gabriel has turned artist, and is a frequent visitor at Madame Dalibard's, for she has again resumed that name.

Charles Vernon has also been committed to the family vault of the St. Johns, and Percival, the youthful heir, is passing a few weeks in the metropolis, while his mother is on the continent attending a sick relative, when he accidentally falls in with Helen, finds out the connexion that exists between his family and Madame Dalibard and her niece, and as a consequence of a first admiration, increased by subsequent intimacy, gives up his young affections to his deserving cousin. The plan of action adopted under these circumstances by Lucretia and Gabriel suggests itself at once. Remove the lovers, and nothing lies in the way of the succession to the Laughton property but the recovery of her long-lost son.

A new character is at the same time brought upon the stage. It is the poor, ragged street-sweeper, in whom the author takes so extraordinary an interest, and around whom he throws a veil of such genuine feeling and sympathy, that it requires no prophet to predict that street crossings will for some time to come be at a premium.

Poor Beck, the hero of the cross-way, dwells at the top of one of those settlements peculiar to the Alsacias of great cities. You go up a ladder and there is no door. There is one begrimed window just above the choked gutter, but rain and wind come in and so do the cats. As for the rats they hold the place as their own. “They were the mayors of that palace—he only *le roi fainéant*.” On the floor beneath dwells Nicholas Grabman, attorney-at-law, again beneath that a choleric

resurrectionist, and on the ground-floor Bill the cracksman. Gabriel is taken to this fearful habitation in search of Grabman, who is employed in the discovery of Lucretia's lost son. Unfortunately, the artist disturbs the body-snatcher in his inquiries, and this leads to a scene of fierce recrimination, which terminates prophetically, of a future and terrible meeting.

The progress of affection, meanwhile, between natures like those of Percival and Helen, favoured by free and constant intercourse, is naturally rapid. Madame Dalibard has her chair rolled to the window, whence she can contemplate the young couple as they walk hand-in-hand round the small demesnes. For Lucretia has had a paralytic seizure, and still full of vital energy, mobile and restless as a serpent, she is condemned to helpless decrepitude, "a cripple's impotence, and a Titan's will!"

Urged on by Gabriel, who has anticipated part of Helen's legacy, secret and deadly agents are already at work. The bloom forsakes the maiden's cheek, torpor creeps over her frame, a premature decay invades mind and body. Physicians are called in by her anxious lover with no advantage, and at length it is resolved that the maiden and her aunt shall be removed to Laughton for the benefit of change of air and scene. Beck, the *ci-devant* sweep, accompanies Percival in the character of a domestic, and becomes accidentally witness, in the dead of night, of a strange apparition, no less than the "waking of the serpent."

"The helpless, paralysed cripple rose—was on her feet—tall, elastic, erect! It was as a resurrection from the grave. Never was change more startling than that simple action effected—not in the form alone, but the whole character of the face. The solitary light streamed upward on a countenance, on every line of which spoke sinister power and strong resolve. If you had ever seen her before, in her false, crippled state, prostrate and helpless, and could have seen her then—those eyes, if haggard still, now full of life and vigour—that frame, if spare, towering aloft in commanding stature, perfect in its proportions as a Grecian image of Nemesis—your amazement would have merged into terror, so preternatural did the transformation appear! so did aspect and bearing contradict the very character of her sex, uniting the two elements, most formidable in man as in fiend—wickedness and power!"

It can be readily imagined, that if a ghost had risen from the dead, it could scarcely have appalled the poor lad more. But the grateful affection that adorned this poor creature's nature, lifts him for the moment out of himself, and he resolves to watch the meaning of these strange midnight rambles of the crippled and the paralytic. The result is the detection of the criminal practices of the infamous Lucretia, too late, however, to save Helen, who falls a sad victim to her unsparing purpose, and the detection itself effected at the price of the poisoner's lost son's life, for finding herself discovered by the boy's agency, this modern Medea inflicts a death-wound by means of a ring, the fatal results of which are untold, before the friendless sweep is ascertained to be the child of the Sectarian Braddell.

It is needless to say that such a discovery brings with it the severest punishment of crime, and that the prophecy of the resurrectionist, that he shall be chained to the artist, is literally fulfilled. It is a sad picture of crime and its inevitable consequences, but never has the public had such

a history presented to it in more eloquent or powerful language, or characterised by more profound sympathy for mankind.

The career of Lucretia might be deemed too thickly strewn with crime, but past history tells us that such is one of the inevitable results of secret poisoning. the very idea of which—that is to say, of a poison which can be administered imperceptibly, and which gradually shortens life like a lingering disease—is one of so fearful and so comprehensive a character—so suggestive of mysterious power of unlimited application, and of unforeseen danger—that it is not to be wondered at, that it has so long attracted the attention of the scientific, or that it has so frequently roused the feelings of the poet and the philosopher, always ready in their wide-embracing sympathies to soften the struggles of man against man, by a more genial and Christian-like humanity.

This most cowardly of all modes of attack or of revenge, appears to have been in use, indeed, among all nations, and from all times. The discovery of venomous properties of certain plants was probably almost coeval with that of their alimentary qualities. Nature has given to herbivorous animals the instinct of a difference which, calculated to be a most valuable gift, or a fell curse to man, can only be arrived at by him by experience. The Babylonians and Assyrians of old wore talismans to protect themselves against the action of poison, and Avicenna tells us that the Egyptian kings often employed the deadliest drugs. All savages are more or less acquainted with the use of poisons, and they are still much in use among many eastern nations. It is well known that they were also in use among the Greeks and Romans, and that also to a very remarkable extent. Thus, for example, we learn from Pliny, that about two hundred years before the Christian era, above a hundred and fifty ladies of the first families were convicted of poisoning, and punished for the crime. Locusta not only practised poisoning for the benefit of the Cæsars, but was allowed to instruct pupils openly in the art.

The art was, however, never employed to so great an extent, and with such fatal success as in the seventeenth century in Italy and France. When the infamous Tophania, or Tufania, was put to the rack, she confessed to having caused the death of not less than 600 persons. The almost equally infamous practices of the French Medea, Madame de Brinvilliers, suggested the creation of a particular court called the *Chambre de Poison*, or *Chambre Ardente*, for watching, searching after, and punishing poisoners. Many persons of both sexes of the highest rank were implicated by this institution, till becoming itself a political inquisition it was put an end to. The Abbé Gagliani, who was consulted on the occasion of the supposed poisoning of the dauphin, father of Louis XVI., and of the dauphiness, said that there was not at that time a lady at Naples who had not a bottle of aqua di Tufania on her toilet. The celebrated "*poudre de succession*" was probably not less extensively used.

It is very easy to be sceptical as to the existence of slowly acting poisons, or to ridicule, as Voltaire did, the possible bad effects of diamond dust, the supposed basis of the powder of succession; but the researches of modern physicians have shown that there is as certain a slow but inevitable death in grinding stones and metals without ventilation,* as there is in the

* Dr. Calvert Holland, on Diseases of the Lungs from Mechanical Causes. London, 1844.

long use of certain mineral paints under equally unfavourable circumstances. Observations on the bodies of persons destroyed by slow poisons, have not yet been published in sufficient number to establish a sound basis of investigation. It is an axiom of medical jurisprudence that the professional man cannot affirm poisoning without attesting the presence of poisoning; any other testimonies that he can give are only so many more or less convincing probabilities. This is a very inefficient state of medical science, when it has to rely upon toxicology solely to attest the cause of death. In ancient times, when a few narcotic plants, such as aconite, hemlock, and poppy, or the more subtle ink of the aplysia, were the chief poisonous substances used, or in more modern times, when the neutral salts of arsenic, or solutions of opium and cantharides, constituted the preparations chiefly in use in France and Italy, such means were adequate for detection; but they are no longer so, when the modes of the extraction of the alkaline and other extracts of poisonous plants, and the preservation by trituration of active powers in the decillioneth of a grain, and all the other numerous and varied discoveries in chemical science, can all be brought, in the wake of the more mysterious powers derived from animal magnetism, to produce the same ominous results.

In all times the secret has lain as much in the mode of preparation, as in the thing prepared. Hence it is that secrets of this kind have generally been confined to a few individuals. Aurengzebe caused one of his sons to be poisoned by merely letting the water which he drank in the day stand at night over juice of poppies. Water so prepared is said to be called in India powst. The Aqua Tufania was also tasteless, and limpid as rock water. There must, therefore, have been considerable skill used in the preparation of at least certain varieties of that renowned poison. The adulteration of a food is a frequent cause of slow poisonings. Bread is sometimes adulterated by most pernicious substances, as sulphate of copper, alum, and carbonate of potash. The oil of olives is adulterated with that of poisonous plants. Beer, wine, and spirits, are more frequently adulterated by poisonous substances than any other articles of consumption. A physician lately nearly lost his whole family in this country, by the use of a leaden cistern. It is evident then, notwithstanding the scepticism of some, that if persons can be slowly poisoned accidentally, they can also be so destroyed in a similar manner intentionally.

When it is impossible, then, to blind ourselves to the existence of crime from all times, and to the fact of the occasional strange and obscure paths which it pursues in order to attain its objects, when we see that the very progress of knowledge (as we have witnessed in modern instances in this country), may be made subservient to crime, and that intellect itself may be for good or bad, as it is properly or improperly directed and guided; can there be a higher object for the novelist while he amuses and interests, than to expose the sources and development of evil in contradistinction to the good, and to depict, with an iron pen, the sure chastisement that awaits all deviations from the paths of righteousness and honour?

Such an end has Sir E. Bulwer Lytton accomplished in his last great work, "*Lucretia*."

LITERATURE.

NATURAL SCENERY OF NEW ZEALAND.*

It is but a very few years since the celebrated geographer, Charles Ritter, said of New Zealand "that it is a section of the globe where nature has indeed been bountiful, nay, lavish of her choicest gifts, in return for which, however, mankind has hitherto done nothing, beyond the country's first discovery, or rather has abused these gifts in various ways." Since that time, however, government and colonial settlements have been established at various points; the axe and the plough are following fast in the van of missionary zeal into the innermost districts of the northern island; the resources of the country are pretty well known, and with the exception of a few draw-backs always attendant upon a young colonisation, quarrels with the warlike natives, and colonial and government misunderstandings and jealousies, the progress of a permanent and successful civilisation is steady and certain, and the time may be said to be already on the wing, when these harbour-rich islands, which exceed in width the Italian peninsula, and equal in surface England and Scotland conjointly, with a magnificent climate and unbounded fertility of soil, with a richly endowed vegetation and an animal kingdom that bears an idyllic character containing neither beast of prey nor venomous reptiles, shall fulfill its apparent destiny and become the seat of dominion of a great naval power—the Britannia of the Southern Hemisphere.

It is truly delightful to turn from ever-recurring and prolix details concerning rivers and harbours, the superior claims of Wellington or Auckland, debated lands, the wrongs of the Aborigines, the difficulties of colonists, the probable extinction of the whale-fishery, and questions of imports and exports, to accompany Mr. Angas in his wanderings amid savage life and scenes, and to contemplate without the anxiety of a colonist or the prejudice of an official, the natural scenery and peculiar aspect of a country modelled by the Great Creator with a richness of contrasted configuration and a luxuriance of vegetative power almost unequalled.

At the entrance of Cook's Straits, Mount Egmont lifts its crown of perpetual snow like a haughty beacon 8839 feet above the blue Pacific. Beyond this a picturesque and beautiful bay reveals itself backed by thickly wooded mountains, and enlivened with the wooden houses of the settlers. This is Wellington, which now contains three thousand inhabitants, many of whom it appears are of a very miscellaneous class. Several vessels lay at anchor in the bay, and Mr. Angas acknowledges that the appearance of the town from the anchorage was more imposing than he had anticipated. A perfect idea can be obtained both of town and harbour from the sketch in the Hon. H. W. Petre's little book on New Zealand. From Wellington Mr. Angas proceeded on foot, through the virgin forest, knee deep in mud, to Peruvia harbour. We wish we

* *Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand*: being an artist's impressions of countries and people at the Antipodes, with numerous illustrations. By George French Angas. 2 vols. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

could have extracted his descriptions of these damp and windless twilight solitudes, with their pines of gigantic growth, their beautiful tree-ferns and their palms, clothed not only with their own ever-green foliage, but with innumerable parasitical plants, ferns, mosses, and orchidæ which climb up to their very summits. Mr. Angas' pencil has however done more justice to such a scene, than any description could do. "Cloudy Bay" brings with it an account of the whaling establishment of "Jordy Thoms," one of those extraordinary men who appear to be marked out by providence as the pioneers of civilisation.

Mr. Angas sailed along this fine but boisterous coast (and there is every reason to believe that both winds and rains will diminish as the vast forests are cleared away) from Port Nicholson to Auckland, which he esteems over Wellington, from its possessing a good harbour, a more genial climate, and cultivable lands. The fact is, however, that Port Nicholson appears to be by position, the harbour, Auckland the capital, of this promising colony. Auckland stands, however, upon volcanic ground, and may be liable to catastrophes.

Coming from Australia, the different colour of the New Zealand landscape, produced by the distinct character of its vegetation, at once strikes the eye of the beholder. The glaucous hue of the former with its eucalypti, acaciæ, and casuarinæ, is here exchanged for forests of a perpetual dark and glossy green; the open land constantly intervening is tinged with a russet-brown hue by the ferns which cover it, and excepting a species of long rush-like sedge abundant in the margins of waters by the total absence of grasses. The celebrated New Zealand flax, it is to be remarked, grows in every direction amongst the open fern-land.

As we regretted not being able to follow our author in his descriptions so we still more regret our inability to follow him in his wanderings in the interior of the northern island. Travelling in New Zealand is very different from travelling in Australia, where the open nature of the country enables one to ride for hundreds of miles in almost any direction; in New Zealand the traveller must go on foot, and so dense and extensive are many of the mountain forests, that he has to cut or force his way through them, whilst the frequent precipices, swamps, and rivers offer obstacles to his progress that require some ingenuity to overcome.

It is true that in matters of detail Mr. Angas will not bear comparison for a moment with Dr. Deffenbach; but still his descriptions are so natural and unaffected, his desire to relate all that he saw and witnessed in the clearest manner, is so praiseworthy, that his work will be read both with interest and satisfaction. His visit to the great volcano of Tongariro with its boiling springs and treacherous surface which has been known to engulf for ever a whole dancing party of natives, and to the great interior lakes, is especially curious. His accounts of missionary settlements far away in the remote parts of the island are most affecting. In fact what between Pahs and Tapus, clothing and feeding, wild pigs and parrots, carved and painted houses, and sweet reminiscences of home in daisies and violets growing in a land where the fuschia is as common as brambles, there is wherewith to afford entertainment and instruction to all. It is only to be regretted that we have not some adventurous traveller who will make known the interior of the southern island to us.

FATHER EUSTACE.*

AMONG all the various methods pursued by the Jesuits to attain their objects, the one depicted by Mrs. Trollope in this remarkable tale surpasses every thing we have heard of. The relations of Saint Francis de Sales and of Madame de Chantel are easily understood, and might have originated undesignedly, but nuns of the sacred heart, converted into ladies of the world, and conspiring Jesuits into old gentlemen of peculiarly finished manners, commanding intellect, and the most kind and courteous demeanour, are quite new. Imagine further a youth, possessed of beauty, personal grace of every species and description, an expressive smile, a sweet-toned voice and great talent for music—a favourite decoy with the Jesuits—nurtured in the great doctrine of impassible obedience, of the children of Loyola; called before his general, the far-famed Scaviatoli, to receive a mission which is no less than the moral and religious seduction of the heiress to a large English landed property—to convert Juliana de Morley to the Roman Catholic faith, and then to obtain such influence over her as may induce her to become a nun, and bestow her large possessions upon the most holy company of Jesus.

The project certainly does not present great facilities if pursued in the ordinary way, but the path of the Jesuits is a tortuous one, so much so as sometimes, and in the present case, for example, to fail from its very refinement. The remote country neighbourhood of Cuthbert Castle is thrown into an ecstasy of delight by the arrival of a young gentleman of most prepossessing appearance and manners, who hires a fishing-box, keeps his hunters, and maintains a good establishment. It is natural to suppose that a person of such an appearance and such innocent purposes as Edward Stormont, Esq., should be at once admitted into society, but the young and fashionable man is in reality Father Eustace, one of the peculiar instruments used by Jesuitical generalship.

The operations of the young monk after he has once got a friendly footing in the castle are much facilitated by circumstances connected with Juliana's father's decease, old Mr. de Morley having lived and died in the Roman Catholic faith, by an organ and a private oratory, the latter an ancient privilege of the De Morley's, and by an old housekeeper who facilitates secret interviews and chapel meetings, as she imagines in the simple cause of the religious persuasion to which she is attached.

Educated, however, as the miserable young man was to his task, and nerved to the trial, by his bigoted faith and his blind belief in the all-saving righteousness of slavish obedience to his superiors, still the principles instilled gave way before the beauty, the goodness, and the ingenuousness of his intended victim, nature triumphed over art, and he loved her and was beloved in return.

General Scaviatoli had, however, anticipated such an event, and he had committed to the care of the young father a sealed packet, which was only to be sent to its address when he should feel himself not only in love but beloved, in such a sort as might render the task he had to perform if not more difficult at least more painful.

The transmission of this packet to its destination, in accordance with that perfect obedience which is the Jesuitical law, brings into the field William Mills, Esq., *alias* Father Edgar, and Mrs. Vavator, *alias* Sister Agatha.

* *Father Eustace. a Tale of the Jesuits.* By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

It is not our purpose to follow out here the principle of conduct laid down by these more experienced persons for the young man to follow, in order to arrive at the desirable end. They are so peculiarly Jesuitical that we must fain leave them to the reader's curiosity. Suffice it, that love and principle gain the upper hand with Father Eustace, he does not sacrifice his victim, but flies to Rome, where, after suffering punishment for his want of obedience to the law, he becomes a convert to the more Catholic doctrine founded on the Gospel. As to the worthy Mr. Mills and his amiable sweetmeat-devouring companion, Mrs. Vavasour, after conspiring against a little by-play matrimonial affair, by the basest calumny, they are obliged to quit the scene of their temporary operations and miserable intrigues in disgrace.

We do not know what may be the feelings entertained by many as to the probabilities of this extraordinary Jesuitical story, but it is impossible to peruse it and not feel that the care and power thrown into it attest that there has been much study and investigation employed, and that there must be some groundwork for the details. Mrs. Trollope has, indeed, seldom been less herself—that is to say, lightly descriptive, biting, and epigrammatic—she is here neither frivolous nor humorous, she seems to have felt that she had a great and very serious subject in hand, and she labours in the development of the great struggle between religion, obedience, and passion, with an earnestness of purpose that is alone suited to the character and details of this sad but eventful history.

THE SIKHS.*

THE history of Guru Nanuk, the founder of the Sikh religion and nationality, possesses great interest to every reflective mind, from the analogy which it bears to other creeds and the powers that have grown out of them. The birth of the future prophet was described as miraculous. He was the gift of a fakir, and his intellect was precocious. He became a teacher at eleven years of age, and had followers as a mere boy. His doctrines, like those of Mohammed, were pure Deism. It remained to his followers, as with the Mohammedans, to deify their leader. As Mohammed's first object was to reconcile corrupt forms of Christianity with Deism, so it was Nanuk's to conciliate Hindoos and Mussulmans and to inculcate general peace. Nanuk was naturally of a very pious disposition. It is related by Malcolm, that on his visit to Mecca a Mullah said to him, "How darest thou, infidel, turn thy feet towards the house of God?" "Turn them, if you can," replied the indignant Nanuk, "in a direction where the house of God is not." Nanuk's notions of the Deity, were, as Dr. McGregor justly remarks, sublime.

"A hundred thousand of Mohammeds, a million of Brahmans, Vishnus and a hundred thousand Ramas, stand at the gate of the Most High; these all perish. God, alone, is immortal. Yet men, who unite in the praise of God, are not ashamed of living in contention with each other, which proves that the evil spirit has subdued all. He alone is a good Mussulman whose life is pure."

The peaceful tenets inculcated by Nanuk, form a striking contrast to

* The History of the Sikhs; containing the Lives of the Gooroos; the History of the Independent Sirdars, or Missuls, and the Life of the Great Founder of the Sikh Monarchy, Maharajah Runjeet Singh. By W. L. McGregor, M.D., Surgeon 1st G. B. Fusiliers. 2 vols. Madden and Co.

the present warlike and quarrelsome habits of the Sikhs, but the change as with Mohammed, did not arise so much from the will of the teacher, as from the force of circumstances. Light the train of rivalry in commerce, in learning, in civilisation, and the race may be earnest, yet seldom destructive of life; but fire the train of religious opposition, and nothing will extinguish the conflagration raised but a sea of blood.

Mohammed had four successors who were sanctified as Imams before a fifth broke up the faith into the rival sects of Shi'ahs and Sunnis. Nanuk had nine successors, styled Gurus, or teachers, before a tenth, Guru Govind, changed the original doctrine, and with it the morality of the new people. The power of the Gurus had, however, till the time of Govind, been more of a spiritual than of a temporal character, and it was the warlike character and feats of Govind that gave to it that development which afterwards attained its maximum under the renowned Maharajah Runjeet Singh. The life of the founder of the Sikh monarchy is well known to English readers through "*Prinsep's Life*," compiled from records obtained by the late Captain Murray and the present Sir C. M. Wade. Dr. McGregor has, however, written the same history over again, and at length, from a history kept by a Mussulman family in the Punjab, natives of Wittala, and carefully translated from the work rendered into Urdu or Oordoo, by a certain Abdulashah.

The history of the brief but eventful monarchy of the Sikhs is interesting, inasmuch as it exhibits from the commencement those symptoms of turbulence, discord, and incapacity, sure forerunners of decadence, which more than their hostility among themselves or wars with their more powerful neighbours, lead to the strongest surmises as to their future fate. Khurnick Singh, Runjeet's first successor, died of a broken heart. Nonehall, the second king, was killed by the accidental fall of a stone, and Shere Singh usurped the throne. The domestic warfare, so peculiar to the Sikhs, and carried on by a raneer or queen-dowager, shut up within a fortress on the one side and a popular sirdar on the other, with plotting ministers as go-betweens, commenced with this inauspicious usurpation. Shere Singh was killed by the followers of Ageet Singh or Scindinwalas, as they were called, who despatched at the same time his son and prime minister Dhyan Singh. Ageet Singh was, however, himself soon afterwards slain by a follower of Heera Singh's, who fought in favour of the young Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh. This was in the time of our war in Affghanistan. Three kings had thus disappeared in the short space of five years, and Heera Singh, who contributed most to placing the last child of Runjeet Singh on the throne, fell shortly afterwards a victim to the same anarchy, and his place of wuzeer was filled up by Juwaaheer Singh, who was slain almost immediately by the followers of Peshora Singh. After the death of Juwaaheer, who was brother of the queen-dowager, no one remained at the head of affairs at Lahore. Goolab Singh was at Jummoo, and the army, like the Prætorian guard of old, and the Turkish guard of the Khalifs, swayed every thing, and resolved to make war upon the British. Tej Singh, a sirdar of military talent, was forced to join the army, as was also Lall Singh, the queen-dowager's favourite. Goolab Singh kept aloof, but only for his own purposes. In November, 1845, the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, with the intention, as it is now known, of invading Calcutta, and they were met at Moodkee on the 11th of December. The British found in this their

first engagement with the Sikhs that they could not silence their artillery with their small field-pieces, and they were obliged to carry the field at the point of the bayonet. A junction having been effected between the division engaged at Moodkee and Sir John Littler's brigade, the enemy's entrenched camp at Feerozshah was attacked, as is now so well known, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, on the 21st of December, and the Sikhs, driven from that point, as a last resource, entrenched themselves at Sobraon, on the river. The gallant action of Sir H. Smith at Aliwal, and the combined attack upon Sobraon, led to the occupation of Lahore and to the dismemberment of the kingdom. Ghoolab Singh having been set up as independent monarch of the hills, Lahore having been left to the rane and the boy Dhuleep, and a tract south of the Beas having fallen to the victors. These arrangements have been already followed up by the revolt of Kashmir, and open resistance on the part of the governor of the fort of Kote Kangra. The fort has been reduced, while Ghoolab Singh is on his way supported by the English, to bring the Mohammedans of Kashmir into subjection.

"The battle of Sobraon," says Dr. M'Gregor, "may be justly termed 'the Waterloo' of India, it was the last, and one of the hardest contested, like that great and ever-memorable engagement, it completely broke the power of the foe." To those, indeed, who would wish to read a succinct and yet detailed account of that desperate conflict, and of the brilliant and sanguinary engagements which preceded it, we cannot too strongly recommend Dr. M'Gregor's narrative. It contains details of personal bravery and personal suffering not to be found elsewhere, and which will be most welcome to afflicted relatives and friends.

As to the present condition and future prospects of the British in the Punjab, Dr. M'Gregor describes them as full of difficulties and as ominous of war and disasters yet to come as it is possible to contemplate.

"The war-cry," he says, "has ceased for the present" (this was written before the revolt at Kashmir); "there is an ominous lull; the recollection of their loss weighs heavily on the Sikhs at this moment, and may continue to do so for some months, or even until the withdrawal of the British force which now garrisons at Lahore, but sooner or later the day must come when the British standard will be again unfurled, and the Indus and not the Beas become the frontier barrier of their possessions in the East."

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.*

ANY attempt to raise a very attractive class of publications, which are not, however, always possessed of high literary claims, into a more praiseworthy scope, without depriving them of those charms of novelty and grace which have so long secured them the public favour, is deserving of a hearty welcome. But when we look at what the two Cattermole have been able jointly to effect, we are filled with astonishment that a volume so splendid in its attire, so gorgeous and yet so chaste in its illustrations, and of such general literary and historical value, can be

* The Great Civil War of the Times of Charles I. and Cromwell. By the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D. With twenty-nine highly-finished engravings from drawings by George Cattermole, Esq. 4to. Fisher, Son, and Co.

issued at the same price as one of those gay but unsuggestive annuals, which almost come like butterflies out of season.

Twenty-nine beautiful designs, some of them among the most charming pictures that ever came from George Cattermole's pencil, are here made to illustrate the most eventful and chivalrous period of England's history—that of the Great Civil War. Whether it is the plundering of a Royalist's mansion, the Raising of the Standard or Colonel Pride at the House of Commons, there is everywhere the same excellence. The battle-pieces are admirable. Many will, no doubt, find that Charles is too much idealised, and Cromwell too vulgarised. But they are both historical portraits; and "Charles at Holderby," or "Cromwell with the Lawyers;" or, "Viewing the Body of the King," appear to us equally true and felicitous illustrations of what the expressions of the men would have been under such circumstances.

We can really say no more of this cheap publication, than that it would indicate a total want of taste on the part of the public not to appreciate the superiority attained by it, over that class of publications with which it professes to enter into competition.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR: OR, THE HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.

THERE is in the very idea of the "Highlanders in Spain," that which is suggestive of the "Romance of War." Brave regiments, with strong national feelings, a striking garb, and as much, if not more, *esprit de corps*, than any other troops of the line, they went forth into the arid plains and rocky Sierras of Spain; as chivalrous as they were gallant, as honourable as they were brave, and they bore away the palm of good conduct throughout that long and perilous campaign, the deeds and victories of which are unsurpassed in the annals of war.

Mr. Grant is just the spirited soldier fitted to narrate the feats of the Highlanders in Spain, and which he has further associated with a story of two young scions of Perthshire families whose ancestors had been at feud from time immemorial, but who appear to be destined to be reconciled by the trials of war, superadded to the equally strong claims of love and friendship. Unluckily, Mr. Grant leaves the fictional part of his narrative rather incomplete, and indeed he himself acknowledges that the use of such materials at all is a question of individual taste and predilection. The perils of the field and fight have been often made to aid fiction, but it is seldom that this orthodox order of connexion has been inverted, and that fiction has been called in to give an interest to the narrative of war. It certainly, however, requires no great sagacity to discriminate between the imaginary and the veritable historical and military details, and we must acknowledge that in what concerns the latter, we have seldom seen the lights and shades of military service more pleasantly depicted, nor what we cannot help considering to be the real romance of war—the stirring events of the great and protracted struggle in the Peninsula—more dashingly and picturesquely narrated.

* The Romance of War : or, the Highlanders in Spain. By James Grant, Esq., late 62nd regiment. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

THE ENGLISH MATRON.*

ALTHOUGH the character of the matron will naturally result from that of the girl—the early cultivation of her mind and the forming of her habits—still there are many, many things which it is of high importance to her happiness and welfare that she should also be made acquainted with. The work now before us and written in this view by the amiable and accomplished authoress of the “English Gentlewoman,” appears to contain exactly the kind of information most wanted by young married females, a knowledge of variety of tempers among men, the necessities of courtesy even in married life, the bad effects of dissipation of thought, the avoidance of ill speaking against a husband’s relatives and friends, and a deal of other sound and valuable advice, which we heartily recommend to those for whom it is intended.

ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.†

THIS is one of those richly-illustrated volumes in which sportsmen take a pride. The book is, indeed, lavishly adorned with engravings and highly-coloured plates. The latter are in the first style of art; and the actors, both men and horses, are evidently portraits, the character and features being well preserved throughout. British Field Sports are so nationally characteristic, and such a main attraction in this country, that their illustration well merits so attractive a garb.

This so-called “Analysis” is a real epitome of the science. Most amusing and anecdotic, it is still a serious and sober exposition of the essentials of a successful master, huntsman, whipper-in, or groom; all persons requiring attributes, both intellectual and physical, of a far higher order than is generally imagined. Even the farmer and the squire are not let off scot-free, and the not uncommon character sketched under the cognomen of Captain Shabbyhounds is justly exposed and chastised. Altogether, the “Analysis” is an amusing, clever, and sensible guide to the Hunting Field.

HERDSMEN AND TILLERS OF THE GROUND.‡

A SEASONABLE and unobjectionable illustrated volume for the young. The subject forms only part of an undertaking which is to embrace a descriptive history of the progress of civilisation as far as it can be made interesting to juvenile readers, in a series of sketches of the life of races existing at present in various stages of advancement. We should have thought that some notice of the Turkomans and Arabs should have preceded that of the Circassians.

* The English Matron. By the Authoress of “The English Gentlewoman.” Henry Colburn.

† The Analysis of the Hunting Field; being a series of sketches of the principal characters that compose one. The whole forming a slight Souvenir of the season. 1845—1846. With numerous illustrations, by H. Alken. Rudolf Ackermann.

‡ Herdsmen and Tillers of the Ground; or, Illustrations of Early Civilisation, By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Chapman and Hall.

MUSICAL ANNUALS.*

THE lover of music cannot complain that his affections meet with no sympathy. Here is variety and merit enough to suit the most difficult taste. In the ornamental, he may choose between the antique illuminations revived by the elegant taste of Mr. THOMAS MACKINLAY, of the house of D'ALMAINE and Co., Golden-square; the gorgeous scenes enacted in the times we live in, at Drury Lane under the auspices of that great magician, M. Jullien; or he may revel in the comic pleasantries and droll fun of Phiz, Meadows, Doyle, &c. &c. In music, he may choose between the fifty vocal and eighteen instrumental pieces given by the *Bijou*, or the thirty vocal and the fourteen instrumental given by JULLIEN, including many of that popular composer's new quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes, or he may at more moderate outlay put himself in possession of the songs of F. W. N. Bayley, set to music by Balfe, Wallace, Alexander Lee, &c. &c., in HURST'S ALMANACK. It would be vain to criticise subjects so varied. It is difficult, indeed, to give a notion of the taste and the expense that has been bestowed upon these beautiful musical annuals, nothing but a large sale can repay the enterprise of publishers and editors, and as the musical world is as large as it is honoured, we gladly call their attention to what has been done for their especial benefit and amusement at this opportune season.

MY OWN ANNUAL.†

THE claims of publications having a nearly similar object in view, must at this season of the year be equally perplexing to juvenile purchasers, or to more mature donors. These of "My Own Annual" are certainly very powerful. One hundred engravings illustrate cities of the East—Jerusalem, Damascus, and Alexandria; birds and beasts, and the farm-yard; Oxford and St. Paul's, Knole House and Fountain's Abbey; how people travel in Ireland and France; and delightful, well-told stories as the "Life of Tom Thumb," the "Ugly Little Duck," the "Spiteful Old Fairy," &c. &c. He must be a fainted-hearted cynic who will not acknowledge such claims, and he must be very low down indeed in his form whose heart does not pulsate at the mere announcement of such a pretty annual.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.‡

WORKS like this are well calculated to awaken and to keep alive proper sympathies in the young. While they learn that the toil of man is lessened, and that his wealth is increased by his dominion over the useful animals, they also learn to admire and respect an intelligent creature which is at once a laborious slave and a faithful friend. They learn to know

* The Musical *Bijou*, an Album of Music and Poetry for 1847. Edited by F. H. Burney. D'Almaine & Co.

Jullien's Musical Album for 1847. Jullien.

The Illustrated Musical Almanack; a visiting Table-Book and Drawing-Room Annual for 1847. Henry Hurst.

† My Own Annual: a Gift-Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Mark Merriwell. 100 Engravings. Chapman and Hall.

‡ The Horse and his Rider: or Sketches and Anecdotes of the Noble Quadruped, and of Equestrian Nations. By Rollo Springfield. Chapman and Hall.

and appreciate the graceful symmetry, the speed, vigour, docility, and endurance of a noble animal. They are taught to reflect upon the important part he has played in the history of our race, to practise humanity in his treatment, and if they have grateful and susceptible hearts, to think of the noble races of Nejed, Yemen, and Hejaz, with feelings nearly akin to those entertained by the poetic Arabs themselves.

DICKENS'S "BATTLE OF LIFE."

FIRST, by right of priority, and first by the unassailable right of superiority of taste and genius, it is still one thing to have been the originator of a class of works which, by the fourth year of their existence, have their dozens of imitations, and another to remain prince of the host; but in his peculiar path Mr. Dickens is inapproachable, and as yet unrivalled.

The actual battle-ground upon which the more humble battle of life is in after times to be fought, is beautifully described. No less interesting is the introduction to the orchard and old stone-house on that battle ground in which dwelt the philosophic Doctor Jedler and his pretty daughters, the sentimental Marion, and good-humoured Grace.

Then we have Alfred, the ward—the blameless cause of woe—a dark man, Michael Warden by name, but who lives to be reformed; Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs, gentlemen of the blue-bag, conscious of little or no separate or personal individuality to the infinite annoyance of their respective ladies; and last, but not least, the droll, but amiable, possessor of a nutmeg grater and a thimble, and her future spouse, and worthy owner of a way-side inn commemorative of those small articles of domestic economy. But these are all characters which will be so well known and so familiar to all our readers long before this notice will have appeared, that it is needless to dwell upon them. The artists, Maclise, Stanfield, Doyle, and Leech have well seconded Mr. Dickens's pen, and together they have produced a little Christmas book that will be read by thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are either beginning to struggle, or are actually struggling through the great Battle of Life.

THE YULE LOG.†

JUST the kind of half-goblin, half-real story, that is adapted for the Christmas fire-side, when youngsters are crowding round with that interesting terror which makes them afraid to look at their own shadows on the wall. Those who have been among the Puritans of America and witnessed the scorn and the contempt cast by them upon old English Christmas customs, as remnants of idolatry and paganism, will rejoice with us to see the increasing popularity which is being attained by these harmless and amusing little Christmas books—books which teach us still to love the yule log, to laugh under the misletoe, to quaff the wassail bowl, and to carol in the hearty measures of old English song, without the dread, that by adhering to such good old English customs we are losing our nationality, or sacrificing one proper principle or feeling.

* *The Battle of Life: a Love Story.* By Charles Dickens. Bradbury and Evans.

† *The Yule Log, for Every body's Christmas Hearth; showing where it grew, how it was cut and brought home, and how it was burnt.* By the Author of the "*Chronicles of the Bastile.*" Illustrated by George Cruikshank. T. C. Newby.

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.*

Not being personally initiated into the mysteries of Pocklington-square, or aught appertaining to it, we inquired of some friends, who have pretensions to that exalted region, if they were acquainted with any of the parties so graphically portrayed by Mr. Titmarsh, and especially with the great Mulligan. "Know him!" says one; "what, the Mulligan! quite well; met him last night at the Reform Club; jolly fellow, always free and easy; strong attraction between his fiery head and the north pole of the supper-table." "Poor Miss —," simpered a young lady to us, "what will she do when she finds herself exhibited as Miss B—— Bunion; oh, fie!" "I say," exclaimed a kind of deputy Mulligan, who always shakes our hand as if he were broaching a cask, "a pretty way Lord — is in; to be called 'wiggled, gouty, rouged, and wicked,' were nothing, but to be called 'Methuselah!' He has gone to his solicitor to get advice." We have heard from five different quarters that as many different originals of Poseidon Hicks are each inditing fifty indignant stanzas, and that the Blue Book turned red at the idea of there being such a thing as a "diplomatic ass." We pity the clever man who has thus portrayed people whom every body knows. We think we ourselves have even seen M. Canaillard and the Baron de Bowitz at some *conversazione* or other, but our modesty only permits us to hazard the conjecture. True, "we can't be all roaring lions in the world; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures, for eating and shearing," but to be sent to Coventry by every clerk in Treasury or Customs, and to be shunned by every indignant man of title, is a joke compared with having to call all Celtic Ireland to the bar to keep the peace for one year! We would recommend the Mulligan to ask as a satisfaction, that the redoubtable Titmarsh should appear in the frontispiece of the second edition leading out the "tremendous Miss Bunion." He need not caricature himself.

MRS. HOWITT'S BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.†

A TRULY beautiful book, full of exquisite poetry. We shall be too happy to return at an early opportunity to these charming ballads, and meantime heartily recommend them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"DIARY and Letters of Madame d'Arblay," author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c. Edited by her niece. Vol. VII. Henry Colburn.—"The Old English Gentleman; or, the Fields and the Woods." By John Mills, a new edition, revised. Henry Hurst.—"China, Political, Commercial, and Social; Treaties and Intercourse with England," &c. &c. By R. Montgomery Martin, Part I. James Madden.—"On the Communications between Europe and India through Egypt." Smith, Elder, and Co.—"The Pilgrim's Progress Versified." Complete in Two Parts, Part I. W. E. Painter.—"Picture Story-books by Great Authors and Great Painters."—"Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth." By "Alexander Dumas, with 120 Illustrations by Bertall.—"The Life and Adventures of Punchinello." By Octavo Feuillet, with 100 Designs by Bertall.—"Bean-flower and Pea-blossom." By Charles Nodier, with Designs by Tony Johannot.—"Genius Goodfellow, the Woodcutter's Boy." By Charles Nodier, with Designs by Tony Johannot. Chapman and Hall.

* Mrs. Perkins's Ball. By M. A. Titmarsh. Chapman and Hall.

† Ballads and other Poems. By Mary Howitt. Longman and Co.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAP. III.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

EVERY man should build his own house, if he can afford to pamper his peculiarities; for the mind, which has been compared to many things, is, in fact, like a fragment of rock fallen off from the crag, full of knobs, and angles, and odd corners, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, and there are many hundred millions of chances to one that—in all the multitude of sheaths or cases which are daily constructed for bodies and souls on this earth—you will not get one which will fit exactly any particular specimen of mind which has been reft from the great rock. Man must have corners for his oddities, and nobody can make them for him but himself.

Now Mr. Graham had built his own house some ten or fifteen years before the period of which I write, and a very comfortable house it was, large, roomy, well arranged, not what is called magnificent, because Mr. Graham had on certain subjects a great fund of good sense, and having become wealthy (after having been by no means so) in consequence of the increasing prosperity in manufactures of the town of Brownswick, in which his was the only bank, he had a strong notion that any thing like ostentation would make people remember rather than forget that he had not always been as rich as he now was. He was a man of a very active and cultivated mind, and, of a disposition both liberal and enterprising, he loved to do good to all around him, to see happy faces, and to know there were happy hearts. He had been industrious himself, and he loved to encourage industry. His principal object in buying a large tract of what had been considered waste land, and in bringing it into cultivation, was to give employment to the peasantry of a poor district; and in dealing with them he did not so much consider at what rate he could get their labour as what wages he could properly afford to give. He did not at all wish to do any injury to the neighbouring farmers or gentlemen, by giving higher wages than it was fair to give. That was not at all his object, and, throwing such considerations entirely out of the question,

he only asked himself, what was fair. The plan succeeded wonderfully : first, in making one-half of his neighbours hate him mortally ; secondly, in making all the poor people love him warmly ; thirdly, in gaining for him all the best labourers in the county ; and, fourthly, in rendering the estate exceedingly productive at the very time when every market-day heard prognostications of his never getting a penny of return.

But this was only one of many successful speculations. He was always ready to enter into any thing which held out even a tolerable prospect. He lent money to one manufacturer, who could not get on without ; he took a share in a mill which was likely to be stopped for want of funds ; he bought up a great quantity of produce which was sold at a period of depression. If a contract was offered he was ready to take it on the most favourable terms, and in all he was successful. The manufacturer to whom he had lent money prospered ; the mill went on ; the period of depression passed away, and prices rose ; the contract proved a good one. Some attributed all this to Mr. Graham's luck, some to a keen foresight to coming events, some to the possession of great wealth, which enabled him to hold on when others were obliged to sell. There was, perhaps, a little of all in the business, and great luck he certainly had, for his least hopeful speculations were often more successful than the most promising. However so it was, Mr. Graham was a very prosperous man.

The situation which he had chosen for his house turned out a good one, though people at first thought it would be bad. The moorland lying to the north-west was separated from his grounds or park, as the people called them, by several masses of wood, large and small, to which he added young plantations, arranged with great taste. In front of the house, while it was building, stretched out sloping to the southward some two hundred acres of open ground, rather unpleasantly soft to the foot, with more rushes and moss than were altogether beautiful or agreeable, while at the bottom of this marshy tract was a thick mass of tall old trees, some oaks, but more frequently pines, which cut off entirely the view of the lake. But Mr. Graham set to work, ploughed and harrowed the whole of the open space, drained it upon a plan of his own, gave it a greater inclination away from the house, cropped it, cleansed it thoroughly, and then laid it down in grass. By the time the house was inhabitable, for it occupied nearly four years in building and fitting up, Mr. Graham had as fine a lawn as ever was seen. He then attacked the wood, and cut his way clear through, till there was not a window on that side which had not a peep of the lake. He did nothing rashly however. The oaks in general were spared, and he so arranged it, that when the winter wind tore off the brown leaves from the deciduous tree, a tall old pine or fir appeared through the stripped branches. Neither did he anywhere afford a view of the whole lake or of either end, it was too small for that. The cutting was so arranged, and the trees left standing were in such a position, that from one window you got a view of one part of the sheet of water and the hills behind, and from another of a different portion, without ever seeing beginning or end. There was a mystery about the extent which is always pleasant. The lines of land and water lost themselves among the trees ; and imagination might go on prolonging them for ever if she liked, behind the woody screen, in whatever way suited her best at the moment. In summer it was, indeed, a beautiful scene, with

the green slope and the dark broken wood, and the catches of the sunshiny lake, with tall, bare, misty mountains rising blue behind. Often, too, to give greater magic to the scene, a white-sailed boat would skim across the face of the water, be lost behind some of the masses of trees, and then reappear again, ~~the~~ hidden at length entirely behind the part of the old wood which had been left standing.

A little stream, too, which flowing down in former times from the moor had lost itself in the savannah before the house, and in rainy weather had turned it into a swamp, now collected in a fixed bed with one or two other small brooks, was led along till it reached the top of a rocky bank some twelve or fourteen feet high, and was there left to leap over at its own discretion, forming a cascade within sight, produced indeed by art in which no art was apparent. Nobody who had not seen the place before ever fancied that the stream had had another bed.

In all these things, as I have before said, Mr. Graham had been very successful. In one point in life, however, he had not been so, and it was an important one. Whenever a man suffers himself to be led in pursuit of an object not consonant to his general views and disposition, he is sure to get into a scrape. Mr. Graham was not naturally an ambitious man, but some four-and-twenty years before, when he was nearly forty, he had done a little bit of ambition. In the straitened circumstances of his early days he had remained single, but as prosperity visited him and wealth increased, he began to sigh for domestic happiness. He was an enterprising man, as I have said; and he married a lady without knowing very much of her character. All he did know was, that she was handsome, about thirty years of age, the daughter of a baronet, whose father had been lord mayor of London, and whose sister had married a poor peer. It was not a hopeful concatenation for a country banker, Mr. Graham. Nevertheless, something might be said in your defence. One might suppose that the civic origin of the family dignity, the three turtle shells rampant in the arms might keep down aristocratic pride. Such, however, was not the case.

Mrs. Graham's father had spent a great deal of what her grandfather had made; and yet, young, single, and handsome, she had seen no reason why she should not marry a peer as well as her aunt. Peers thought otherwise, however, and did not marry her; considering a little, perhaps, that she had but five thousand pounds for her portion, when her aunt had had fifty. At twenty-six she began to imagine that a baronet or an honourable would do; but they did not come. At thirty her father was dead, her brother ruined, some grey hairs were mingling with the black, and she married a rich country banker. But her temper was by this time soured, and her pride not a whit quelled. She fancied she was condescending to Mr. Graham—nay, more, that she was lowering herself. She felt a degree of spite at herself and him for what she had done, and her only consolation was, that he was rich enough to enable her to domineer over all the families in the neighbourhood.

Now Mr. Graham did not approve of her consolation at all. He did not consider himself honoured in the very least degree; he did not think his wealth or her assumed station gave her any right to treat his friends on any terms but those of equality. He was not weak enough to yield upon such a subject while there was a hope of a change; and during the first two years of their union he reasoned, remonstrated, even re-

proved, but all in vain; and when their first and second child were born dead, Mrs. Graham informed him that it was his ill temper which had caused the misfortune. There are many ladies who love their faults far better than any thing else, and would not part with them for the world; and, in general, although a husband may consider it his duty to get rid of them as fast as possible, yet he will generally suffer his wife to keep them, if she does but adhere to them with a certain degree of pertinacity. This very incorrigibleness secures them. The maxim embodied in the words "Any thing for a quiet life," has done more harm in domestic matters than any other saw that was ever propounded. A man marries for a cheerful and happy home, if he does not marry solely for love; and when he finds that the object is only to be obtained, even in part, on the condition of tolerating his wife's faults, he is sure to yield to them in the end. So did Mr. Graham. He contented himself with doing the best he could to make every one forget his fine lady's petulant haughtiness by his own urbanity; but it cannot be said that he was very successful. People rarely forgive that which mortifies their pride, and thus, through a great part of the neighbouring society, Mrs. Graham was disliked for her bad qualities and Mr. Graham for his good. He had one consolation however,—he was universally loved by the poor, and he felt it.

But one living child tended to soften the discomfort of Mr. Graham's home, and she was a comfort indeed. She had her mother's beauty; but many of the finer qualities of her father, and she clung to him with fond and eager attachment. Her mother was fond of her, too, because she was like herself in person; but she often wished that her daughter was not so poor spirited, and would not in ball or assembly, go over and talk to those girls, the —s, who dressed so badly and were little taken notice of by any body.

It is time, however, to go into Mr. Graham's house and see the interior, and we shall beg the reader to walk at once into the dining-room, on the same cold, windy autumnal night to which the two preceding chapters have been devoted.

It was a large, handsome room, beautifully proportioned, with walls decorated with pilasters, between which hung some fine pictures by both modern and ancient artists. All the ornamental parts were very quiet, chaste, and in good taste, and the draperies which now hung over the windows, though rich in themselves, had not the least bit of gold upon them. A large bronze lamp hung from the ceiling in the centre of the room, with the glasses so shaded that the light fell less upon the faces of the guests than upon the table, round which some sixteen persons were congregated. The plate which decorated the board was somewhat ancient in form, and though there was plenty of it, yet there was no great display. It might have been heavier, more rich in design, more ornamental, but every thing that could be wasted was there, and Mr. Graham thought the plainer it was the better.

The dinner, indeed, was somewhat more ostentatious, but that was Mrs. Graham's affair; and though it was not vulgar from its profusions—for she had a French cook who would not tolerate such a thing—it was a great deal too refined for a number of her husband's guests. Mrs. Graham did not care about that, however; it suited her own guests, and he it remarked that she made a great distinction between her own and her husband's. Those whom she thus specially appropriated to herself consisted of four

persons whom she had seduced down into Camberland: a Lady Jane Somebody, with long flaxen ringlets, a very beautiful and most delicate complexion, light blue eyes, and a rather over-wide mouth; her brother, the Honourable Captain Something, with light moustache and wristbands that turned back over the cuffs of his coat. He thought himself like Charles I., and looked melancholy. Indeed, poor man, he was very much bored. Then there was a post-captain in the navy named Hales—at least so I will name him—distantly related to one or two noble families, and hanging on upon several others. It was long since he had seen any service, was very quiet and insignificant, fond of shooting and fishing, played well at billiards and piquet, liked good dinners and frequented country houses where they grew. He was, moreover, a tall, well-dressed, good-looking man, who made himself useful as well as ornamental. The fourth was a baronet, a member of Parliament, a sucking politician, aspiring to office for the honour rather than the profit of the thing, for he was wealthy; but he had a vehement conceit in his own powers, wearied the House with large-worded speeches, and not very apposite quotations in Greek and Latin, for he had lately come from Oxford, and had visited the Ionian Islands; and he was considered a very rising young man, simply because he treated the opinion of every body with contempt who did not exactly agree with the opinions which he formed, himself, or which he was instructed to maintain.

To this gentleman, Sir Arthur Green, Mrs. Graham was particularly attentive and gracious; and, indeed, she had reasons of her own for being so, though he did not know them. In person he was exceedingly diminutive, except about the hips; which had been intended by Nature for a bigger man, and fitted on him by mistake, and his face, which approached in some degree, that of our great prototype, the ape, was alternately moved by a quick and irritable expression when he was speaking himself—as if he thought people were not paying sufficient attention to his notions—and quiescent when others were talking, with a fixed look of cold contempt for the notions of every body.

The rest of the party consisted of neighbouring gentlemen, most of whom lived at twelve or fourteen miles distance, and therefore slept the night where they dined, and of a family who inhabited one of the houses by the lake near. But they were nobodies, and consequently turned over to Mr. Graham for entertainment and courtesy. Nor did they lack it, Miss Graham perversely aiding her father to the best of her power, although Mrs. Graham had purposely placed her next to the baronet, in order to admire and be admired. But Margaret Graham would not admire Sir Arthur Green at all. She thought him very ugly, very conceited, very stupid. She knew nothing about the corn laws, less about the Irish question, and as little of the tariff. But she did not at all approve of the baronet's turning away with a sort of inattentive nonchalance when her father had made some very just and practical observations upon the latter subject, and pursuing his own conversation as if he either did not hear what Mr. Graham said, or thought it quite unworthy of notice. That was not the way to the daughter's heart; but Mrs. Graham rather admired it.

The second course was nearly concluded, and a great part of the usual subjects of a dinner-table had been exhausted. The country gentlemen had done all they could on the topics of pheasants, hares, grouse, and partridges. It had been declared that not one woodcock had yet

been seen in the country ; which those who wished for an early winter pronounced a bad sign, and those who desired a late one a good sign. The markets and the weather had been discussed. Some of the ladies had enjoyed a little bit of scandal, delicately administered by Captain Hales, and it was over. The sucking politician's oratory began to fail. The Honourable Captain Somebody amused himself with an orange-wood toothpick, and looked as if he were about to be led to the block. His sister sat in patient insipidity ; and Mrs. Graham herself was beginning to find things rather long, when a servant whispered something to Mr. Graham, who looked pleased, and said,

"Very well, see that he has every thing to make him comfortable—My dear, Mr. Fairfax has come, and will join us as soon as he has changed his dress."

The name was aristocratic ; and Mrs. Graham vouchsafed a smile, inquiring,

"What Fairfax, Mr. Graham ?"

"The eldest son of John Fairfax, who was member for Coventry, and nephew of Sir Edward Fairfax," replied her husband, with an inclination to smile ; "his father was an old acquaintance of mine, and had many good points, though some very strange ones."

The conversation about Fairfaxes then became general. Every body knew a Fairfax or something about a Fairfax ; and it was just over and the second course removed, when the dining-room door opened, and Mr. Fairfax was announced. While he came forward and was greeted warmly by Mr. Graham as the son of an old friend, all eyes but those of Sir Arthur Green were turned upon him, and every body made their comments internally. Sir Arthur did not think any body worth looking at, and endeavoured to hold Mrs. Graham's attention, by asking if she took any interest in the tobacco question ? to which Mrs. Graham replied, with a sweet smile, "Yes, very," and continued to gaze at the new visitor.

He was remarkably handsome—that was the first thing apparent ; he was remarkably well-dressed—that was the next observation made ; he had all the ease, grace, and self-possession, of a man of high station—that was the closing remark : and Mrs. Graham determined that he should be one of her set.

The introduction to his wife and daughter over, Mr. Graham asked if Mr. Fairfax had dined. He replied that he had, at a cottage hard by, where he had taken shelter from the rain ; and, seated opposite to Margaret Graham, he gave an account of his adventures of the evening, lightly, gaily, but mingling touches of kindly feeling and good sense, with merry comments on his own wisdom in putting himself under the guidance of an idiot, in a manner which amused and pleased both father and daughter, while Mrs. Graham declared it was delightful, and the whole party seemed to feel that a new spring of life and pleasure had burst forth in the midst of them, to stir the waters that had been inclined to stagnate. The dessert was the most cheerful part of the meal, and the ladies remained longer than Captain Hales, who was fond of claret, thought considerate. Sir Arthur Green hated Mr. Fairfax, for now nobody paid any more attention to him than he was accustomed to pay to any body.

When the whole party assembled in the drawing-room, after that

temporary separation which foreigners so much cry out upon, music and cards succeeded; but Mr. Fairfax would have nothing to do with the latter, and kept a position near the piano, especially while Margaret Graham was singing.

Her voice had not been much cultivated, but it was exceedingly sweet, and feeling and taste did more for the expression of her singing than all the teaching in the world could have effected. Mr. Fairfax seemed delighted, and talked to her a great deal about music, and from music they rambled on to painting, and from painting to poetry, so that they might have gone through the whole circle of the arts, had not Mrs. Graham called the young gentleman to the other side of the room to look at some beautiful engravings which were laid upon a table. Such, at least, was Mrs. Graham's pretext; for to say truth, she cared not a straw whether Mr. Fairfax looked at the engravings or not. Certainly society is a strange thing, and the devil must have had some hand in its construction; for we are told that he is the father of lies, and the whole fabric is filled with his offspring. In reality and truth, Mrs. Graham had for the last half hour been observing her daughter and Mr. Fairfax. His handsome person, his high-toned air and manner, and his very gentlemanly appearance, seriously alarmed Mrs. Graham for the success of her scheme for marrying Margaret to Sir Arthur Green. She saw Margaret's eyes sparkle with a much brighter look than usual, and her cheek grow warmer with excitement, as she listened to a sort of conversation that she had never heard before, and Mrs. Graham reckoned that such a man as Mr. Fairfax would prove a very dangerous rival to the monkey-faced, consequential little being, upon whom she had cast the eyes of affection. Wisely—very wisely—she did not make up her mind to do any thing that might check Mr. Fairfax's growing admiration for her daughter; for she thought, judging by what her husband had said of his family, that he himself might be no bad match for Margaret, failing Sir Arthur Green, and, in the meantime, the stimulus of rivalry might prove a sort of hot-house, and bring the baronet's passion rapidly into full bloom. She determined, however, in the first place, to make herself quite sure, from Mr. Fairfax's own mouth, of various little particulars in his situation which her husband had left doubtful. Her first address to him, therefore, after she had given a reasonable time for the inspection of the engravings, was to the following effect, and delivered with a smile and a look of interest:

"Do you know, Mr. Fairfax, I think I must have been very well acquainted in former years with some of your relations? You are eldest son, Mr. Graham said, of Mr. John Fairfax; who was member for Coventry."

"The same, my dear madam," answered the young gentleman, gravely, and still looking at the engraving of the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, then, I must have known your uncle," continued the lady, "at the house of my uncle, Lord Twinkleton. Was he not Sir Edward Fairfax at that time—a colonel in the army, I think?"

"No, he is not in the army," replied Mr. Fairfax, looking up, "he is now an admiral, but has only been so two or three years."

"Ah! I must have made a mistake," said Mrs. Graham; "I knew he was either in the army or navy. How is Lady Fairfax?"

"Don't frighten me, my dear madam," said her young guest, laughing, "if there is a Lady Fairfax in my family, she must have become so within the last ten days, and the very idea of my ~~father~~ marrying is tantamount to a charge of lunacy, which you know is a disagreeable circumstance in a man's race. You forget how time flies, dear lady; he is now seventy-three, and though the best and kindest man in the world, is eaten up with gout."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, apparently in great surprise; "then was he never married?"

"Never," replied Mr. Fairfax, "that I know of; and I think, as I am his adopted son, and have been brought up entirely by him almost from my birth, now five-and-twenty years ago, I must have heard of it if such had been the case."

"How strange that I should make such a mistake!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham.

She was now quite satisfied. Nephew, heir, and adopted son, of an old and highly-respectable baronet, Mr. Fairfax was quite the sort of man whom she liked; and she determined from that moment to let him take his chance against Sir Arthur Green, without favour to either party, although, if there was a bias, it was to have her daughter called Lady Fairfax rather than Lady Green. Besides, he was such a handsome, distinguished looking man too, and that was no slight matter in Mrs. Graham's opinion.

About five or ten minutes after, Mrs. Graham slipped out of the room and made her way to the library, where she studied "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage" for a short time. When she returned her face became quite radiant to see Mr. Fairfax seated beside Margaret again, while Lady Jane Something played a fantasia on the piano, and Sir Arthur Green, with the air of a connoisseur, turned over the music in the wrong places. It was evident to Mrs. Graham's eyes that Margaret was well pleased with her companion's conversation. She had never seen her so carried away, as it were, by the presence of any one, and when she approached near enough to hear what was passing, she easily comprehended the cause of the continual variation of expression which took place in her daughter's countenance; the look of half-puzzled thought changing suddenly to that of bright intelligence, then sobering down to gravity, almost sadness, and that again vanishing away in a gay smile or a light laugh. But in truth Allan Fairfax's conversation was very peculiar. It went bounding along like a roe from subject to subject, and figure to figure, finding latent resemblances in the heart of apparently dissimilar things, suddenly setting every thing in a new point of view, the most joyful in the darkest and gloomiest aspect, and extracting a smile even from a tragedy. So rapid was the transition, that it was difficult for the mind to follow him; and yet, like a playful child running away from pursuit, he paused every now and then in his gay sport, in order to give the followers time to come up.

Thus passed the first evening of his visit to Mr. Graham's house, and Allan Fairfax retired to his chamber to think rather than to rest.

He sat down and leaned his cheek upon his hand; the gay, lively, sparkling young man was suddenly converted into the grave and thoughtful one; and though he could not be called exactly sad, yet a shade of melancholy came over his face, and he sighed heavily more than once.

"She is very lovely," he said to himself at length, "she is very lovely, and I must take care. Mine is a hard fate;" and with that conclusion he ended.

CHAP. IV.

THE LOVERS' EXPEDITION.

WERE the organ of cautiousness projected till it became almost a horn, and had it all the power of communicating prudent impulses to the conduct of man which some persons attribute to it, still I fear it would be found all insufficient to keep youth out of temptation. Two, three, four days passed by, and Allan Fairfax was still at Mr. Graham's house. It was shooting one day, hunting another, sauntering a third; and though Mr. Graham himself was obliged to be absent long on each morning upon the various matters of business in which he was engaged, still he pressed his guests to amuse themselves during his absence, and Mrs. Graham was enchanted to make them as comfortable as possible, inasmuch as they were, after the first day, all of her own particular set; and in that number Mr. Fairfax was now marked out by particular favour. To the greater part of the guests, too, his society was apparently very agreeable. The Honourable Captain Somebody liked him very much, and declared that he rode better than any man he had ever seen out of the ——— troop of the ——— regiment; Lady Jane thought him, silently, extremely handsome; Captain Hales was, of course, very friendly and civil, though Fairfax shot a great deal better than himself; and Margaret Graham said nothing, but smiled when he approached at first, and then became somewhat thoughtful.

Thoughtful or smiling, however, he was a great deal with her, and as it so fell out often alone; for Mrs. Graham's health was by no means good, and Margaret did the honours of her father's house during a great part of the time he was absent each day. She showed Mr. Fairfax the grounds, which were extensive, pointed out to him with pleasure and pride all the changes and improvements Mr. Graham had made, and was well pleased to have an auditor who would fully appreciate the taste which her beloved parent had displayed. The only discontented person was Sir Arthur Green, whose consequence vanished from the moment of Mr. Fairfax's appearance, and who, coldly rude before, was inclined to be warmly rude after his arrival. People paid very little attention to him, however, and he did not venture to go too far. A new life seemed, as I have said, to enter the house with Allan Fairfax. Nobody looked bored any more. There was always something to be seen, something to be done, some amusement, or at least some occupation. Margaret and he and Lady Jane visited the cottages of Ben Halliday and his cousin, inquired after the boy who had been hurt, and talked kindly with the labourers' wives. They called on the clergyman of the parish, and heard all his details of parochial matters, and Margaret listened with pleasure to the contrast which Mr. Fairfax drew between the state of happiness and prosperity which spread around Mr. Graham's dwelling and some other parts of the country which he had lately visited; but a rather unpleasant discussion followed at dinner that day, suggested by some observations made by Fairfax regarding the condition of the lower classes in

land. Sir Arthur Green was an ultra-political economist, and, like all fanatics, made a high science ridiculous or hateful by bringing it to bear upon subjects not immediately submitted to it. He looked upon all men but as machines, he spoke of them as such, and was expected to treat them as such. They were, in his opinion, but parts of a great universal manufactory, flesh and blood engines, whose business it was to produce as much as possible at the least imaginable expense. Fairfax reminded him of a slight difference between them and all other machines; that they felt, that they thought, that they loved, that they hated, that they had hearts as well as arms, an immortal spirit as well as a reasoning brain, that the motive power was one he could not supply, and dared not take away.

Nevertheless, the sucking politician went on, assuming much as incontrovertibly proved which every body in the room was inclined to deny, and covering his cold theories with clouds of schoolboy aphorisms, till in the end he declared that he not only thought it extremely foolish, but unjust to the majority for any man to give one penny more in wages than the very lowest possible sum at which he could obtain the labour required.

"Every thing has its market price," he said, "and those who pay more for any thing raise the price upon others unjustly."

It was a direct attack upon Mr. Graham's system, but that gentleman did not think fit to notice it further than by replying, with a laugh,

"If we could kill and eat our peasantry, Sir Arthur, when there are too many of them, as we do our oxen, I believe your plan might succeed, but as the law and our own consciences would not let us do that even if we could, I am afraid the scale of wages must be framed upon other principles. The possessors of property and the employers of labour, must pay at least a sufficiency for the support of those dependant on them either in wages, or poor's-rates, or pillage. I like the former mode of payment best—but to change the subject, I have to propose an expedition for to-morrow, which Margaret shall lead, as I must be in Brownswick all day. What think you of a ride over to Brugh, and the Marsh, as we call it; although, be it remarked, there is not an inch of marsh, properly so-called, in the whole track. None of you, I think, have seen it, and it is a very interesting district."

The marked and decided turn given to an unpleasant conversation cut it short, of course; and all parties agreed that the proposed expedition would be very delightful. Lady Jane, who, Heaven knows how, found, or fancied herself related to the well-known Ann, Countess of Pembroke, to whom Brugh Castle once belonged, besought that it might be included in the ride, and would not be deterred by Mr. Graham's hint that the distance would be very great. She was an indefatigable horsewoman, she said, and she was sure that Margaret would not be tired; the day, too, was certain to be fine; they were just getting the Indian summer, as it was called, November had become as warm as May; and, in short, she was resolved that Brugh Castle should be visited. It is wonderful how pertinacious those fair-haired, wide mouthed, fine-complexioned girls can be when they like it. Every body yielded, of course, and it was arranged that the time of departure should be an hour earlier than had been proposed at first.

Oh, the ever eager heart of youth, how it bounds forth upon the course

of enjoyment! Well may they call hope a flame and love a fire, for they both consume that which nourishes them, leaving the smoke of disappointment and the ashes of regret. Allan Fairfax lay down that night with a bosom full of bright expectations for the morrow. There was sunshine within, but as when a man gazes over a prospect lighted up by the bright morning rays, he shades his eyes from the orb whence those lustrous beams proceed, while the sight revels in the loveliness they display, so Fairfax, while he looked forward to the coming day with the thrill of anticipated enjoyment, would not let his mind rest upon her from whom all that sunshine flowed. Little had he thought when on visiting the small town of Brownswick, to receive an inconsiderable sum of money for the further expenses of his tour and found a letter of invitation to Mr. Graham's house, that the result of his visit would be the feelings he now experienced—little did he think it or he would never have come, sweet and charming as those feelings were; but now they were upon him he gave himself up to their influence not without doubt, and fear, and hesitation, but with the spell of new-born love too strong for mastery.

There was another heart, too, within that house which beat high at the thought of the coming day, but with less fear at the sensations which it itself experienced, though with some timidity. Margaret saw that she was loved, and she felt that, for the first time, she was loved by one whose passion she could return. It made her thrill when she thought of it, but yet it was very sweet, and no anxiety mingled with the feeling, for she knew that her father's whole hopes were in her happiness, and she saw that her mother was well inclined to smile upon her love.

Every one was awake by daybreak, and every one looked out of the window to see the aspect of the sky. It was gray and shrouded, a light frost lay upon the ground. To Margaret's eyes it looked unpromising; for fear will come thrusting herself before hope, at the first obstacle in the course of enjoyment. Still she put on her riding-habit, and looking bright enough herself to give sunshine to a wintry day, she went down to the breakfast-room, where she found her father and Allan Fairfax. She caught Mr. Graham's eye fixed upon her while she shook hands with the latter, and she thought she saw a slight but well-pleased smile upon his lips. The colour mounted warmly into her cheek, and turning to the window she looked out, saying, in a faltering voice,

"I am afraid it will be a bad day."

"Oh no, my dear," replied Mr. Graham, "the sky will clear within an hour, and you will have a beautiful morning for your ride. I will not say as much for to-morrow, and even doubt what we shall have to-night, but we may reckon upon eight or ten hours safely."

It was as Mr. Graham said. Before breakfast was over the grey mist that overspread the sky broke away into thin clouds, and then disappeared entirely, as if the sun drank them up as he rose to run his race. Mr. Graham mounted Allan Fairfax on a powerful horse which was accustomed to keep pace with that of his daughter; he lent a good bony hunter to Captain Hales, and the rest of the party had their horses with them. A servant followed, and all seven set out a little before ten, while Mr. Graham got into his phaeton, and drove away to Brownswick.

Proceeding slowly at first along the road towards Brugh, Margaret Graham and the rest of the party soon issued forth upon the banks of the little lake, and skirting round the western side with the reflection of

themselves and their horses clear on the surface of the unrippled waters, wound away towards the opposite hills where the road they were following rose over a narrow neck between two high saddle-shaped mountains, and then descended rapidly to a plain several thousand feet below. From the highest point reached by the road the view was wild and sublime in the extreme—sublime from its immensity. As far as the eye could see, was one vast expanse, unbroken, almost interminable; for the faint boundary which separated it from the distant sky was obscured by a mist so light, that it blended heaven and earth imperceptibly together. To the west, indeed, faint and far off, could be traced, after long gazing, several waving lines, like those of clouds, but probably some of the hills of Nid-desdals; and on the left were the grand Cumberland mountains, which further on appeared crowned by Skiddaw. I have said that it was uninterrupted, but that wide plain was not unvaried, for although the general hue was in the nearest parts of a bright deep green, and in the distance an intense blue, yet lines of different colours, all profound in their degree, checkered the expanse without injuring the harmony. Here and there was a wide extent of what seemed low wood; beyond, a yellow gleam crossed the plain, then came some undulations almost black, either from the nature of the soil or from a shadow cast by clouds which the spectator's eye could not discover in the clear sky above. Nature herself relieved the view from monotony, and at the same time marked the vastness of the whole by the variety of colouring. Underneath—almost at the feet of the party who gazed from the hill, were several flocks of sheep and herds of oxen; and others could be distinguished further off, lessening in the distance till they became faint specks, and disappeared.

"There is the Brugh marsh," said Margaret Graham, in a low sweet voice, as if almost awed by the grandeur of the scene; "and there lay the camp of Edward I., when the fierce and invincible bowed to a stronger and more permanent conqueror than himself."

"It seems badly cultivated," said Sir Arthur Green, "I wonder no efforts have been made to render it more productive."

Margaret gently shook her horse's bridle, and began to descend the hill. In the infinitely modified varieties of human vanity, the most unpleasant to the individual and to those who are brought in contact with him is *irritable* conceit. The vain man who is not satisfied that all the world thinks as well of him as he thinks of himself, is a wretched creature. Pride, though an isolating passion, is at all events independent: vanity is dependent upon other's opinion for its satisfaction, if not for its support. Sir Arthur Green fancied himself proud, but he was only vain; and a conviction which had been growing upon him that he was by no means particularly pleasing in Margaret's eyes, made him determine to revenge himself by paying all his attentions to Lady Jane. He could not have devised a means of making himself more agreeable to Margaret, and while he thought he was inflicting punishment by attaching to the lady of rank, and neglecting altogether the banker's daughter, Margaret Graham was cantering gaily on over Brugh marsh by the side of Allan Fairfax, enjoying with him all that was beautiful in nature, and when that failed them, finding stores of happiness like hidden treasures in their own hearts. The two captains rode together, and talked fashionable nonsense to each other with long intervals, and thus harmoniously

paired, they crossed the wide plain towards a spot upon its verge, where, from the heights above, they had seen some small black mounds which constituted the little town of Brugh, and the remains of its old castle. But distances seen from a height are very deceptive to the eye. Every one but Margaret had thought they would reach the ruin in an hour; but though they rode fast, hour after hour went by, and it was half-past two before they had stabled their horses at the small inn, to let them feed, and were climbing the slope toward the castle. Fairfax offered Margaret his arm to aid her in the ascent, and she took it as she saw that Lady Jane had made no scruple of accepting such assistance from Sir Arthur Green; but the baronet was evidently—nay, ostentatiously making love, and Allan Fairfax and his fair companion were not. Perhaps there was no need. The other two, however, separated themselves from the rest of the party almost as soon as they reached the old walls. Lady Jane was not at all sorry to have something to amuse her; for Brugh was not enough now she had got there; and therefore she laughed and talked, and showed her fine teeth, and gave the young politician every sort of encouragement to go on both with his soft nothings and his hard facts, without the slightest intention of ever going one step beyond a little innocent flirtation. For some five minutes the other two gentlemen remained with Margaret and her companion; but every one knows how easy it is to break into knots in a ruin, and while Fairfax and Miss Graham were standing in the heart of the great square tower, and gazing up, they found themselves left alone together.

It was a moment of great temptation. Should he tell her, he asked himself, how he loved her, how her beauty, and her grace, and her gentleness, had carried him away without power of resistance, and every thing in life seemed valueless but her? But no, he would not do it, there was a chain around him which held him back from such happiness as the hope of possessing her. It might be broken, indeed, and her hand might break it, but to do so she must see it, and know it, and the first thing was to tell her all.

"This is very grand," he said, somewhat abruptly, "but do you know I never see a ruin without its leaving for a long time a melancholy impression."

"I think that is the natural effect," replied Margaret, "or if not melancholy, the impression on my mind is always grave and tending to thought. A ruin is in itself a monument to decay, to that which must be undergone, not only by all, but by the works of all."

"Yes," replied Fairfax, "such things as these we see around us are the mementoes of the inevitable fate—the skull and cross-bones to the world's undertakings. But I fear, dear Miss Graham, that the melancholy I feel is more from an individual than a general application of the figure. The sight of a ruin is to me a memorial of my own fate—"

Margaret started with a look of surprise and distress.

"Yes," continued Allan Fairfax, "whenever I see buildings gone to decay, especially where the dilapidation has been effected more by neglect or violence than the natural process of time, I begin, whether I will or not, seeking out similarities between its fate and mine. I see an image of the ruin of bright prospects, and in its hopeless irreparable desolation, a picture of my future fate."

The tears were in Margaret's eyes when he ended, but gazing down upon the ground, she answered in a low sweet voice,

"I have seen many ruins repaired, and made more beautiful than ever. May it not be so with you?"

"You shall judge," answered Fairfax. "I will tell you the whole story, which, though a very strange one, is very short."

"Oh, do," cried Margaret, "it will interest me deeply, I am sure."

"I was born to wealth," said Allan Fairfax, "and I now have nothing—absolutely nothing. Dependent upon the goodness of a kind and excellent old man, so long as he lives I have affluence, but from the hour of his death, with the exception of my commission, I have nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried a voice apparently close to them, "and I have got nothing, either—jolly, jolly nothing," and the squat broad figure and sinister countenance of the idiot, Tommy Hicks, appeared from under the archway of the little door on the west side of the tower.

Allan Fairfax turned upon him angrily, "Get you gone, you mischievous fool," he exclaimed, shaking his horsewhip at him, "if I catch you near me, I will teach you not to mislead a traveller whom you undertake to guide."

The idiot leered at him fearfully, "You had better not touch me," he said, "Tommy can spite them that spite him. You shall have good measure in return, Master Stickinthemud. I wish you had been laid in the bog all night. You would have had a soft bed of it, and might have made the moon your warming-pan, for those sheets are rather damp, I reckon."

Fairfax took a step towards him, but at the same moment Tommy scampered off through the doorway, and Margaret laid her hand upon her lover's arm, saying, "Oh, do not hurt him! The poor creature is quite insane, and does not know what he says or does."

"I only wish to frighten him away," replied Fairfax, "for I would fain end my tale now I have begun it."

Barely two minutes elapsed, however, before Captain Hales rejoined them, saying, "Come here, come here, there is such a beautiful view from the top of the wall where a dumpy fellow in a gray jacket has guided Lady Jane and Sir Arthur, that they want every one else to see it."

Margaret and Fairfax followed, and although the sweet girl's face was somewhat melancholy when Captain Hales interrupted their conference, yet as they walked along a step behind him over the grass-grown courts and fragments of broken wall, a smile, bright, warm and meaning passed over her face, and she said to her companion in a low tone, "Yet I think even this ruin might be repaired."

"It is in a sad state of dilapidation," said Fairfax, gloomily: but the next instant turning the angle of the great square tower, they came in sight of a high and almost detached piece of the outer wall, on the summit of which stood Lady Jane and Sir Arthur Green, while on the steps up to it, formed by the broken stones of the building, appeared the idiot with his arms crossed upon his breast, gazing far out over the waste. At the foot of the wall were some large masses of fallen stone with a plentiful crop of nettles amongst them, and the Honourable Captain Somebody was busily engaged with laudable philanthropy in cutting down with his horsewhip the pungent enemies of urchins' fingers.

"Is that a very safe situation, Lady Jane?" demanded Fairfax when he

reached the bottom of the wall and remarked the many stones which had been loosened by time, and the apertures left by others which had been taken out to build cottages in the neighbourhood.

"I don't know, Mr. Fairfax," cried the lady, apparently alarmed at his question, "do you think it is likely to give way? I should like to get down, Sir Arthur—pray help me down."

"Get out of the way, Mister Greyjacket," said Sir Arthur Green, giving his hand to Lady Jane, and addressing the idiot, who stood right in the midst of the descent, "I want to pass, my man."

"Well, you may pass if you can, my minikin pin," said Tommy Hicks, still keeping his arms stoutly crossed upon his chest, "it is a nice airy situation, and you had better stay there till you are bleached, for your mother wove her cloth terrible yellow."

"Get out of the way, you scoundrel, or I will knock you down," cried the little baronet, in a great rage, letting go the hand of Lady Jane, who began to scream, and advancing upon the idiot. But Tommy Hicks, with a movement as quick as lightning and a loud laugh, gave him a push on the shoulder which instantly overthrew his balance and cast him down from the wall just above the nettles which were still undergoing decapitation. The height must have been fourteen feet, and in all probability the little baronet would not have come to the ground safe in life and limb had he not luckily fallen right upon Lady Jane's brother, who gave way beneath the shock, and both rolled in the bed of nettles together.

Alarmed for the situation of Lady Jane, left alone with the idiot on the top of the wall, Fairfax paused not to look or laugh at a scene which was certainly more comic than tragic, but sprang up at once over the piles of rubbish, which brought his head within a foot or two of the top of the wall. He was stretching out his hand to seize the idiot by the heel, when, with one of his wild halloes, Tommy Hicks sprang off on the other side, and, mounting the wall, Fairfax aided Lady Jane to descend. As he did so, his eye caught the form of Tommy Hicks, scampering off towards the marsh, apparently unhurt, for, though the depth was somewhat greater on that side, the turf was soft and even. Lady Jane was strongly inclined to faint when she reached the bottom of the descent, but the sight presented by her brother and Sir Arthur Green, who by this time were standing face to face, with both their noses streaming with blood, and strongly inclined to quarrel, touched some ticklish point in her imagination, and instead of fainting, she burst into a fit of laughter. Captain Hales interposed to calm the two wounded and irritable gentlemen, and the whole party, after a short pause, adjourned to the little inn, to get such luncheon as it could afford before they set out upon their way homeward.

Ere the luncheon was over and the horses saddled, the ill-closed windows of the inn began to rattle with a rising gale, and the sky grew dark and ominous. Then came the mounting in haste, and scampering off, if possible, to outride the storm. But the distance was great, the hour half-past three; night fell while they were still far from their journey's end, and long ere they reached the foot of the hills, the rain was drifting hard against them, mingled with sharp particles of very fine hail.

The whole party were drenched before they reached the house of Mr. Graham; and gladly did they see the door open and the lights within.

Servants hurried to take the horses; but Allan Fairfax thought that he remarked a somewhat different aspect in the men, and as the party separated in haste, each hurrying to his room to change his wet garments, he heard Margaret inquire of her maid, who had come down to meet her, "Whose gig is that standing near the door?"

"It is old Dr. Kenmore's, Miss Graham," replied the maid; "but you had better come and change your clothes at once, ma'am, for you are terribly wet."

Allan Fairfax had got some way through his toilet, when, after an introductory tap at the door, the butler entered, with a face exceedingly grave

"Mrs. Graham has told me to give her compliments to you, sir, and the other gentlemen and ladies," he said, "and to beg you will excuse her and Miss Graham for not appearing at dinner, as Mr. Graham has been taken very ill immediately after his return from Brownswick."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fairfax, in a tone of unfeigned grief; "what is the matter, do you know?"

"A fit of apoplexy the doctor says, sir," replied the butler; "but he is a little better since they bled him and poured the water upon his head; and he looks about him a little, though he does not speak. Mrs. Graham told me to say also, sir, that she hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow, at breakfast."

That evening passed sadly: all the guests preparing to take their departure early on the following morning, although the report of Mr. Graham's health, when they separated for the night, was that he was a good deal better, and all immediate danger over. Most of those present were willing enough to fly from a sick man's house; but Allan Fairfax would fain have lingered, had he been permitted, to comfort and support poor Margaret. That, however, was out of the question; and when he at length lay down to rest, it was with a sad and anxious heart, in which all the bright, warm expectations of pleasure which had visited him on the preceding night, had been extinguished, like one of those fireworks which give out for a few minutes a thousand intense and brilliant colours, and then end in an instant in smoke and darkness.

CHAP. V.

A LADY'S MUTATIONS.

MR. GRAHAM had passed a tolerable night: heavy fits of sleep had fallen upon him from time to time which alarmed his daughter greatly, for she did not distinguish—indeed, how could she?—between natural though very profound slumber, and the state of stupor in which she had first seen him after her return. However, the old surgeon, who having got a diploma from some college or another had dubbed himself doctor, watched by his patient through the livelong night, marking every turn with the most scrupulous care. Indeed, he was a very skilful man as the old school of surgery went, and besides that, Dr. Kenmore had an advantage over any surgeon that could have been sent for in the case of Mr. Graham. He was his old personal friend, and he loved him dearly. Circumstances had changed with Mr. Graham since first the doctor knew him, but no alteration had taken place in their demeanour to each other. It was always "Kenmore" and "Graham," with them. The latter had fine houses, broad lands, great wealth, important speculations

wore frock coats and trousers, and drove a phaeton; the other remained in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white waistcoat, and black breeches and silk stockings, and drove the same buggy, though the horse had been changed more than once; for he, too, had a thriving practice, and was well to do in the world. But Mr. Graham was not at all ashamed of his old companion, though the style of his dress dated thirty years before, and his manners were frank even to abruptness. Their heads had grown white together, and Kenmore was dear to Graham, but not more dear than Graham to Kenmore. Now if it had been a brother, or a father, or a child, the good doctor could not have been more anxious than while sitting by the side of his patient's bed he watched him by the shaded light, and ever and anon turned his eyes to Margaret, who, till three o'clock, was the companion of his guard.

"There, don't cry, my dear," he said, in a low voice, once when he saw the tears in her eyes, "you'll make me more nervous than I am; if it were not that I saw you sitting wiping your eyes there, I should have devilish little anxiety at all, for I tell you it is a very good case, and we shall get him quite safely through. I wish you would go to bed, with all my heart; you are of no manner of good I can tell you, so if you are flattering yourself that you are doing service you are very much mistaken."

In the meantime, Mrs. Graham had long retired to rest, not that she did not love her husband as much as she could love any thing, for she had gradually acquired a certain sort of affection for him, and indeed it was hardly possible for her to be without it. But she did not see what good she could do; her own delicate health was a fair pretext, and after asking Dr. Kenmore if she could be of use, and having been bluntly told "quite the contrary," she went to bed and slept. She had reasons for sleeping well. She was very well contented with every thing that had happened for the last week except Mr. Graham's illness. She was well contented that her daughter should not be Lady Green—it was such a vulgar name, Green. Any one could discover in a moment that Lady Green must be at the best a baronet's wife—she might be a knight's. But Lady Fairfax: that was a different matter; it had an old, rebellious, aristocratical sound about it which she liked. Then again Sir Arthur looked like a monkey new breeched—a chimpanzee baronet—a representative ape; she began to think him odious when compared with Allan Fairfax; she fancied that all his disagreeable qualities had made themselves apparent during the last six or seven days, and she went to sleep murmuring, "Lady Fairfax."

A sad mortification awaited Mrs. Graham, however. On the following morning when the maid opened the curtains, her first question was, of course, for her husband. The woman informed her that he had fallen into a nice quiet sleep, and the doctor, who had lain down on the sofa, said that he was to be disturbed on no account. Mrs. Graham then asked for her letters, which she usually read in bed. Two were then given her, the first of which she read without any emotion, for it was only from a dear friend. The second, however, caused great agitation in Mrs. Graham's whole frame; but it is as well to let the reader see a part of the contents.

"I can tell you all about him, my dear Mrs. Graham," said Lady Adeliza Newsmonger, "we are all profoundly interested in him, and many a heart is breaking for him. He is a lieutenant in the ——— regiment, and brought up by his old uncle the admiral, who would leave him all he has if he could, poor man; but the estates are all strictly entailed and go with

the title, you know, the son of William Fairfax, of Ichstead—a poor humpbacked young man who married Maria Graves. But the most interesting and curious part of the whole history is how he came to be brought up by his uncle instead of by his own father. John Fairfax, his father, was a very rising sort of man, and made a great deal of money in a short time in India. When he came back he went into parliament and married a Miss Allan—I don't know who she was, but I think Dulwich College belonged to her father. There was not a cleverer man in the house than John Fairfax, and he plagued the ministers terribly; but one day, when he was out hunting, just about the time this boy was born, his horse threw him and he lighted on his head. At first he was thought to be dead, but he got better in a sort of way, though never altogether; for a most unaccountable notion took possession of him, that this boy was a changeling: that his own son had died while he was ill, and that they had put another in the place not to vex him. He could never get it out of his head till the last day of his life, would not own him; and only left him fifty pounds a year, because he said it was not the lad's fault. That is the way he came to be educated by his uncle. Is it not very shocking and interesting?—all the property went to this young man's next brother and is entailed upon the rest of them. There were four others before poor Mrs. Fairfax died, which was from grief they say. But I must tell you of the ball at —”

Mrs. Graham did not read any thing about the ball. She laid down the letter on the bed; she put her hand to her head; she had almost burst into tears. But instead of doing so, she thought it better to ring her bell for the maid who had gone to fetch the cup of chocolate with which she usually began the day, and to dress herself immediately.

The maid waited to carry up the chocolate, however, and when she appeared in her mistress's chamber, she had two notes upon the salver: one very neat and lady-like, and one somewhat clerk-like, both taking leave and condoling: the one from Lady Jane, the other from Sir Arthur Green.

“Are they gone?” demanded Mrs. Graham, eagerly.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied the maid, “they both went about five minutes ago; and the captain and Mr. Fairfax are only waiting for the chaise from Brownswick.”

“Pray give my compliments to Mr. Fairfax,” said Mrs. Graham, “and say that I beg he will not go till I have the pleasure of speaking with him for a moment.”

It was uttered in the sweetest possible tone, and the maid thought her mistress intended to be very gracious to Mr. Fairfax, for even maids can be mistaken in their mistresses. When, however, Mrs. Graham, after keeping her young guest waiting for about half-an-hour, till she was in some degree dressed, appeared in the library where the maid had found him, it was very evident to Fairfax himself, that the lady was not in the most placable humour. Her manner was cold and distant, and taking her own chair with a haughty air, she pointed to another, saying, “Pray be seated, Mr. Fairfax. I have a word or two to say to you before you go.”

Fairfax looked a little confounded, but he replied, “I was about, my dear madam, to write you a few words to express how much grieved I am at Mr. Graham's illness, and how much I sympathise with yourself and Miss Graham under this severe affliction.”

“We really do not require sympathy, Mr. Fairfax,” replied the lady, “and as you mention Miss Graham, that is exactly the point to which what I have to say tends. Allow me to observe, that I find to my sorrow

and regret you have mistakenly been led into paying much greater attentions to my daughter than I was previously aware of. To prevent then any thing like disappointment, I think it but fair and just to inform you that we have very different views for her; and I cannot but hint it may be as well for an acquaintance to cease which I trust has not gone far enough to produce disagreeable results to any party."

Allan Fairfax was certainly very much astonished. The change in Mrs. Graham's whole demeanour was so marked and painful, so sudden, to him so unaccountable, that for an instant his thoughts became confused by the hasty effort of the mind to run over every circumstance in the past for the purpose of finding some solution to the enigma. It was necessary, however, to answer, and he replied with a degree of causticity which he would have avoided if he had had more time for reflection. "It is strange, my dear madam, that after having reached five-and-twenty, I should find any thing to surprise a reasonable man in life. Nevertheless, your words, your changed manner, your whole demeanour, does so much surprise me that I must inquire if Miss Graham has in any way complained, or ever thought, that I have paid her attentions disagreeable to her?"

Mrs. Graham would not tell a direct lie in answer to a straightforward question, and she herself was not quite so calm as she might have been, so that she answered, "No, sir, she has not; but I have eyes and ears, and others have the same, and I really do not see what should surprise any young gentleman in your peculiar position that the mother of a young lady, heiress to a large fortune, should object to attentions which can result in no good, and even prohibit intercourse which may produce evil."

"It would not, madam," replied Fairfax, "if it had not been preceded by direct encouragement. We should not feel the absence of light if we had always dwelt in night. But I now begin to gain a little insight into the matter from an expression, perhaps inadvertently, used. My '*peculiar position*' has, I suppose, been explained to you rather lately, whether by an idiot who has most likely perverted the tale in telling, or not, you best know; but allow me to say, that my position, whatever it may be, was fully known to Mr. Graham, and before I say any thing further on the principal point in question, I shall wait till he is well enough, as I trust he soon will be, to express his opinions."

"His opinions are, I beg to say, the same as my own," answered Mrs. Graham, with a very angry brow; "but this is all trifling. Lady Adeline will be flattered by the appellation of idiot; and you may depend upon it Mr. Graham will never feel disposed to oppose my views regarding my own daughter. In the meantime, as you force me to speak plainly, Mr. Fairfax, I must decline the honour of your visits altogether. I trust you may find a wealthy wife elsewhere. It must not be here."

The sting of the last words was felt to the marrow. To be thought—even to be called a fortune-hunter—was more than he could bear; and feeling that if he replied at all, his words would be intemperate, he made Mrs. Graham a cold and formal bow, and hurried into the passage, at the door of which the chaise was standing in waiting for himself and Captain Hales. The latter kept him for two or three minutes after he had entered the vehicle, but then jumped in; and with a sad glance towards the half-closed windows of Mr. Graham's room, Allan Fairfax was borne away from that house never to set foot in it again while it remained in possession of the same family.

ON THE OPENING THE PORTS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY JOHN HAMILTON, ESQ.

—The *long-drawn aisle* and *fretted vault* !—GRAY's *Elegy*.

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON's *Sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell*.

The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were proposed.—*Samson Agonistes*.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions.—*Timon of Athens*.

A GOODLY day indeed was the last 9th day of November—the day that not only gave a year's nobility to the lucky alderman of London that drew the great prize in the lottery of city honours (and on this occasion it fell to *Carroll's* fortunate office), but that spoke "doom" to those *Wombwell* and *Richardson* practices of taking door-money for admission to a show, which have for so dismal a period degraded the portals of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. A tradesman and his wife presented themselves at the gate of the former church, expecting—good, easy, and reasonable creatures—that by payment of twopence each they should be able to pass an agreeable and placid hour in wandering about the cathedral's interior, and seeing its monuments, and feeling its gloomy yet soothing tranquillity. To stand immediately under the lofty dome, in all "its dim religious light," and immediately over the vault where repose the dear remains of Nelson and Collingwood, renders twopence insignificant even in the eyes of a small civic tradesman; but then the money must pass from the visitor to the showman at once—without a word,—as a recognised price,—“but as a thing of custom.” There must be no sign of haggling on the one side, or of extra extortion on the other. There must not be the shadow of “how much?” darkening the silent negotiation, but the air of free admission must pervade the brief money transaction. On this blessed 9th of November, however, our gentle visitors were fated to lose the hour's still and sensible gratification of seeing St. Paul's church, to enjoy, however, the wholesome pleasure of having on that day and through that temporary disappointment struck a mortal blow at the cathedral money-taker, from which (if all good and true conspirators follow up the justifiable assassination to a Brutus climax) the poor gowned receiver of ill-gotten coppers shall never recover, but shall at the base of one of the noble *statuas*, stretch himself along “no worthier than the dust!” (which he has been in the habit of collecting). The visitors were prepared with a meek, uncomplaining, expected fourpenny fee to the janitor; no murmur, no half-vented oath-let at a verger, no smothered blessing—in *italics*—of the dean and chapter, but the hush-money was held out with a perfect quiet, as though it was indeed hushed by the breathing silence of the cathedral itself! The fee is rejected, placidly but firmly, with the cool explanation to the astonished tradesman that “the admission on *this* day is sixpence each.”

"Sixpence each! why, I never paid more than twopence before, *out of service time.*"

"Very likely," rejoined the door-keeper, calmly, "but *this is Lord Mayor's day—this is the 9th of November!*"

"Well," exclaimed our visitor, "what has *that* to do with the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral? The Lord Mayor does not pass through the body of the church, I suppose?"

The door was not relaxed at its reluctant yawn from an opening, but seemed closing its lips, and the implacable keeper continued—

"Why, no, not exactly; but he goes round by Paul's-chain, and you will have the opportunity of *seeing the show.*"

In vain the tradesman and his wife assured the sixpenny extortioner that they only sought to visit the interior of the church, and to see the monuments; the man's mind was full of aggravated money, and his imagination so interwove the statues of Dr. Johnson and Howard with the men in armour; the painted dome with the gilded state carriage; the pealing organ with the hired brazen band; the awful silence within the cathedral, with the vulgar civic yelling without; that he could not divest his mind of the idea that he was trebling the attractions of his own show by the gilt, riotous, roistering return of Carroll's procession from Blackfriars Bridge to Gog Hall. Two real men in polished brass and steel were surely superior to a lexicographer in complete stone, and a Howard in cold, immoveable marble! Then for a hero! In a verger's eye, one live lord mayor in a heavy, solid gold carriage, with a drawn real sword up against a moving plate-glass window, *must* be indisputably of a more vivid interest than an invisible Nelson or a buried Collingwood. "People," as this plain-thinking doorkeeper had argued with himself and his fellows, in the early morning, "pay to see sights! Well, they cannot see, for any money when they *have* paid, the two dead admirals, and they can always come for twopence to watch the stones that cover them, and look curiously and earnestly at what is *not* to be beheld. But here they can see a breathing, bowing, blessed Lord Mayor of London in all his gold, with all his servants walking through the actual mud in positive silk stockings, and count the horse guards, and behold real men in actual armour. And is an extra fourpence a-head to be thought of, in a free country? and in a temple, too, where it is a sacred custom, thoroughly known, and stretching back beyond the memory of man, to take small door-money for great, high, holy Dean and Canon purposes? People pay," says the gowned financier, "to go to profane theatres and gaudy profligate gardens, and pay chirrupingly, and they grudge and grumble to dole out a trifle in the way (it may be said) of *alms*, at the entrance of one of the most solemn, and beautiful, and religion-inspiring edifices in the world! I blush for my own kind when I think for a moment how cheerfully money can be lavished upon loose exhibitions and disgraceful amusements, whilst twopence at a church-door—at the door of a church nobly and profusely furnished with monuments—is paid with sullen discontent or with irreverent reproaches."

The Verger and his fellows had thus indulged their matin thoughts, if they had not thought in the precise words here set down for them. Men can *think money*, when they can think little or nothing else.

The occurrence to which I have referred is of so recent a date, that it is almost needless to say that the tradesman and wife having in vain pro-

tested, remonstrated, threatened,—could not bring down the price of middle aisles, tombs, naves, and pillars; the gaoler of the tombs stuck to his sixpence. It was useless for the visitor to observe to the tester-man, that the new show would not pass by the porticoes of the old one, for two or three hours; it *would* pass, and for sixpence all in due time could be seen. So the door was closed; the money-taker became as invisible as Nelson himself; and the rejected visitor retired, sorely irritated, down the steps into the untaxed street. After a hasty dinner and much angry meditation he indited that useful, plain, valuable letter to the *Times* (*with his name and address, “not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for the authenticity of the communication”*), which appeared in the columns of that powerful journal within a day or two of the memorable 9th. With much confidence may it be said that this letter will be the death-warrant, *in prospectu*, of an unblushing, mean, priestly system of taxation; a taxation, indeed, pursued from days ‘beyond the memory of man.’ No one but a Dean, a sub-dean, a Canon, a minor Canon, and every creeping cathedral thing under them, can hesitate at demonstrating this practice a disgrace to religious edifices, a desecration of religion itself, and a black national dishonour!

It would seem to be one of those “whirligigs of fortune, which time brings about,” that a citizen of London, and not a “Citizen of the World,” should have it included in his destiny to place more glaringly before public attention, and to usher more effectively to the threshold of complete reform, a vicious custom, which has defied the labours of the English lover of his country, the agreeable moralist and truthful essayist, the pungent wit and light and playful humorist! That which neither Oliver Goldsmith nor Charles Lamb could accomplish, with their purest gold of patient prose, a given Mr. Andrew Dawkins, or a Mr. Joab Huggins, almost does at an after-dinner dash, in a plain little note, with an initial in the *Times*! If the journal itself would but introduce the dean and his black-gowned satellites, with due formalities and sober seriousness into its leading columns, all would be done. The Dean and Co. would soon break up their money-boxes, disband their twopenny train-band forces, disclaim their copper captain, and shut up shop. Better it were honestly to employ their vergers in watching with reverential care the temple itself, and in superintending (if that be necessary) “the tranquil delights” of its respectful and gratified visitants, than in struggling in frantic gowns for multitudinous halfpence at the gates, dismissing the penniless with churchly rigour from the steps, poring at intervals over their brazen accounts, and striking balances, after the anthem, or at shut of day. “The body” is, of course, as all corporate bodies are, firm for the antique right in the cause of fees; but we will venture to assert that there is not an individual of the money-taking party, from the dean, downwards, even to the very verge of the vergers, that would stand a personal examination with his name and character appended to it, as an exhibit, for five consecutive minutes. It is *the* Dean and Chapter that permits the steady existence of this unseemly diocesan exaction, and surely *they* are honourable men!

The name of Cassius honours the corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide its head!

Let us seriously turn to those who have written, and written consider-

ately and well, in favour of opening our English cathedrals free of portal petty charges. It must be borne in mind that Westminster Abbey is not a whit less disgraced by its very reverend masters and keepers, and minor blackbirds of prey, than in the cathedral of St. Paul. The citizen of London might have had his choler as justly "stirred up, as life were in it," at the little paltry wicket at Poets' Corner as under the lofty portico at St. Paul's. The peers going to the House of Lords; the queen, all in her robes, passing to open or to adjourn parliament; the cream-coloured Hanoverian horses and gilded state carriage, are all exhibitions of a high, living, Tussaud-interest, and might well justify "a penny more," and "the up-going" of that prototype of a civic hero, "the donkey." We know not whether in the Abbey, however, the charges are exaggerated on holidays. Still the customary system of extracting certain sums of *gold* from Englishmen for permission to see their own churches is the established practice. Here the heads—the very reverend heads of a venerable Abbey—can stoop, can live, *EVER STOOPI*NG TO

Contaminate their fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of their large honours,
For so much trash as can be grasped thus!

But (we are still deviating) now let us see what plain old Noll—what the true-hearted, clear-prosed Oliver Goldsmith said—and said, too, in the wisest, simplest, and most forcible way, through the mouth of a foreigner, and with all the earnestness which unaffected truth innocently and silently brings to bear against a fraud, or a thing of absolute vice—he who could give birth to a "Vicar of Wakefield" is surely an honest and proud authority, on church monetary affairs, and may confidently be relied upon as one who would not utter a word that would tend to the injury of the dean, the clergyman, and the gentleman.

"Leaving this part of the Temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when the person who held the gate in his hand told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? 'As for your questions,' replied the gatekeeper, 'to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but, as for that there threepence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the Tombs, and we must all live.' I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed: there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself with thinking it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. 'Look ye there, gentlemen,' says he, pointing to an old oak chair, 'there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow.' I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair, or the stone—could I indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other—there might be something curious in the sight, but in the present case there was no more reason

for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets and call it a curiosity, merely because one of their kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

"From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour which seemed to show nothing remarkable. 'This armour,' said he, 'belonged to General Monk.'

" 'Very surprising that a general should wear armour.'

" 'And pray,' added he, 'observe this cap, this is General Monk's cap.'

" 'Very strange, indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also. Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?'

" 'That, sir,' says he, 'I don't know, but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'

" 'A very small recompense, truly,' said I.

" 'Not so very small,' replied he, 'for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money.'

" 'What! more money, still more money?'

" 'Every gentleman gives something, sir.'

" 'I'll give thee nothing,' returned I, 'the guardians of the Temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.'

" Thus leaving the Temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day."

Thus has Oliver Goldsmith spoken in his wise little work, "The Citizen of the World." He spoke, however, at a time when *abuses* were treated as long established and authorised *uses*; at a period when science was indeed in a fair sound sleep, and the great men who gave to their fellow men the wonderful discoveries or rather the *applications* of the discoveries of Gas, Steam, and Electricity, were not fairly before the world, but were

—Spirits, standing apart
Upon the forehead of the Age to come.

Reform was in every thing pronounced to be a dangerous innovation; and it was considered sufficient for human aid and services that the little globular lamp at obscure intervals should show where darkness was visible, making 'a little glooming light much like a shade;' that the Gravesend and Margate Hoys should *plod* zig-zag the River Thames, and that electricity should be enticed from the cloud, or conveyed through barrel-organs into the human frame, as a mere shock to *that*, as well as to Science, in preference to a wise and powerful search into and use of these three giants.

Charles Lamb, in his memorable letter to Southey on the subject of an injustice done by the latter to Hazlitt,—*enters* Westminster Abbey with a free and seasonable ticket of good *Lamb*-prose (*lion*-informed), which no verger, smothered in black gowns, ought to have been able to resist: but nothing has yet been absolutely proof against the money-taker. The gentle poet,—the plain, pathetic, prose-writer—the man of useful, innocent, perfect wit,—the best punster (if such were

needed), could not influence a dean and chapter to do away with a "foolish thing of custom;" and Peter being a careful precedent of a gate-keeper, they love his "keys," and require them to be oiled, if used. The following is Charles Lamb's remonstrance (a beautiful one, as all true remonstrances are) respecting the whole *dealing* of the abbey. It is *almost* enough to make a learned good man *un-dean* himself.

"The last time I was in any of your places of worship, was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes, and turned, like a dog, or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings, which I could not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your churches.

"You had your education at Westminster; and, doubtless, among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you, and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education;—you owe it to your learned fondness of the architecture of your ancestors;—you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them till they be totally done away with and abolished: till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiasts, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies, which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship, every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject,—in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, sir,—a hint in your journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the beautiful temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver! If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done), would the sight of those old tombs have been so impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiments), as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a longer or shorter time, as *that* lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved abbey now, can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anti-climax presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may co-exist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand. A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently-clothed man, with as decent a wife and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only *twopence* each person. The poor, but decent man, hesitated, desirous to

go in :—but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the interior of the cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the aristocracy of the country (no one can do it more impressively) ; instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these sellers, out of the temple ! Show the poor, that you can sometimes think of them in some other light than as mutineers and malecontents. Conciliate them by such kind methods to their superiors, civil and ecclesiastical. Stop the mouths of the railers ; and suffer your old friends, upon the old terms, again to honour and admire you. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the stale evasion, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the tombs to violation. Remember your boy days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the abbey, while it was free to all ? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations ? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches,—they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas ! no passion for antiquities ; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would no longer be the rabble."

But "*minora canamus!*" Perhaps the best style of writing towards these clerical Corsairs might be to board them, (or "*blow* them up,") with the pikes and axes of ridicule and light satire. If the protests, uttered calmly for the better part of a century, are weak, why should not another, and a generally effective mode of warfare, be adopted. There must be a cathedral-league. Undermine,—bonfire the parties,—squib, cracker them—make *Protestant* Guys of such religious professionals, and *November* them into shame !

The following little poem appeared in a volume entitled "*Odes and Addresses to Great People,*" understood in its moment of popularity to be the conjoint production of the late Mr. Thomas Hood and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hamilton Reynolds. It bears upon our subject, but like Captain Warner's "*long range,*" it failed in the object which, its author flattered himself, it would destructively have arrived at, and fell short, somewhere between the dull warehouse of Messrs Baldwin and Co., in Paternoster Row, and Palace Yard. A lad will sometimes pick up a squib nimbly, that has not yet died with *éclat*, and effect the completion of its aim by a fresh hurl. May this figure be carried out to its utmost extent !

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

"Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough!"

GOLDSMITH'S *Citizen of the World*.

Oh, very Reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone-den !
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and
Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in wax queens, like old wax
candles.

II.

Oh! reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view:

Yours surely are the dusty dead,—
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come "down with the
Dust."

Oh! as I see you walk along,
In ample sleeves and ample back;
A prosy and well-order'd throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread, like Fee Faw
Fum!
And drink from skulls as Byron did !

IV.

The profitable abbey is
A sacred change for stony stock;
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit's founded on a rock.
Death and the Doctors in each nave
Bony investments have inurn'd;
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which "no money is return'd."

V.

Here many a pensive pilgrim brought
By reverence for those learned bones;
Shall often come and walk your short
Two shilling fare upon the stones!
Ye have that talisman of wealth
Which puddling chemists sought of
old,
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
The tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

VI.

Oh! licensed cannibals! Ye eat
Your dinner from your own dead race—
Think Gray preserved, "a funeral meat,"
And Dryden devil'd (after grace!)
A relish; and you take your meal
From rare Ben Jonson underdone,—
(Or whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison!

VII.

Oh! say of all this famous age,
Whose learned bones your hopes expect;
Say, have you number'd Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your ghosts elect;
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
Your money, by his final sleep;
Why don't ye warn the great to take
Their ashes to no other heap!

VIII.

Southey's reversion have you got?
With Coleridge for his body, made
A bargain? Has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?
Has Rogers haggled hard, in gold,
For something towards your marble
shows;

Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
All interest in his "bone repose!"

IX.

Rare is your show, ye righteous men,
Proud zoologicals I ween—
But should you not outside the den
Paint up what in it may be seen:

A long green Shakspeare with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in;
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear
Wet white bears weeping o'er a Dry-
den.

X.

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you as grinders in his eye.
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say the original may be seen,
Blind Milton with a Dog and string.
Shown like the Beggar o' Bethnal
Green!

XI.

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
The little door, a platform small,—
Get there a monkey, never fear,
You'll catch the gapers one and all;
Stand each of you a body-guard,
A trumpet under either fin;
And yell away o'er Palace Yard,
"All dead! all dead! Walk in; walk in!"

XII.

But when the people *are* inside,
The money paid, I pray you bid,
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin-lid:
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,
'That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear,
And be so hurried through the wax.

XIII.

"Walk in! two shillings only!" come!
Be not my country grumblers funk'd,
"Walk in, and see the illustrious dumb,
The cheapest house for the defunct:"
Write up, 'twill cause some just reflection.

And every rude surmise 'twill stop;
Write up that you have no connexion
(In large) with any other shop!

XIV.

And still to catch the clowns the more,
With samples of your men of wax,
Set some Old Harry near the door,
To answer queries with his *axe*.
Put up some general begging Trunk.
Since the last fail'd by some mishap;
You've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his cap!

J. H. R.

The Charivari of the 19th of November last has, however, perhaps done more than all our own writers and scribblers "to shame these English hence!" For nothing is so frightful on this side of the white cliffs as to have insult, pity or ridicule, flung at, bestowed upon, or sneered over us, by a French gentleman. We have been too badly *Nelsoned*, to like a smart of any kind from what is termed "the other side of the water." Well, but *the Charivari* has had a touch at our money-grasping propensities, and, except as to the building (the British Museum), the only public building almost it could have blundered upon about money taken at the doors, the touch is good, and we are grateful. This sketch represents a very respectable cocked-batted, beadle-sort of gatesman, surprising

(with a side-look and a loll'd tongue) a visitor, by demanding a fee at letting him out from the show! The underwriting to the sketch is—

“Visite au Musée,

“Payer pour entre, payer pour sortir, il faut toujours payer. Ce qu'on voit le mieux à Londres, c'est le fond de sa bourse.”

Our own *Charivari*, our own good *Punch*, has come forward in the cause; and if he will but say half as much in favour of the sacred monuments and statues, as he has spoken against the arch statue at Grosvenor Place, he will do much in a great cause. On the 28th of November (the last good month), he gives a sketch of the dome of St. Paul's Church, with the following inscription in large letters upon it, “CAMERA OBSCURA: ADMISSION SIXPENCE.” He writes under this sketch thus:—

“We understand, that with the view of making the most of the Grand Ecclesiastical Exhibition Station, commonly called St. Paul's Cathedral, the dome of that popular and attractive show is to be fitted up as a *Camera Obscura*. We are only surprised that an arrangement, affording an opportunity for an extra charge of sixpence, has not long ago been carried out by the authorities. Perhaps Daguerreotype likenesses might also be taken in the ball, whilst the vast recesses of the roof could be used as a sort of Pantehnicon, where property could be received for warehousing at the usual charges.”

And again in the same month, *Punch loquitor*. This is a sort of translation which the Bishop had not in his eye when he quoted the original in his charge.

“WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, &c.

“The Bishop of London in his last charge is very severe upon those persons who can afford to build churches and do not. He hurls at them a quotation from Horace.

Ergo,

Quod sperat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? Quare,
Templa ruunt antiqua Deum! Cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

“We submit a free translation of the above for his lordship's consideration,

The rents which from thy diocese arise
Would buy three German principalities.
Hast thou no surplus then the hearths to cheer
Of curates, starved on eighty pounds a year?
Wren's work in ruins crumbling, canst thou see
A prey to rain, wind, Gibbs, and Chancery?
And count thy coppers as the showman bawls,
“Sixpence the Abbey, tuppence for St. Paul's?”
Search London's diocese, and ask, with shame,
What church, or chapel, bears the Bishop's name?

“St Stephen's, Walbrook.”

Wren (“oh! most accomplished Christopher!”) seems unlucky in his churches, or rather in St. Paul's and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, two of the most beautiful out of his fifty-three London ecclesiastical edifices. The great two are both afflicted in their monetary systems.

The Catholic churches on the continent, with a wisdom above coppers, allure to the beautiful architectural homes of their religion, and only permit their servants to be the recipients of any voluntary bounty from the visitors. Our great English Protestant establishments (particularly our metropolitan ones) possess, as we have shown, reluctant doors and awful habits of grovelling taxation, carrying prohibition to a poor person's admission. We cannot here resist giving an extract from the letter of a friend, written so lately as September last, from Nuremberg. It puts the point, to which we have referred, in a very clear and forcible light.

"Nuremburg, September 13, 1846.

"— I think Mrs. Trollope has been treated too severely for saying that she always felt more at ease on moving into a slave state. It no more follows from that, that she loved slavery, than that I am a Papist, or even a Puseyite, because moving from a Catholic to a Protestant town gives me a cold chill. I have been over this most picturesque and anti-papal town, and am come in with all my sympathies frozen up. Why does Protestantism lock up its churches? Passing through Donauwerth we looked in at the old monastery. The sacristan showed us over the church and the relics; the bit of the true cross, which, when stolen, was discovered by a light on the outside of the box; the miraculous image which, though fastened to the wall by two wooden pegs, resisted the efforts of six strong horses to move it. To be sure, if the horses were, as to blood and bone, such as a picture below the image represents them, the miracle seems moderate. But the old man believed all this; his heart was in it. He received our little *Trinkgeld* with a bow, put it into his pocket without counting the kreutzers, and called us back to look at a monument which was apart from what we had seen. Here we engage a *valet de place* to get the churches, &c. opened for us. They reminded me of a description in some melo-dramatic medical book, of a lady who died of disease of the heart just as she had completed her toilet, and was found before the glass, a corpse, dressed for a ball. The ruffian hand of the reformer had not been there. No German Knox in his zeal had cut the pictures or broken the images. The Madonna, in wood and embroidery, stood in the glass case above the altar. I never felt disposed to smile at this absurdity before. It is hallowed by the feelings which it excites and I do not envy those who can laugh when they see simple-minded women praying before the representation of her, who they think can best appreciate a woman's wants and sorrows. Here it has been kept, not from religion, not from love of art, but for a show, and is no more respected than a ragman's black doll. Well! we were allowed to walk about the churches as we pleased, but on making towards any door, the utmost vigilance was shown to put some one in our way lest we should get out without giving our voluntary contribution, which at the first church was received without motion of face or body. The fingers closed, it was counted and bagged. At the next church I tried the effect of a larger fee, and doubled the former, but finding it received in the same way, I did not repeat the extravagance. Through every church and every gallery it was the same, except at the royal chapel, which is Catholic. There we were neither watched nor hunted, and the woman who showed it was polite. I have observed the same over and over again, but never so strongly as to-day. The old gables are well worth looking at, and the young women——"

Oh! is it not time "the ports were opened" for religion and reverential feelings, as well as for corn? The mind ought to be fed as well as the body. If you take the duty off tea, why not off tombs? Education (now so seriously, so energetically put in motion) calls for liberal aid from the educated, and it will be a sin and a shame if the rulers of our two great ecclesiastical edifices do not open wide their doors to *all comers*! Here we leave the cathedrals. When, when shall any one be able in Westminster Abbey (or in St. Paul's, in the same spirit, allowing for the difference in the style of architecture) to breathe out from the pensive heart and mind, lines similar to the following, which had their birth in an English country cathedral, where the contemplative loungers found an open door? Never, till ALL may be "unprohibited loungers. A poet would be disturbed, unless he submitted to be a reversed *penny-a-liner*, and *paid* for the privilege to compose and *write*! But what—as a last resource—if a copper subscription from the people were proposed to redeem our two vast and beautiful churches from their present unholy mortgage? It would fill!"

* The attention of the benevolent is intreated towards the third quotation at the head of this earnestly-intended essay; the writer of which will head the subscription with a numismatical liberality.

THE CATHEDRAL.

I STEP from out the living air, from under
 The sun-illumined sky, the young-leaved trees—
 Stoop through a little door; and, as asunder
 Cut from the world, my being seems to freeze!
 High arched roofs, on cluster'd shafts, with ease—
 Almost etherial ease—call up my wonder;
 Recall'd by some closed door, whose muffled thunder,
 Along the misty aisle, dies by degrees.
 White, cold, death-speaking slabs, crowd the gray walls,
 And, to gloom forth Time's mystic vanishings,
 Iron-fenced tombs recumbent knights enthrall;
 Around my eyes on bronzed figures fall
 (Their suppliant palms upraised) of Queens and Kings—
 Oh! how the spirits of these tombs devout,
 Sublime the air, and, listening, breathe about!

THE GRAVE ON THE LIDO.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"Near the ancient Jewish cemetery on the Lido, but far removed from any other tomb, and lying close to the barren shores of the Adriatic, whose spray in stormy seasons must be often cast over it (fit tears for such a sepulchre!) stands a small, neglected grave. Its situation is inexpressibly saddening. The spot seems selected by Despair; and yet Hope rises above it, for a contrite, though a broken heart, rests there. Surrounded by hillocks of drifted sea-sand, the little mound covering the poor nameless dead is edged with a broken row of stunted acacias, incrustated with sea-shells, and overgrown with nettles and other weeds—the haunt in summer of the lizard and the grasshopper. Above it stands a small stone cross, breathing of deep penitence and humility in the following pathetic inscription:

PREGATE PER UN INFELICE CHE IMPLORA PACE E MISERICORDIA.—1843.

Never did I cross the Lido to plunge into the Adriatic without visiting this solitary grave, and never linger beside it without profound emotion."—*MS. Journal. Venice, September, 1846.*

Rest thee, poor weary one! thy spirit yearning
 Above the world's wild flood, where all was dark,
 Like restless dove, from its vain search returning,
 • Faith, faint and drooping, found at last the ark.
 From thy lone tomb swells forth thy song of anguish,
 Such as the poet's hand in sadness brings
 From his wild harp, when Hope's sweet pinions languish,
 And the soul trembles o'er the thrilling strings.
 What flow'ring reed long rested on hath fail'd thee?
 What fond, familiar friend betray'd thy trust?
 What death-wing'd shaft, through Love's sweet shield, assail'd thee,
 And left thine idols shatter'd in the dust?
 Is there none left to tend the wildling blossom
 Upon thy grave—to drop one kindred tear?
 To pluck the noxious weed from that cold bosom,
 Some heart-throb of another fancied—dear?
 Peace to thee, weary one! if loved, how lonely!
 None tends thy silent rest with trembling hand,
 And for the mourner's voiceless grief is only—
 A pitying stranger—from a distant land.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.R.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

CHAP. XI.

We must now read Adele's letter.

"My dear Valerie,

"The die is cast, and I have now a most difficult game to play. I have risked all upon it, and the happiness of my future life is at stake. But let me narrate what has passed since I made you my confidante. Of course you must know the day on which I was missing. On that day I walked out with him, and we were in a few minutes joined by a friend of his, who he introduced as Major Argat. After proceeding about one hundred yards farther we arrived at a chapel, the doors of which were open, and the verger looking out, evidently expecting somebody.

"My dear angel," said the colonel, 'I have the licence in my pocket, I have requested the clergyman to attend, he is now in the chapel, and all is ready. My friend will be a witness, and there are others in attendance. You have said that you love me, trust yourself to me. Prove now that you are sincere, and consent at once that our hands as well as our hearts be united.'

"Oh! how I trembled. I could not speak. The words died away upon my lips. I looked at him imploringly. He led me gently, for my resistance was more in manner than in effect, and I found myself within the chapel, the verger bowing as he preceded us, and the clergyman waiting at the altar. To retreat appeared impossible; indeed I hardly felt as if I wished it, but my feelings were so excited that I burst into tears. What the clergyman may have thought of my conduct, and my being dressed so little like a bride, I know not, but the colonel handed the licence to his friend, who took it to the clergyman while I was recovering myself. At last we went up to the altar, my head swam, and I hardly knew what was said, but I repeated the responses, and I was—a wife. When the ceremony was over, and I was attempting to rise from my knees, I fell, and was carried by the colonel into the vestry, where I remained on a chair trembling with fear. After a time the colonel asked me if I was well enough to sign my name to the marriage register, and he put the pen in my hand. I could not see where to sign, my eyes were swimming with tears. The clergyman guided my hand to the place, and I wrote Adele Chabot. The knowledge what the effect of this signature might possibly have upon my husband quite overcame me, and I sunk my head down upon my hands upon the table.

"I will send for a glass of water, sir," said the clergyman, leaving the vestry to call the verger or clerk, 'the lady is fainting.'

"After he went out I heard the colonel and his friend speaking in low tones apart. Probably they thought that I was not in a condition to pay attention to them,—but I had too much at stake.

“‘Yes,’ replied the colonel, ‘she has signed as you say, but she hardly knows what she is about. Depend upon it it is as I told you.’

“‘I did not hear the major’s reply, but I did what the colonel said.

“‘It’s all the better; the marriage will not be legal, and I can bring the parents to my own terms.’

“All doubt was now at an end. He had married me convinced, and still convinced that I was Caroline Stanhope, and not Adele Chabot, and he had married me supposing that I was an heiress. My blood ran cold, and in a few seconds I was senseless, and should have fallen under the table had they not perceived that I was dropping over and ran to my support. The arrival of the clergyman with the water recovered me. My husband whispered to me that it was time to go, and that a carriage was at the door. I do not recollect how I left the church; the motion of the carriage first roused me up, and a flood of tears came to my relief. How strange is it, Valerie, that we should be so courageous and such cowards at the same time. Would you believe that when I had collected myself, that with a certain knowledge that my husband had deceived himself—a full conviction of the danger of my position when he found out his mistake, and that my future happiness was at stake—I felt glad that the deed was done, and would not have been unmarried again for the universe. As I became more composed I felt that it was time to act. I wiped away my tears and said, as I smiled upon my husband, who held my hand in his, ‘I know that I have behaved very ill, and very foolishly, but I was so taken by surprise.’

“‘Do you think that I love you the less for showing so much feeling, my dearest?’ he replied, ‘no, no, it only makes you still more dear to me, as it convinces me what a sacrifice you have made for my sake.’

“Now, Valerie, could there be a prettier speech, or one so apparently sincere, from a newly-married man to his bride, and yet recollect what he had said to his friend not a quarter of an hour before about having my parents in his power by the marriage not being legal. I really am inclined to believe that we have two souls, a good and an evil one, continually striving for mastery; one for this world, and the other for the next, and that the evil one will permit the good one to have its influence provided that at the same time it has its own or an equal share in the direction of us. For instance, I believe the colonel was sincere in what he said, and really does love me, supposing me to be Caroline Stanhope, with the mundane advantages to be gained by the marriage, and that these better feelings of humanity are allowed to be exercised and not interfered with by the adverse party, who is satisfied with its own Mammon share. But the struggle is to come when the evil spirit finds itself defrauded of its portion, and then attempts to destroy the influence of the good. He does love me now, and would have continued to love me if disappointment will not tear up his still slightly rooted affections. Now comes my task to cherish and protect it till it has taken firm root, and all that woman can do shall be done. I felt that all that I required was time.

“‘Where are we going?’ said I.

“‘About twenty miles from London,’ replied my husband, ‘after which, that is to-morrow, you shall decide upon our future plans.’

“‘I care not where,’ replied I, ‘with you place is indifferent, only do not refuse me the first favour that I request of you.’

“‘Depend upon it I will not,’ replied he.

"It is this, dearest, take me where you will, but let it be three months before we return or come near London. You must feel my reason for making this request."

"I grant it with pleasure," replied he, "for three months I am yours, and yours only. We will live for one another."

"Yes, and never let us mention any thing about future prospects, but devote the three months to each other."

"I understand you," replied the colonel, "and I promise you it shall be so. I will have no correspondence even—there shall be nothing to annoy you or vex you in any way."

"For three months," said I, extending my hand.

"Agreed," said he, "and to tell you the truth, it would have been my own feeling, had it not been yours. When you strike iron, you should do it when it is hot, but when you have to handle it, you had better wait till it is cool; you understand me, and now the subject is dropped."

"My husband has adhered most religiously to his word up to the present time, as you will see by the date of this letter. We are now visiting the lakes of Cumberland. Never could a spot be better situated for the furtherance of my wishes. The calm repose and silent beauty of these waters must be reflected upon the mind of any one of feeling, which the colonel certainly does not want, and when you consider that I am exerting all the art which poor woman has to please, I do hope and pray to Heaven that I may succeed in entwining myself round his heart before his worldly views are destroyed by disappointment. Pray for me, dear Valerie—pray for one who loves you dearly, and who feels that the happiness of her whole life is at stake.

"Yours,
"ADELE."

So far all goes well, my dear Adele, thought I, but we have yet to see the end. I will pray for you with all my heart, for you deserve to be happy, and none can be more fascinating than you, when you exert yourself. What is it in woman that I do not feel which makes them so mad after the other sex? Instinct, certainly, for reason is against it. Well, I have no objection to help others to commit the folly, provided that I am not led into it myself. Such were my reflections as I closed the letter from Adele.

A few days afterwards I received a note from Mr. Selwyn, junior, informing me that his father had been made a puisne judge. What that was I did not know, except that he was a judge on the bench of some kind. He also stated his intention of calling upon me on the next day.

"Yes," thought I, "to receive the music from Caroline. Of course she will return it to me when I give her a lesson to-day."

I was right in my supposition. Caroline brought me a piece of music with a note, saying, "Here is the music belonging to Miss Selwyn, Valerie; will you take an opportunity of returning it to her? Any time will do; I presume, she is in no hurry," and Caroline coloured up when her eyes met mine.

To punish her, I replied, "Oh, no, there can be no hurry; I shall be down at Kew in a fortnight or three weeks, I will take it with me then."

"But my note, thanking Mr. Selwyn, will be of very long date," replied Caroline, "and I want the other piece of music belonging to me which I left at Kew."

"Well, Caroline, you cannot expect me to be carrying your messages and going to the chambers of a handsome young chancery barrister. By the by, I had a note from him this morning, telling me that his father is advanced to the bench. What does that mean?"

"That his father is made a judge. Is that all he said?" replied Caroline, carelessly.

"Why, now I think of it, he said that he would call upon me to-morrow, so I can give him this music when he calls."

At this intelligence Caroline's face brightened up, and she went away. Mr. Selwyn called the next day, and I delivered the music and the note. He informed me that he had now all his father's private as well as chancery business, and wished to know whether he was to consider himself my legal adviser. I replied,

"Certainly; but that he could not expect the business of a teacher of music to be very profitable."

"No, nor do I intend that it shall be, but it will be a great pleasure," replied he, very gallantly. "I hope you have some more money to put by."

"Yes," replied I, "I have some, but not quite enough; by the end of the year I hope to have 500*l*."

"I am glad that you have told me, as a profitable investment may occur before that time, and I will secure it for more."

He asked permission to read Caroline's note, and then said that he would find the other piece of music, and leave it at Monsieur Gironac's in the course of a day or two. After which he took his leave. I received that evening a letter from Lionel, which had a great effect upon me. In it, he stated that at the fencing-school he had made acquaintance with a young officer, a Monsieur Auguste de Chatenœuf. That he had mentioned to him that he knew a lady of his name in England; that the officer had asked him what the age of the lady might be, and he had replied.

"Strange," said the officer; "I had a very dear sister who was supposed to be drowned, although the body was never found. Can you tell me the baptismal name of the lady you mention?"

"It then occurred to me," continued Lionel, "that I might be imprudent if I answered, and I therefore said that I did not know, but I thought you had been called by your friends Annette."

"Then it cannot be her," replied he, "for my sister's name was Valerie. But she may have changed her name—describe me her face and figure."

"As I at once felt certain that you were the party, and was aware that the early portion of your life was never referred to by you, I thought it advisable to put him off the scent, until I had made this communication. I therefore replied, 'That' (excuse me) 'you were very plain, with a pug nose, and very short and fat.'"

"Then it must be somebody else," replied the officer. "You made my heart beat when you first spoke about her, for I loved my sister dearly, and have never ceased to lament her loss."

"He then talked a great deal of you, and gave me some history of your

former life. I took the opportunity to ask whether your unnatural mother was alive, and he said, 'Yes, and that your father was also alive and well.'

"I did not dare to ask more. Have I done right or wrong, my dear Mademoiselle Chateneuf? If wrong, I can easily repair the error. Your brother, for such I presume he is, I admire very much. He is very different from the officers of the French army in general, quite subdued, and very courteous, and there is a kind spirit in all he says, which makes me like him more. You have no idea of the feeling he showed when he talked about you—that is, if it is you—which I cannot but feel almost certain that it is. One observation of his, I think it right to make known to you, which is, that he told me that since your supposed death, your father had never held up his head; indeed, he said that he had never seen him smile since."

The above extract from Lionel's letter created such a revulsion, that I was obliged to retire to my chamber to conceal my agitated feelings from Madame Gironac. I wept bitterly for some time. I thought of what my poor father must have suffered, and the regrets of poor Auguste at my supposed death; and I doubted whether I was justified in the act I had committed by the treatment I had received from my mother. If she had caused me so much pain, was I right in having given so much to others who loved me? My poor father, he had never smiled since! Should I permit him to wear out his days in sorrowing for my loss—oh, no; I no longer felt any animosity against others who had ill-treated me. Surely I could forgive even my mother, if not for love of her, at all events for love of my father and my brother. Yes, I would do so, I was now independent of my mother and all the family. I had nothing to fear from her; I could assist my family if they required it.

Such were my first feelings—but then came doubts and fears. Could not my mother claim me? insist upon my living with her? prevent my earning my livelihood? or if I did employ myself, could she not take from me all my earnings? Yes, by the law of France, I thought she could. Then again, would she forgive me the three years of remorse? the three years during which she had been under the stigma of having, by her barbarity, caused her child to commit self-destruction? the three years of reproach which she must have experienced from my father's clouded brow? Would she ever forgive me my having obtained my independence by the very talents which she would not allow me to cultivate? No, never, unless her heart was changed.

After many hours of reflection, I resolved that I would make known my existence to Auguste, and permit him to acquaint my father, under a promise of secrecy, but that I would not trust myself in France, or allow my mother to be aware of my existence, until I could ascertain what her power might be over me. But before I decided upon any thing, I made up my mind that I would make a confidant, and obtain the opinion of Judge Selwyn. By the evening's post I wrote a note to him, requesting that he would let me know when I might have an interview.

An answer arrived the next day, stating, that Judge Selwyn would call and take me down with him to Kew, where I should sleep, and return to town with him on the following morning. This suited me very well, and as soon as the carriage was off the stones, I said that I was now

about to confide to him that portion of my life with which he was unacquainted, and ask his advice how I ought to proceed, in consequence of some intelligence lately communicated by Lionel. I then went into the whole detail, until I arrived at my being taken away from the barracks by Madame d'Albret; the remainder of my life he knew sufficient of, and I then gave him Lionel's letter to read, and when he had done so, I stated to him what my wishes and what my fears were, and begged him to decide for me what was best to be done.

"This is an eventful history, Valerie," said the old gentleman. "I agree with you on the propriety of making your existence known to your brother and also to your father, who has been sufficiently punished for his cowardice. Whether your father will be able to contain his secret, I doubt very much; and from what you have told me of your mother, I should certainly not trust myself in France. I am not very well informed of the laws of the country, but it is my impression that children are there under the control of their parents until they are married. Go to France I therefore would not, unless it were as a married woman, then you will be safe. When does Lionel come over?"

"He will come at any time if I say I wish it."

"Then let him come over, and invite your brother to come with him, then you can arrange with him. I really wish you were married, Valerie, and I wish also that my son was married; I should like to be a grandfather before I die."

"With respect to my marrying, sir, I see little chance of that; I dislike the idea, and, in fact, it would be better to be with my mother at once, for I prefer an old tyranny to a new one."

"It does not follow, my dear Valerie; depend upon it there are many happy marriages. Am I a tyrant in my own house? Does my wife appear to be a slave?"

"There are many happy exceptions, my dear sir," replied I. "With respect to your son's marrying, I think you need not despair of that; for it is my opinion that he very soon will be—but this is a secret, and I must say no more."

"Indeed," replied the judge, "I know of no one, and he hardly would marry without consulting me."

"Yes, sir. I think that he will, and I shall advise him so to do—as it is necessary that nothing should be known till it is over. Trust to me, sir, that if it does take place, you will be quite satisfied with the choice which he makes; but I must have your pledge not to say one word about it. You might spoil all."

The old judge fell back in his carriage in a reverie, which lasted some little while, and then said,

"Valerie, I believe that I understand you now. If it is, as I guess, I certainly agree with you that I will ask no more questions, as I should for many reasons not wish it to appear that I know any thing about it."

Soon afterwards we arrived at Kew, and after a pleasant visit, on the following morning early I returned to town with the judge. I then wrote to Lionel, making known to him as much as was necessary, under pledge of secrecy, and stating my wish that he should follow up my brother's acquaintance, and the next time that he came over, persuade him

to accompany him, but that he was not to say any thing to him relative to my being his sister on any account whatever.

"Young Selwyn called the same day that I came from Kew, with the piece of music which was missing. I made no remarks upon the fact that the music might have been delivered to me by his sister, because I felt assured that it contained a note more musical than any in the score; I gave it to Caroline, and a few days afterwards, observing that she was pale and restless, I obtained permission for her to go out with me for the day. Mr. Selwyn happened to call a few minutes after our arrival at Madame Girouac's, and that frequently occurred for nearly two months, when the time arrived that she was to be removed from the school. The reader will, of course, perceive that I was assisting this affair as much as I could. I admit it; and I did so out of gratitude to Mr. Selwyn's father, for his kindness to me. I knew Caroline to be a good girl, and well suited to Mr. Selwyn; I knew that she must eventually have a very large fortune, and provided that her father and mother would not be reconciled to their daughter after the marriage, that Mr. Selwyn had the means by his practice of supporting her comfortably without their assistance. I considered that I did a kindness to Caroline and to Mr. Selwyn, and therefore did not hesitate; besides I had other ideas on the subject which eventually turned out as I expected, and proved that I was right.

On the last day of September, Caroline slipped out and followed me to Madame Girouac's; Mr. Selwyn was ready with the licence. We walked to church, the ceremony was performed, and Mr. Selwyn took his bride down to his father's house at Kew. The old judge was somewhat prepared for the event, and received her very graciously. Mrs. Selwyn and his sisters were partial to Caroline, and followed the example of the judge. Nothing could pass off more quietly or more pleasantly. For reasons which I did not explain, I requested Mr. Selwyn for the present, not to make known his marriage to Caroline's parents as I considered it would be attended with great and certain advantage, and he promised me that he would not only be silent upon the subject, but that all his family should be equally so.

If Mrs. Bradshaw required two bottles of eau-de-Cologne and water to support her when she heard of the elopement of Adele Chabot, I leave the reader to imagine how many she required when an heiress intrusted to her charge had been guilty of a similar act.

As Caroline had not left with me, I was not implicated, and the affair was most inscrutable. She had never been seen walking, or known to correspond with any young man. I suggested to Mrs. Bradshaw that it was the fear of her father removing her from her protection which had induced her to run away, and that most probably she had gone to her aunt Bathurst's. Upon this hint, she wrote to Mr. Stanhope, acquainting him with his daughter's disappearance, and giving it as her opinion that she had gone to her aunt's, being very unwilling to return home. Mr. Stanhope was furious; he immediately drove to Madame Bathurst's, whom he had not seen for a long time, and demanded his daughter. Madame Bathurst declared that she knew nothing about her. Mr. Stanhope expressed his disbelief, and they parted in high words.

A few days afterwards the colonel and Adele came to town, the three

months acceded to her wishes having expired, and now I must relate what I did not know till some days afterwards, when I saw Adele, and who had the narrative from her husband.

It appeared that as soon as the colonel arrived in London, still persuaded that he had married Caroline Stanhope, and not Adele Chabot, without stating his intention to her, he went to Grosvenor Square and requested to see Mr. Stanhope. This was about a fortnight after Caroline's elopement with Mr. Selwyn. He was admitted, and found Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope in the drawing-room. He had sent up his card, and Mr. Stanhope received him with great hauteur.

"What may your pleasure be with me, sir? (Looking at the card.) Colonel Jervis, I believe you call yourself?"

Now Colonel Jervis was a man well known about town, and, in his own opinion, not to know him argued yourself unknown; he was, therefore, not a little angry at this reception, and being a really well-bred man, was also much startled with the vulgarity of both parties.

"My name, Mr. Stanhope, as you are pleased to observe," said the colonel, with hauteur, "is Jervis, and my business with you is relative to your daughter."

"My daughter, sir?"

"Our daughter! Why, you don't mean to tell us that *you* have run away with our daughter?" screamed Mrs. Stanhope.

"Yes, madam, such is the fact, she is now my wife, and I trust that she is not married beneath herself."

"A colonel!—a paltry colonel!—a match for my daughter! Why, with her fortune she might have married a duke," screamed Mrs. Stanhope. "Ill never speak to the wretch again. A colonel, indeed! I suppose a militia colonel. I dare say you're only a captain after all. Well, take her to barracks, and to barracks yourself. You may leave the house. Not a penny—no, not a penny do you get. Does he, Stanhope?"

"Not one half of a farthing," replied Mr. Stanhope, pompously, "Go, sir; Mrs. Stanhope's sentiments are mine."

The colonel, who was in a towering passion at the treatment he received, now started up and said, "Sir and madam, you appear to me not to understand the usages of good society, and I positively declare that had I been aware of the insufferable vulgarity of her parents, nothing would have induced me to marry the daughter. I tell you this because I care nothing for you. You are on the stilts at present, but I shall soon bring you to your senses; for know, sir and madam, that although I did elope with and marry your daughter, the marriage is not legal, as she was married under a false name, and that was her own act, not mine. You may, therefore, prepare to receive your daughter back when I think fit to send her, disgraced and dishonoured, and then try if you can match her with a duke. I leave you to digest this piece of information, and now wish you good morning. You have my address when you feel inclined to apologise, and do me the justice which I shall expect before a legal marriage takes place."

So saying, the colonel left the house, and it would be difficult to say which of the three parties was in the greatest rage.

The colonel, who had become sincerely attached to Adele, who had well profitted by the time which she had gained, returned home in no

very pleasant humour. Throwing himself down on the sofa, he said to her in a moody way,

"I'll be candid with you, my dear; if I had seen your father and mother before I married you, nothing would have persuaded me to have made you my wife. When a man marries, I consider connexion and fortune to be the two greatest points to be obtained, but such animals as your father and mother I never beheld. Good Heaven! that I should be allied to such people!"

"May I ask you, dearest, to whom you refer, and what is the meaning of all this? My father and mother! Why, colonel, my father was killed at the attack of Montmartre and my mother died before him."

"Then who and what are you," cried the colonel, jumping up; "are you not Caroline Stanhope?"

"I thank Heaven I am not. I have always told you that I was Adele Chabot, and no other person. You must admit that. My father and mother were no vulgar people, dearest husband, and my family is as good as most in France. Come over with me to Paris and you will then see who my relatives and connexions are. I am poor, I grant, but recollect that the revolution exiled many wealthy families, and mine among the rest, although we were permitted eventually to return to France. What can have induced you to fall into this error, and still persist (notwithstanding my assertions to the contrary), that I am the daughter of those vulgar upstarts, who are proverbial for their want of manners, and who are not admitted into hardly any society, rich as they are supposed to be?"

The colonel looked all amazement.

"I'm sorry you are disappointed, dearest," continued Adele, "if you are so. I am sorry that I'm not Caroline Stanhope with a large fortune, but if I do not bring you a fortune, by economy I will save you one. Let me only see that you are not deprived of your usual pleasures and luxuries, and I care not what I do or how I live. You will find no exacting wife in me, dearest, troubling you for expenses you cannot afford. I will live but to please you, and if I do not succeed, I will die—if you wish to be rid of me."

Adele resumed her caresses with the tears running down her cheeks, for she loved her husband dearly, and felt what she said.

The colonel could not resist her; he put his arms round her and said, "Do not cry, Adele, I believe you, and, moreover, I feel that I love you. I am thankful that I have not married Caroline Stanhope, for I presume she cannot be very different from her parents. I admit that I have been deceiving myself, and that I have deceived myself into a better little wife than I deserve, perhaps. I really am glad of my escape. I would not have been connected with those people for the universe. We will do as you say; we will go to France for a short time, and you shall introduce me to your relations."

Before the next morning Adele had gained the victory.* The colonel felt that he had deceived himself, that he might be laughed at, and that the best that could be done was to go to Paris and announce from thence his marriage in the papers. He had a sufficiency to live upon, to command luxury as well as comforts, and on the whole he was now satisfied, that a handsome and strongly attached wife, who brought him no fortune, was preferable to a marriage of mere interest. I may as well here observe,

that Adele played her cards so well, that the colonel was a happy and contented man. She kept her promise, and he found with her management that he had more money than a married man required, and he blessed the day in which he had married by mistake. And now to return to the Stanhopes.

Although they were too angry at the time to pay much heed to the colonel's parting threats, yet when they had cooled, and had time for reflection, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were much distressed at the intelligence that their daughter was not legally married. For some days, they remained quiet, at last they thought it advisable to come to terms to save their daughter's honour. But during this delay on their part, Adele had called upon me, and introduced her husband and made me acquainted with all that had passed. They stated their intention of proceeding to Paris immediately, and although I knew that Adele's relations were of good family, yet I thought an introduction to Madame d'Albret would be of service to her. I therefore gave her one, and it proved most serviceable, for the colonel found himself in the first society in Paris, and his wife was well received and much admired. When, therefore, Mr. Stanhope made up his mind to call upon the colonel at the address of the hotel where they had put up, he found they had left, and nobody knew where they had gone. This was a severe blow, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were in a state of the utmost uncertainty and suspense. Now was the time for Mr. Selwyn to come forward, and I despatched a note to him, requesting him to come to town. I put him in possession of Adele's history, her marriage with the colonel, and all the particulars with which the reader is acquainted, and I pointed out to him how he should act when he called upon Mr. Stanhope, which I advised him to do immediately. He followed my advice, and thus described what passed on his return.

"I sent up my card to Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope, and was received almost as politely as the colonel. I made no remark, but taking a chair, which was not offered to me, I said. 'You have my card, Mr. Stanhope, I must, in addition to my name, inform you that I am a barrister, and that my father is Judge Selwyn, who now sits on the King's Bench. You probably have met him in the circles in which you visit, although you are not acquainted with him. Your sister, Madame Bathurst, we have the pleasure of knowing.'

"This introduction made them look more civil, for a judge was with them somebody.

"My object in coming here is to speak to you relative to your daughter.'

"Do you come from the colonel, then?" said Mrs. Stanhope, sharply.

"No, madam. I have no acquaintance with the colonel.'

"Then how do you know my daughter, sir?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting her at my father's. She stayed a short time with my family at our country seat at Kew.'

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope, 'well I had no idea of that. I'm sure the judge was very kind; but, sir, you know that my daughter has married very unfortunately.'

"That she has married, madam, I am aware, but I trust not unfortunately.'

"Why, sir, she has married a colonel,—a fellow who came here and told us it was no marriage at all!"

“ ‘It is to rectify that mistake, madam, which has induced me to call. The colonel, madam, did hear that your daughter was at Mrs. Bradshaw's establishment, and wished to carry her off, supposing that she was a very rich prize, but, madam, he made a slight mistake—instead of your daughter, he has run away and married the French teacher, who has not a sixpence. He has now found out his mistake, and is off to Paris to hide himself from the laughter of the town.’

“ ‘This intelligence was the cause of much mirth and glee to Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope; the latter actually cried with delight, and I took care to join heartily in the merriment. As soon as it had subsided, Mrs. Stanhope said,—

“ ‘But Mr. Selwyn, you said that my daughter was married. How is that?’

“ ‘Why, madam, the fact is, that your daughter's affections were engaged at the time of this elopement of the colonel's, and it was her intention to make known to you that such was the case, presuming that you would not refuse to sanction her marriage; but when the elopement took place, and it was even reported that she had run away, her position became very awkward, and the more so, as some people declared (as the colonel asserted), that she was not legally married. On consulting with the gentleman of her choice, it was argued thus:—If Miss Stanhope goes back to her father's house after this report that she is not legally married, it will be supposed that the colonel, finding that he was disappointed in his views, had returned her dishonoured upon her parents' hands, and no subsequent marriage would remove the impression. It was therefore considered advisable, both on her parents' account and on her own, that she also should elope, and then it would be easily explained that it was somebody else who had eloped with the colonel, and that Miss Stanhope had married in a secret way. Miss Stanhope, therefore, was properly married in church before respectable witnesses, and conducted immediately afterwards by her husband to his father's house, who approved of what was done, as now no reflection can be made, either upon Miss Stanhope or her respectable parents.’

“ ‘Well let us all know the person to whom she is married.’

“ ‘To myself, madam, and your daughter is now at Judge Selwyn's, where she has been ever since her marriage, with my mother and sisters. My father would have accompanied me, to explain all this, but the fact is that his lordship is now so much occupied that he could not. He will, however, be very happy to see Mr. Stanhope, who is an idle man, either at his town house or at his country seat. I trust, madam, as I have the honour to be your son-in-law, you will permit me to kiss your hand?’

“ ‘Caroline may have done worse, my dear,’ said the lady to her husband, who was still wavering. ‘Mr. Selwyn may be a judge himself, or he may be a lord chancellor, recollect that. Mr. Selwyn you are welcome, and I shall be most happy to see his lordship, and my husband shall call upon him when we know when he will be at leisure. Oh that colonel, but he's rightly served, a French teacher. Ha, ha, ha!’ and Mrs. Stanhope's mirth was communicated to her husband, who now held out his hand to me in a most patronising manner.

“ ‘Well, sir, I give you joy. I believe you have saved my daughter's character, and my dear,’ added he, very pompously, ‘we must do something for the young people.’

"I trust, sir, I bear your forgiveness to Caroline."

"Yes, you do, Mr. Selwyn," said the lady. "Bring her here as soon as you please. Oh that colonel: ha, ha, ha; and it is capital. A French teacher. Ha, ha, ha."

Such was the winding up of this second marriage. Had not Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope been much subdued by the intelligence received from the colonel of the marriage being illegal, and had they not also been much gratified at the mistake of the colonel, things might not have gone off so pleasantly. I have only to add, that Mr. Stanhope, who appeared to obey his wife in every thing, called upon the judge, and their interview was very amicable. Mr. Stanhope, upon the judge stating that his son had sufficient income, immediately became profuse, and settled 2000*l.* per annum upon his daughter, during his life, with a promise of much more eventually. Caroline was graciously received by her mother, and presented with some splendid diamonds. The judge told me that he knew the part I had taken in the affair, and shook his finger at me.

Thus ended this affair, and Madame Gironac, when she heard how busy I had been in the two elopements, said,

"Ah, Valerie, you begin by marrying other people. You will end in finding a husband for yourself."

"That is quite another thing, madam," replied I, "I have no objection in assisting other people to their wishes, but it does not follow that therefore I am to seek for myself what I do not wish."

"Valerie, I am a prophetess. You will be married some time next year. Mark my words."

"I will not forget them, and at the end of the year we will see who is right and who is wrong."

After all this bustle and turmoil, there was a calm, which lasted the whole winter, I followed up my usual avocations. I had as many pupils as I could attend to, and saved money fast. The winter passed away, and in the spring I expected Lionel with my brother Auguste. I looked forward to seeing my brother with great impatience; not a day that he was out of my thoughts. I was most anxious to hear of my father, my brothers and sisters, and every particular connected with the family; even my mother was an object of interest although not of regard, but I had forgiven all others who had ill-treated me, and I felt that I forgave and forgot, if she would behave as a mother towards me. I had received kind letters from Madame d'Albret and Adele; the letters of the latter were most amusing. Madame Bathurst had called upon me several times. I was at peace with all the world and with myself. At last I received a letter from Lionel, stating that he was coming over in a few days; that he had great difficulty in persuading my brother to come with him, as he could not afford the expense out of his own means, and did not like to lie under such an obligation. At last he had been over-ruled, and was coming with him.

"Then I shall see you again, dear Auguste!" thought I; "you who always loved me, always protected me and took my part, and who so lamented my supposed death;" and my thoughts turned to the time when he and I were with my grandmother in the palace, and our early days were passed over in review. "My poor grandmother, how I loved you! and how you deserved to be loved!" And then I calculated what I might have been had I been left with my grandmother, and had inherited her small property; and, on reflection, I decided that I was better

off now than I probably should have been, and that all was for the best. I thought of the future, and whether it was likely I ever should marry, and I decided that I never would, but that if I ever returned to my family, I would assist my sisters, and try to make them happy.

"Yes," thought I, "marry I never will—that is *decided*—nothing shall ever induce me."

My reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who, apologising to me, stated that he had come to seek Monsieur Gironac.

I replied that he was not at home, and probably it would be half an hour before he returned to dinner.

"With your leave, mademoiselle," said he, gracefully bowing, "I will wait till he returns. I will not, however trespass upon your time, if it is disagreeable; perhaps the servant will accommodate me with a chair elsewhere?"

I requested that he would be seated, as there was no fire in any other room, and he took a chair. He was a Frenchman, speaking good English, but he soon discovered that I was his countrywoman, and the conversation was carried on in French. He informed me that he was the Comte de Chavannes. But I must describe him. He was rather small in stature, but elegantly made; his features were, if any thing, effeminate, but very handsome; they would have been handsome in a woman. This effeminacy, was, however, relieved by a pair of moustaches, soft, silky, and curling. His manners were peculiarly fascinating, and his conversation lively and full of point. I was much pleased with him during the half hour that we were together, during which we had kept up the conversation with much spirit. The arrival of Monsieur Gironac put an end to our *tête-à-tête*, and having arranged his business with him, which was relative to some flute music which the comte wished to be published, after a few minutes more conversation, he took his leave.

"Now there's a man that I would select for your husband, Valerie," said Monsieur Gironac, after the comte had left. "Is he not a very agreeable fellow?"

"Yes he is," I replied, "he is very entertaining and very well bred. Who is he?"

"His history is told in few words," replied Monsieur Gironac. "His father emigrated with the Bourbons; but, unlike most of those who emigrated, he neither turned music-master, dancing-master, hairdresser, or teacher of the French language. He had a little money, and he embarked in commerce. He went as supercargo, and then as travelling partner in a house to America, the Havannah, and the West Indies, and after having crossed the Atlantic about twenty times in the course of the late war, he amassed a fortune of about 40,000*l*. At the restoration, he went to Paris, resumed his title, which he had laid aside during his commercial course, was well received by Louis XVIII., and made a colonel of the Legion of Honour. He returned to this country to settle his affairs, previous to going down to Brittany, and died suddenly, leaving the young man you have just seen, who is his only son and heir, alone on the wide world, and with a good fortune as soon as he came of age. At the time of his father's death he was still at school. Now he is twenty-four years old, and has been for three years in possession of the property, which is still in the English funds. He appears to like England better

than France, for most of his time is passed in London. He is very talented, very musical, composes well, and is altogether a most agreeable young man, and just fit for the husband of Mademoiselle Valerie de Chatenœuf. Now you have the whole history, the marriage is yet to take place."

"Your last observation is correct; or rather it is not, for the marriage will never take place."

"Mais, que voulez vous, mademoiselle?" cried Monsieur Gironac, "must we send for the angel Gabriel for you?"

"No," replied I, "he is not a marrying man any more than I am a marrying woman. Is it not sufficient that I admit your count to be very agreeable?—that won't content you. You want me to marry a man whom I have seen for one half hour. Are you reasonable, Monsieur Gironac?"

"He has rank, wealth, good looks, talent, and polished manners; and you admit that you do not dislike him; what would you have more?"

"He is not in love with me, and I am not in love with him."

"Mademoiselle Valerie de Chatenœuf, you are *une enfant*. I will no longer trouble myself with looking out for a husband for you. You shall die a sour old maid," and Monsieur Gironac left the room, pretending to be in a passion.

A few days after this meeting with the Count de Chavaunes, Lionel made his appearance. My heart beat quick as I welcomed him.

"He is here," said he, anticipating my question. "but I called just to know when we should come, and whether I was to say any thing to him before he came."

"No, no, tell him nothing—bring him here directly—how long will it be before you return?"

"Not half-an-hour; I am at my old lodgings in Suffolk-street, so good-by for the present," and Lionel walked away again.

Monsieur and Madame Gironac were both out, and would not return for an hour or two. I thought the half hour would never pass, but it did at last, and they knocked at the door. Lionel entered, followed by my brother Auguste. I was surprised at his having grown so tall and handsome.

"Madame Gironac is not at home, mademoiselle," said Lionel.

"No, Monsieur Lionel."

"Allow me to present to you Monsieur Auguste de Chatenœuf, a lieutenant in the service of his majesty the King of the French."

Auguste bowed, and as I returned the salute, looked earnestly at me and started.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said he, coming up to me, and speaking in a tremulous voice, "but—yes, you must be Valerie."

"Yes, dear Auguste," cried I, opening my arms.

He rushed to me and covered me with kisses, and then staggering to a chair, sat down and wept. So did I, and so did Lionel, for sympathy and company.

"Why did you conceal this from me, Lionel?" said he, after a time; "see how you have unmanned me."

"I only obeyed orders, Auguste," replied Lionel; "but now that I have executed my commission I will leave you together, for you must have much to say to each other. I will join you at dinner-time."

Lionel went out and left us together ; we renewed our embraces, and after we were more composed, entered into explanations. I told him my history in as few words as possible, promising to enter into details afterwards, and then I inquired about the family. Auguste replied,

"I will begin from the time of your disappearance. No one certainly had any suspicion of Madame d'Albret having spirited you away ; indeed, she was as you know, constantly at the barracks till my father left, and expressed her conviction that you had destroyed yourself. The outcry against your mother was universal ; she dared not show herself, and your father was in a state to excite compassion. Four or five times a day did he take his melancholy walk down to the Morgue to ascertain if your body was found. He became so melancholy, morose, and irritable, that people were afraid lest he would destroy himself. He never went home to your mother but there was a scene of reproach on his part and defence on hers that was a scandal to the barracks. All her power over him ceased from that time and has ceased for ever since, and perhaps you know that he has retired."

"How should I know, Auguste?"

"Yes ; he could not bear to look the other officers in the face ; he told me that he considered himself, from his weakness and folly, to have been the murderer of his child, that he felt himself despicable, and could not longer remain with the regiment. As soon as the regiment arrived at Lyon he sent in his retirement, and has ever since been living at Pau, in the south of France, upon his half-pay and the other property which he possesses."

"My poor father!" exclaimed I, bursting into tears.

"As for me, you know that I obtained leave to quit the regiment, and have ever since been in the 51st of the line. I have obtained my grade of lieutenant. I have seen my father but once since I parted with him at Paris. He is much altered, and his hair is gray."

"Is he comfortable where he is, Auguste?"

"Yes, Valerie ; I think that he did wisely, for it was ruinous travelling about with so many children. He is comfortable, and, I believe, as happy as he can be. Oh, if he did but know that you were alive, it would add ten years to his life."

"He shall know it, my dear Auguste," replied I, as the tears coursed down my cheeks. "I feel now that I was very selfish in consenting to Madame d'Albret's proposal, but I was hardly in my senses at the time."

"I cannot wonder at your taking the step, nor can I blame you. Your life was one of torture, and it was torture to others to see what you underwent."

"I pity my father, for, weak as he was, the punishment has been too severe."

"But you will make him happy now, and he will rejoice in his old days."

"And now, Auguste, tell me about Nicolas—he never liked me, but I forgive him—how is he?"

"He is, I believe, well ; but he has left home."

"Left home!"

"You know how kind your mother was to him—I may say, how she

doated upon him. Well, one day he announced his intention of going to Italy, with a friend he had picked up who belonged to Naples. His mother was frantic at the idea, but he actually laughed at her, and behaved in a very unfeeling manner. Your mother was cut to the heart, and has never got over it; but, Valerie, the children who are spoiled by indulgence, always turn out the most ungrateful."

"Have you heard of him since?"

"Yes; he wrote to me, telling me that he was leading an orchestra in some small town, and advancing rapidly—you know his talent for music—but not one line has he ever written to his mother."

"Ah, me!" sighed I, "and that is all the return she has for her indulgence to him. Now tell me about Clara."

"She is well married, and lives at Tours: her husband is an *employé*, but I don't exactly know what."

"And Sophie and Elisée?"

"Are both well, and promise to grow up fine girls, but not so handsome as you are, Valerie. It was the wonderful improvement in your person that made me doubt for a moment when I first saw you."

"And dear little Pierre, that I used to pinch that I might get out of the house, poor fellow?"

"Is a fine boy, and makes his father very often very melancholy, and his mother very angry, by talking about you."

"And now, Auguste, one more question. On what terms are my father and mother, and how does she conduct herself?"

"My father treats her with ceremony and politeness, but not with affection. She has tried every means to resume her empire over him, but finds it impossible, and she has now turned *devote*. They sleep in separate rooms, and he is very harsh and severe to her at times when the fit comes on him. Indeed, Valerie, if you sought revenge, which I know you do not do, you have had sufficient, for her brow is wrinkled with care and mortification."

"But do you think she is sorry for what she has done?"

"I regret to say I do not. I think she is sorry for the consequences, but that her animosity against you would be greater than ever if she knew that you were alive, and if you were again in her power she would wreak double vengeance. Many things have occurred to confirm me in this belief. You have overthrown her power, which she never will forgive; and as for her religion, I have no faith in that."

"It is then as I feared, Auguste; and if I make known my existence to my father, it must be concealed from my mother."

"I agree with you that it will be best; for there is no saying to what point the vengeance of an unnatural mother may be carried. But let us quit this subject, for the present at least, and now tell me more about yourself."

"I will—but there is Lionel's knock; so I must defer it till another opportunity. Dear Auguste, give me one more kiss, while we are alone."

THE SPEAKING SECRET.

A TALE FROM "EL SECRETO À VOCES,"* BY CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

CHAP. I.

ALL the efforts of a court devoted to her amusement, and all the natural beauties by which her palace was surrounded, were insufficient to divert the melancholy of Florida, the beautiful Duchess of Parma. The cause of this melancholy none of her courtiers could fathom.

In the month of May, when various amusements were carried on for the vain purpose of enlivening the sorrowful princess, Enrico, the young Duke of Mantua, arrived at her court, in disguise. He had heard much of her beauty and accomplishments, and had come in person to test the truth of the rumours which had reached him. His intimacy with Federigo, the private secretary to the duchess, enabled him to obtain the introduction he required, and he brought a letter, which represented him as being no more than a younger member of the ducal house of Parma. Florida received him courteously, but insisted that he should make no allusion to any project of marriage between her and the duke. Such a project had been under consideration, although the duke and duchess were personally unknown to each other, but Florida always testified a strong aversion from the proposed union.

Federigo, the secretary, was scarcely more happy than his mistress. He was deeply enamoured of Laura, one of the ladies of the court, and was beloved by her in return, but they were both forced to keep their passion a secret, as Laura was betrothed by her father, Ernesto, to a young nobleman named Lisardo.

One of the amusements with which Florida tried to recreate her mind, was the proposing of questions, the answers to which should tax the ingenuity of the court. She established one of these trials of skill in the presence of her new guest, Enrico. It was carried on in this way :

Florida.—Be seated : now the sun, by clouds o'erspread,
Rather appears to peep than shine to-day,
Here, ladies, take your places. You, Ernesto,
Propose a question.

[*The ladies sit on one side, the gentlemen stand on the other.*]

Ernesto.—Though my hoary head
May well excuse me, yet it shall not serve
To hinder your amusement. Come, attend—
What is the greatest pain that waits on love ?

Florida (to Enrico).—You answer first.

Enrico.—

I ?

Florida.—

As you are a guest,

Your turn comes first.

Enrico.—

Two great advantages

I find are mine—therefore, to use them both—

* Our play-going readers will at once recognise in this piece the foundation of the French drama, an adaptation of which was lately played at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *Love's Telegraph*.—J. O.

- I choose the torment I endure myself—
The greatest pain in love is to be hated.
- Flora (an attendant).*—Nay, nay, I feel there is a greater pain—
'Tis that of hating.
- Lisardo.*— I say, jealousy.
- Livia (an attendant).*—I vote for—absence.
- Federigo.*— I, for—hopeless love.
- Flerida.*—I, for a love that cannot tell its grief,
But suffers on in silence.
- Laura.*— Nay, methinks
To love and be belov'd again is worst.
- Flerida.*—Sure you'll require a subtle argument
To show that love return'd is cause for pain.
- Laura.*—My reasons will explain my meaning, lady.
- Ernesto.*—Now, each one state the cause of his reply.
- Enrico.*—I gave the pain of hate, and thus begin.
- Fabio (a servant).*—Here will the wisest speak the vainest thing.
- Enrico.*—Love is a star, govern'd by joy or grief;
And hence it is the greatest pain of love
To love without return. He who is hated
By her he loves, has sinn'd against his star.
There cannot be a greater grief than this;
For he who loves, and meets with nought but hate
Loves against Heaven's decree.
- Flora.*— Nay, though I grant
There's pain in being hated, 'tis a balm
To know we suffer for the cause of love.
Now he who, loveless, hates, must suffer, too,
Without such consolation. Hence, the pain
Is less of being hated, than to hate.
- Lisardo.*—Those who, when hated, love, and those who hate
Suffer an evil that is sent by Heav'n;
Not so the jealous man—his pain is caus'd
By some more happy wight, who stirs his envy.
Hence is his pain the greatest pain of all;
Differing from that the other two endure,
As much as Heav'n is different from mankind.
- Livia.*—Nay, there have been a thousand instances
Of love matur'd by force of jealousy
But not by absence—that's the death of love.
Hence, 'tis love's greatest pain; for if we find
It grows more strong when touched by jealousy,
And perishes beneath the force of absence,
One is its life, the other is its death.
- Federigo.*—He who is hated when he most adores,
And she who, most ador'd, then hates the most;
And he who suffers pains of jealousy,
And she who with the grief of absence mourns—
All may relieve the torment they endure,
By hoping that some happy change may come.
Thus it is prov'd, the greatest pain of all
Is felt by him who lives without a hope.
- Flerida.*—Yet even he who lives without a hope,
Is able to declare his hopeless state,
And thus, in his confession, finds relief.
But he who locks his secret in his breast,
Wrapping a painful silence round his love,
He—he endures the greatest agony.
He knows no hope, nor tells his want of hope.
- Laura.*—Mark, he who loves and is belov'd again,
Lives in perpetual fear—when fortunate,

He thinks his happiness will cease at last :
 Sometimes he fancies that he is despoil'd
 Of favours that he merits, and abhors them.
 Thus, though belov'd, the anguish he endures
 Both of the hated and the hating one.
 Heav'n knows that he abounds in jealousy.
 Yes, he who loves, and is belov'd again,
 E'en of himself, is jealous. One sole instant
 That parts him from his love, appears to him
 Lengthen'd to ages. Thus, the happiest
 Feels the suspicions of the jealous man,
 And all the pain, which absence can produce.
 His very joys proclaim his hopeless state.
 How can he hope, when nought to hope is left ?
 Then silence pains him, for his sense of conquest
 Impels him to declare it to the world.
 'Tis thus the happy lover forc'd to bear
 The anguish of the hopeless and the silent.
 To say he suffers no unhappiness
 Because he is belov'd, is surely wrong,
 Seeing his love is never free from danger.
 Thus he who loves, and is beloved again,
 Combines within himself the various ills,
 Belonging to the hater and the hated,
 The absent, hopeless, jealous, desperate,
 To him who speaks, and him who holds his peace. (*All rise.*)
Flerida.—These are but sophistries to show your wit,
 And no sound arguments.

Laura.— You speak the truth.
 And how could it be otherwise, when love
 Seeks for no other boon but a return.

At the end of this discourse Laura let fall a glove, which all the courtiers around tried to pick up. Federigo, however, recognised it as a signal to himself, and, retaining it, placed in her hands another precisely similar. By the general attention thus paid to Laura, Flerida was evidently offended, and a tinge of jealousy seemed to be added to her usual melancholy.

Federigo was not mistaken as to the import of the glove, and when he found himself alone, he lost no time in drawing from it a letter, which the fair Laura had addressed to him. In the epistle thus clandestinely conveyed, she complained of the attempt of her father to force her into a hateful marriage, telling him that the following day was appointed for signing the contract. Finally declaring, that rather than lose him she would sacrifice her life, she exhorted him to meet her in the garden at night.

When we said that Federigo was "alone," we did not mean to say that he was not attended by his servant Fabio, an eccentric fellow, in whom he placed, not wisely, the most implicit confidence. Fabio had closely watched his master's movements, and was sorely puzzled to find him in ecstasies over a letter, for the conveyance of which he could not account, as the manœuvre of the glove had escaped his observation. He naturally concluded that Federigo had fallen in love with some feminine hobgoblin.

Federigo had made, in the presence of the duchess, an indistinct avowal of his love for—somebody, and Flerida began to show a strange anxiety

to discover the object of his passion. Guessing the corruptible nature of Fabio, she presented him with a golden chain, as an earnest of her good intentions, and ordered him to use every exertion to satisfy her curiosity. All that she could at present learn from him was, that his master was in the habit of communicating with a mysterious correspondent, after some unfathomable fashion, and that, on the recent receipt of the letter, he had uttered exclamations, which showed the delight he anticipated from an interview with his beloved that very night.

This interview, for some reason or other, the duchess was determined to prevent; and, therefore, sending for Federigo, she gave him a letter directed to the Duke of Mantua, and ordered him to depart with it immediately. The poor secretary was in despair at an order so unexpected. He had been raised to the summit of felicity by the prospect of speaking to Laura, and now his hopes were to be dashed by a sudden journey from Parma to Mantua. Fortunately his friend, the disguised duke, suggested a remedy for the difficulty. He told him that, being himself the Duke of Mantua, there was not the slightest occasion to quit Parma. Federigo had only to slip the letter into the duke's hand, keep himself out of Florida's way during the night, meet Laura according to appointment, and take back an answer to the duchess in the morning. Thanks to the circumstance of the Duke of Mantua being at Parma in disguise, nothing was easier than extrication from a dilemma which had at first appeared so formidable.

Our readers will probably have guessed ere this the cause of Florida's melancholy. The fact is, she was desperately, though secretly, in love with her secretary, Federigo, and the knowledge that he loved another was a cause to her of the most acute torment. At the same time, so far was she from divining the object of his passion, that she began to make Laura her chief agent, in frustrating his plans. Yes, that very Laura, who had appointed to meet Federigo, did Florida set to watch for the ady who should come to the place of assignation.

Of course, the good duchess, Florida, was grievously deceived, for Federigo, whom she thought safe on his road to Mantua, and Laura, whom she had appointed guard for the occasion, met as comfortably as possible at the appointed time, and exchanged their portraits amid mutual protestations of love.

CHAP. II.

THE next morning, Federigo obtained the letter from the Duke of Mantua, and, with all the coolness in the world, presented it to Florida, pretending that he had just returned from his journey. This assurance, and the fact of his presenting the letter, completely staggered his servant, Fabio, who knew perfectly well, that though his master had got into the carriage the preceding evening, he had not progressed a mile from the palace, before he turned back again. He stated this fact to the duchess, and revived her uneasiness, though it was perfectly inexplicable how Federigo had been able to bring a letter from the duke, without going to Mantua.

Keeping up the delusion of the journey, Federigo, in the presence of the duchess, placed in Laura's hand a letter which he professed to have brought from a lady of the Mantuan court. Of course, our readers know it could not have come from any one of the kind, and, of course, they will have conjectured, that it was written by Federigo himself. It

contained a plan by which the lovers might converse together, even in the presence of a third party, without fear of detection, and Laura having heard Florida declare her suspicion, that Federigo had not gone to Mantua the night before, began to study the plan in good earnest, thinking it was time to warn the secretary of his peril. Being quite alone, she said, taking out the letter:—

To warn him, I will once more read the plan,
Which he has sent, and understand it well.
(Reading) "Whene'er you would address your words to me,
First make a signal, with your handkerchief.
Thus fixing my attention; then take heed
Whate'er may be the theme of your discourse,
The first word that occurs in ev'ry sentence
Must be for me; the rest will be for all.
Your meaning I shall afterwards interpret,
By aptly joining all these opening words;
The same rule holds, when I shall make the sign."
Truly an easy and a subtle plan!
Yet 'twill be difficult to place the words
So as to suit all hearers. Still, once more
I'll read the plan.

Enter LISARDO.

Lisardo (aside).— There's Laura with a letter,
In which she seems absorb'd; the high respect
I bear her, will allow no jealous fears,
But yet an idle curiosity
Prompts me to see what can amuse her so;
If I could read the letter unobserved —

Laura.— Ha! Who is that?

Lisardo.— I, Laura.

Laura.— Woe is me!

Lisardo.— How is it you are agitated thus?

Laura.— I am not agitated.

Lisardo.— Nay, the hue
Upon your cheek, the crumpled note you hold,
Confess the fact.

Laura.— The signs, which you observe
Both in my colour and the paper here,
Interpret better; they are not produced
By fear, but by the anger you arouse,
Insulting with suspicion my fair fame.
You dare to steal upon me unawares?
(Aside) The world shall see, the way to cure a fault
Is to complain one self.

Lisardo.— No, Laura; no,
I do not doubt you;—and to prove the trust
My love puts in your noble qualities,
I ask you without fear that you will hide
The truth,—what is that paper?

Laura (tears it up and scatters it).— 'Tis a paper,
Borne by the air in pieces most minute.
Your question was as empty as the wind,
And so the wind will aptly answer it.

Lisardo.— Nay; but I will regain it from the wind,
To which you have delivered it.

Laura.— Not so.
The letter's innocent—there's not a word
But may be join'd and read. It is my honour
That loudly calls for punishment on you,
For your most vile suspicions.

Lisardo.—Aye, but mine—

Laura.—The wind has, you see, borne the toy away.
You are no husband, that you dare so much.

Lisardo.—No husband, but your lover, and your kinsman ;
And I will join the pieces of this snake,
Which in its character retains its venom.

Laura.—No, no—the letter which you call a snake—
[*Places her foot on the pieces.*]

Is now an adder at my feet.

Lisardo.—'Tis mine,
Although it dares to bite among the flow'rs.
[*He endeavours to move her from the spot—she resists.*]

Laura.—You shall not have it.

Lisardo.—Hinder not.

Laura.—Desist.

Enter ERNESTO, FLERIDA, FEDERIGO, and FABIO.

Ernesto.—What's this, *Lisardo* ?

Flerida.—*Laura*, what is this ?

Lisardo.—Oh, it is nothing.

Laura.—Nay, it is too much.

Come, love, inspire me with all carefulness.

Lisardo.—Come, jealousy, inspire me with all strength.

Ernesto.—Have you been too presuming—
[*To LISARDO.*]

Flerida.—Are you angered—
[*To LAURA.*]

Ernesto.—With your fair cousin ?

Flerida.—With your future lord ?

Ernesto.—What strange event is this ?

Flerida.—Whence this dispute ?

Lisardo.—From nought, as far as I know.

Laura.—Yes, from much.

You recollect, a minute scarce has past,
Since here you l'ft me with a letter, lady—
With Ceba's letter in my hand.

Flerida.—I do.

Laura.—Good. Now my wrongs call on you to avenge
My wounded pride. Pray hear me, gracious lady,
That you may know the cause of this appeal.
And hear me, father, hear me all around ;
'Tis my desire when I bestow a voice
Upon the secret, lock'd within my heart,
That all should listen—

[*Takes out her handkerchief.*]

Federigo (aside).—I must mark her speech,
And join the opening words—for that's the sign.

Ernesto.—Proceed, my *Laura*, quick.

Laura.—FLERIDA—thou whose most resplendent beauty
IS—only to be match'd by thy fine wit ;
INFORMED—of my deep love and of my duty
ALREADY—lady, thou must surely be.

Flerida.—Most true—but why remind me of the fact ?

Federigo (aside).—"Flerida is inform'd already"—good !
That is the purport of the op'ning words.

Laura.—THAT—I should seek your aid, most gracious lady,
YOU—will not wonder, here your form has ever
REMAINED—a sojourner within my heart.
HERE—here, I say, it is imprinted yet.

Ernesto.—Command your voice—whence did your tears arise ?

Federigo (aside.)—"That you remain'd here"—that's her meaning plain.

Laura.—SPEAKING—of one who has offended me
WITH—such discourtesy, my tears are wrong.
YOUR—words, Lisardo suited not a lady—
LADY—I say, I am not yet your wife.

Lisardo.—"Twas you who did the wrong to both our loves.

Flerida.—None speak but Laura.

Federigo (aside.)—"Speaking with your lady."

Laura.—OF—this foul insult, which against my fame,
THIS—man has uttered, pray what must I think?
SHE'S—surely lost to honour, who no more
JEALOUS—of her renown, can bear such wrong.

Lisardo.—What if I found her poring o'er the letter,
And when I ask'd to look, she tore it up.

Ernesto.—I say she did quite right in tearing it.

Federigo.—"Of this she's jealous"—thus I follow her.

Laura.—MIND—you impress this truth upon your soul.
NAME—not Lisardo as my husband, lady.
ME—you may chance to see a corpse, but yet
NEVER—the bride of him who does me wrong.

Ernesto.—Come, have you no apology to offer?

Lisardo.—Indeed, I'm very sorry.

Ernesto.—Silence, bah!

Federigo (aside.)—"Mind, name me never"—that is what she said.

Laura.—HE—who so mad with his discourtesy,
WHO—ere he earns the title of a husband,
FOLLOWS—a course so opposite of right—
YOU—tell me all, what will he venture next?

Lisardo.—Nay, my fair Laura, I confess my error;
Let jealousy excuse me.

Ernesto.—Fine excuse!

It proves you guilty,

Federigo (aside.)—"He who follows you."

Laura.—IS—it, I ask you seemly, thus to show
YOUR—jealousy—nay, judge the case yourself,
GREATEST—of all the ills that Heav'n can send,
ENEMY—to my peace are you, Lisardo.
SEE—I accost you in all seriousness.
ME—you may love, yet let not passion blind you.
THIS—is the firm intention of my mind,
NIGHT—nor bright day shall see me speak with you.

This instance will suffice to show our readers the ingenious contrivance by which the lovers carried on intercourse in the presence of the whole court, without a single soul guessing their meaning.* The first person who practically felt the result of the correspondence, was poor Fabio; for his master, informed of his treachery by the words, "He who follows you is your greatest enemy," threatened to put him to death, and would probably have carried his threat into execution had he not been prevented by his friend the Duke of Mantua.

Fabio was a shrewd, suspicious fellow, but it was invariably his fate never to hit on the exact truth. Endowed with a faculty which seemed made for the express purpose of contriving or unravelling an intrigue—a cloud of mystery perpetually obscured his mental vision, when he would inquire into the secrets of his master. Of the plan which the lovers had arranged, he had not the slightest notion; and therefore when he

* The portion of the dialogue given to Laura in the extracted scene, is rendered less faithfully than might be desired; but I hope the difficulty attending the choice of words to commence every line, will serve as a sufficient excuse.—J. O.

found his master acquainted with the truth, he attributed it to a talkative propensity on the part of his patroness the duchess. Nay, when next he had an interview with Florida, he did not hesitate to upbraid her with want of good faith, and to tell her that he would no longer play the part of spy on her account. Nevertheless, she managed to worm out of him the information that Federigo possessed a portrait which might throw some light on the subject of his amour.

This information gave Florida a cue for a new plan. She summoned Federigo to her presence, and with that blind confidence in Laura, which she had always manifested, posted her at the door of the apartment to prevent any one from over-hearing the conversation. When the secretary had entered the room, she accused him of a treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Florence, and avowing that he had papers belonging to this correspondence concealed upon his person, ordered him to deliver them up immediately. The affrighted Federigo protested his innocence, and offered her his keys, his papers—and also, unwittingly, the case which contained Laura's portrait. This he instantly drew back, and attempted to conceal, but Florida, with the instinct of a jealous woman, perceived that it was the very prize which she sought. A contest ensued between the duchess and her secretary, which must have terminated in favour of the former had not her treacherous friend Laura feigned to step in to her assistance. This artful young lady rushed into the room, and upbraided Federigo for not showing a more ready compliance with the request of the duchess. Snatching the picture from his hand with feigned indignation, she managed to substitute for it the portrait of himself, which she had received the night preceding, and placed the latter in Florida's hand. The duped duchess, who had expected to solve a world of mystery, by discovering the portrait of Federigo's mistress, was completely petrified on finding that she had only a likeness of Federigo himself. She carried it off, it is true, by bantering him as a Narcissus dying of self-love, but she felt that she made a marvellously ridiculous figure.

CHAP. III.

If we have crept through the two preceding chapters we shall gallop through the third.

Laura, fretted by the jealousy of Florida, and somewhat jealous of Florida herself, for she felt that a duchess was a rival not to be despised, sent a letter to Federigo, in which she invited him to meet her on a certain bridge which lay between the park and the palace, and offered to elope with him. The delighted Federigo applied to his trusty friend, the disguised Duke of Mantua, for a passport into his dominions and a safe shelter, a request, which it need scarcely be told, the duke readily granted. Unluckily, his conversation was overheard by the 'indefatigable Fabio, who came to Florida with two important facts, viz.—the plan of the elopement, and the real rank of Enrico.

The consequence of Fabio's disclosure was, as might be expected, a serious impediment in the way of the lovers' escape. In the first place, Florida made old Ernesto believe that Federigo was going to fight a duel, and despatched him to the secretary with the commission of detaining him, and of arresting him in case he should endeavour to quit his apartment. This order was executed with the aid of a chosen body of guards. In the next place, Florida, still anxious to discover the object of Federigo's passion, sallied out by night to the trysting-place, where the first person she

found was her own faithful Laura, who as usual, was at no loss for an excuse. With the admirable coolness which belonged to her peculiarly ingenuous nature, she declared that she was on the watch for the interest of the duchess, being too zealous in her cause to wait for particular orders. Had Federigo remained snugly locked up, the secret would have remained locked up likewise; but the secretary, with infernal luck managed to effect his escape, and entering the palace-garden mistook Florida for Laura, and addressed her in language that left her in no doubt as to the manner in which she had been so grossly deceived.

What did the enamoured, jealous Florida do, when she discovered that her beloved secretary, and her confidant Laura, had been making her the victim of their stratagems for the last two days? Why, she generously joined their hands, to the small delight of Lisardo and consoled herself by marrying Enrico, Duke of Mantua. Thus did deceit and treachery successfully work their way in the good Duchy of Parma, and the world was marvellously edified by the tale of

THE SPEAKING SECRET.

HE WILL NA' GANG HIS GAET, MITHER.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

He will na' gang his gaet, mither,

He's ever by my side,

He's early an' he's late, mither,

I maunna bid him bide;

My spinning-wheel gaes slowly

When Jocky's by the door;

His lot is nae so lowly,

Though we are very poor.

Yet he'll na gang, &c.

He came thro' simmer sun, mither,

He comes thro' winter's snaw,

Oh! say what's to be done, mither,

He plagues your lassie so?

There's not a flow'r in blossom,

The frost is in the ground;

There's a whirlin' in my bosom

As the weary wheel gaes round.

He will na' gang, &c.

You're smiling at your Kate, mither,

(Oh where can Jocky hide)

If he'll nae gang his gaet, mither,

In troth I'll bid him bide:

He's bought a wee bit ring, mither

(Nae let me hide my face),

An' early in the spring, mither,

He'll take me fra' the place.

He's early an' he's late, mither,

He's ever by my side,

If he'll na' gang his gaet, mither,

In troth I'll bid him bide.

THE DANUBE AND THE NILE.*

It is essential in order to fully appreciate the importance of the steam navigation of the Danube, to have seen the state of isolation in which some of the people still remain who dwell upon its borders. In Wallachia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, and in Moldavia, there are neither stage-coaches nor any thing but the rudest conveyances, and what is designated as a great road is often a mere line, traversing a soil that is all dust in dry weather, and impenetrable mud during the wet seasons. The Danube itself is the most majestic of all the navigable rivers in Europe. "Neither the Rhine, so much sung by the Germans," says M. Marmier, "nor the Rhone, often more beautiful than the Rhine, have the same character of majestic and terrible grandeur; and the pale rivers of the north, the Torneo and the Volga, do not present throughout their vast extent the aspect of so profound or so imposing a solitude."

How long has this superb stream, this "king of the European rivers," as Napoleon termed it, been neglected? Yet in the middle ages it was the high-way between the East and Central Europe. The Crusaders, under the Emperor Conrad, and the Emperor Frederick followed its course, and the rich merchants of Cologne and Ratisbon plied its giant expanse. It was not till the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, that the vast steppes on its banks became so many battle-fields, and it is only with the decline of the Osmanli power that it has again, and under new and most promising circumstances, become once more one of the world's high roads. Truly, as M. Marmier remarks, on such a stream, watering so many different countries, a steamboat is not a mere instrument of commerce, it is a means of civilisation and of bringing into relations with one another half-barbarous people, who have hitherto dwelt in an isolation fatal to their improvement and to their amelioration.

Before arriving at Linz the Danube is closed in by dark wooded mountains, and its navigation is rendered extremely difficult by rocks and rapids. At the entrance of this rocky district is the Castle of Werfenstein, which resisted for two hundred years the Imperial power. Beyond are the ruins of Durrenstein, where Leopold detained Richard Cœur de Lion prisoner. Beyond this again the extensive and picturesque ruins of the castle in which dwelt the revolted sons of Hadmar of Kuennering. In every direction, indeed, crumbling walls and dismantled towers are seen, and fierce mediæval traditions are connected with each of them. But if these castellated ruins are surpassingly picturesque, the magnificent convents that occupy the summits of the distant hills are the most imposing objects to be seen probably on any river. That of St. Florian is said to be the most ancient in Austria: that of Molk, constructed on the site occupied in the twelfth century by the Castle of Saint Leopold, resembles a vast palace. This convent was mulcted by the army of Napoleon in fifty thousand quarts of wine per diem. There are also the convents of Neubourg and Gottweihe, with respective traditions and unrivalled sites.

It is needless to stop at Vienna, the city of good and happy subjects,

* Du Rhin au Nil. Tyrol—Hongrie—Provinces Danubiennes—Syrie—Palestine—Égypte. *Souvenirs de Voyages* par X. Marmier. 2 vols. Arthur Bertrand, Paris.

who, seated in the Sperle, with bottles of Mehlspeise before them, and the sound of an orchestra conducted by Strauss, father or son, are happily indifferent to the discussions of the parliaments of France and England. In fact, the point of the steeple of St. Stephen's is alone visible from the Danube, but by an arrangement peculiarly Austrian, between Nussdorf and the Prater, from whence the Lower Danube steamers take their departure, there is no communication. Going up or going down, the traveller must make his appearance at the central station of the Austrian police.

Below Vienna, the Danube is at first little attractive in a picturesque point of view, but highly so in an historical. The plain is passed where the haughty Suleiman pitched his splendid tent, where Sobieski came a century and a half afterwards to save the empire, and here also are Essling and Lobau, so memorable in Napoleon's campaigns. But not the least interesting object is the church of Pretronell, erected in the tenth century by Constantine, destroyed by the Avars, and restored by Charlemagne. The four towers of a strange-looking ruin, standing upon a round hill, announce the approach to the city of the Hungarian Diet, Presburg. Proud of their liberty, and their enfranchisement from an Austrian police, that laxity of manners is now first seen which may be said to attain its maximum at the Hungarian capital itself.

Beyond Presburg several small towns are successively passed; Raab, a city of the eleventh century; Komorn, with a prison fortress; Gran, distinguished by its noble cathedral, beyond which, plains of peculiarly Hungarian monotony stretch away to where the royal city of the Magyars occupies the two banks of the river; Pesth, with its noble quays, reminding one of Bordeaux, on the one side; Buden with its ramparts, and arsenals, and palaces rising up the hill side almost abruptly out of the river, and towered over by the volcanic looking Blocksberg; on the other,—but we cannot afford to be detained, even by Buden with its fine old buildings invested with so many historical reminiscences, or its younger and more commercial sister, Pesth, proud of her beauties and her progress, her Hungarian nobility and nationality, and full of hopes for the future. M. Marmier notices in terms of just condemnation the little decency observed at the hot springs; the bridge, to pass which the poor man alone pays toll—emblematic of the national condition where all the burdens fall upon the serf—and what he terms the unpardonable unbecomingness of Miss Pardoe's religious statements made in reference to the city of the Magyars.

It is not till the traveller gets beyond Pesth, that he enters into the real spirit of the Danube. Every thing then is upon a large scale, the waters are deep and wide, the plains vast and interminable, the mountains rugged and lofty. He feels that he is entering upon new countries, and among people slowly emerging from a half savage condition. M. Marmier is but half a traveller. He begins by grumbling at the onset, when it would have been quite time to have done so at the conclusion. At night a plank was drawn from out of the sofa that ran round the cabin. This, he complains, was each person's bed, and upon this, hard as it was, it was impossible to sleep from the snoring of gormandising Austrian functionaries, and wine-bibbing Hungarian barons. If M. Marmier had told the Kelner to lay his bed on the deck, he would have had fresh air, sound sleep, and dreams, to which the pure skies of these lati-

tudes and the wide and boundless expanse by which the traveller is surrounded, invariably give a tone of pleasing solemnity.

M. Marmier was not insensible to this influence when awake ;—

"The navigation of the Danube," he says, "often disposes to melancholy. The long reaches of sand, the beds of rushes where the murmur of the wavelets mingled itself with the sighing of the wind, the wide desert plains, through which the impetuous stream is ever working new thoroughfares, the sudden fogs that fall so suddenly like a dark veil upon the river, have a strange aspect, that astonishes and subjugates the traveller's imagination."

This result is, in fact, common to the navigation of all large and lonely rivers, especially in case of a first navigation, where mystery lends its aid to the enchantment of natural scenery. It is a feeling that is almost entirely dissipated by the presence of shipping, but M. Marmier has analysed its nature most superficially. Passing Kaloutscha, the seat of the second prelate in the kingdom, Mohacz, whose name alone makes the Hungarian shudder, is attained. M. Marmier neglected to see what is most interesting at this spot, the portrait of the unfortunate Louis II., the most beautiful boy it is possible to imagine, and a large picture of the battle, with the young king perishing in a swamp in the foreground. They are both in the bishop's palace.

Beyond Mohacz is the redoubtable prison fortress of Peterwardein, which was held for two centuries by the Turks. An Englishman shudders involuntarily as the boat glides by its dark ramparts, black-looking bastions, and innumerable strougholds; but the shudder is as well kept to one's-self. Peterwardein is one of the chief places of those well-known military colonies, which extend from the Adriatic to the Carpathian mountains,

Semlin is another military colony, but of a very miserable character, neither good inns nor shops are to be met with, there is nothing but soldiers in long coats plying about in boats, to relieve those miserable sentinels who are to be seen perched up on a kind of platform in the marshes, perpetually fanning away the mosquitoes. The treadmill must be a treat to such a service. But close by is Belgrade, of sanguinary renown. M. Marmier hastened, on arriving at the first of the Turkish cities, to visit the Pasha.

"It was," he says, "that courageous and unfortunate Hafiz pasha, who lost, at the battle of Nizib, his rank of Seraskier and the glory of his preceding campaigns. * * * He is a man of sixty years of age, straight and robust, with a noble open physiognomy; he wore a blue surtout, buttoned up to the chin, a silvery beard fell upon his breast, and his head was covered with a red fez, adorned with a large blue tassel of silk. He approached us smiling, shook hands with M. de Saint-André (French consul), and without any preamble invited us to partake of his dinner, in a tone so affectionate that it was impossible to refuse him."

This is not a bad portrait of Hafiz, and M. Marmier found that the worthy old general was as passionate after geographical knowledge as he has always been after every kind of information.

Below Belgrade is Moldava, a mere station, and at this point the river opens like a great lake, to be almost immediately shut up amidst the vast limestone precipices and rocks which constitute the "Iron Gates." M. Marmier relates all the popular legends and traditions which are associated with certain points in this sublime river pass. The oft re-

iterated story connected with the isolated rock at Baba-Kai, the fabulous swarms of mosquitoes that issue from the cave of Gol-u-bash or "the head of the lake," and he does not fail to notice the cave, where, in 1691, the gallant Hartman, and, in 1788, Major Steen, sustained long sieges against the Turks. But he does not appear to have visited the cave personally, which is a large vaulted cavern, capable of holding five hundred men conveniently. Coant Zichyni's new road is on the left bank, while traces of Trajan's old road are visible to the right, where is also a slab on the face of the rock, with supporters and a brief inscription, but of considerable interest. TR· CÆSARE· AVS· AUGUSTO· IMPERATO· PONT· MAX· TR· POT· XXXV· LEG· III· SCYTH· ET V· MACEDO.

Orsova brings with it a discussion about the gipsies, or cigainis as they are called on the Danube, where they are divided into classes and are all slaves. M. Marnier mistakes Mr. Borrow when he supposes that that eccentric, but clever writer exposes, like every one else, the corrupt morality of these people. Mr. Borrow argues in favour of the general morals of these dispersed and fallen people. In the Danubian provinces, according to M. de Kogalnitchan, who has written a history of these singular people, when there is a dispute between husband and wife, the mother seizes one child by the legs, the father another, and they bang one another with the babies as if they were sticks!

Poor M. Marnier is lost in Wallachia, no *diligences*, no *malle postes*, no *hôtels garnis*, not a restaurant by day, nor a bed by night. M. Marnier ought to have begun by Asia Minor and finished with Moldavia and Wallachia, and he would have imagined the Danubian to have been heavenly provinces. In these countries you get rooms over the house of an innkeeper, who is at once vintner, butcher, baker, and cook. Any thing more is mere luxury, any thing less is so much deprivation, a deprivation which is daily met with in the East, except during the short sojourns which the traveller makes in the great towns, where he can generally procure bread, meat, and wine.

Once passed the Iron Gates, the Danube flows along over the ruins of Trajan's Bridge, through a low and level country over which the snowy summits of the Balkan can be occasionally perceived in the distance. Bulgaria, inhabited by an honest and industrious people, is on the one side, Wallachia and Moldavia, the abode of nondescripts, spendthrift Boyards, Russian officers, would-be fashionable ladies, Jews and Turks, and runaway Europeans of all nations. The natives are almost only met with in the country places. There are, however, many remarkable sites in this part of the river. Such are Nicopolis, founded by Trajan; Widdin, the seat of a pasha, he who destroyed the Janissaries; Rustchuck, and on the opposite bank Giurgevo, one of the principal cities of Wallachia. Beyond Silistria is Ibraila, whose disasters claimed a tribute from Lord Byron, and beyond that, the great port of the Danube, Galatz, which M. Marnier describes well, when he says, that it resembles more a long encampment than a city. Commerce here is, however, considerable, and, with our new tariff, will increase prodigiously. It is out of jealousy of Galatz and Ibraila, that the Russians hold possession of the Sulina mouth of the Danube, the only one that is navigable to vessels of above eight feet draught of water, and where a town is rapidly rising up

under their auspices. This sovereign possession of the outlet, and the outlet only, of a river which has a European course of three hundred and seventy-nine geographic miles in length, is an anomalous thing—an act of usurpation—which must be condemned by every lover of justice and well-wisher of the human race.

The passage of the Sulina, the possession of which by the Russians is, in fact, like holding Austria by the nose, is a different affair now-a-days to what it used to be when the Austrian steamers were commanded by English seamen. Captain Everson never hesitated to pass the bar, on the river side of which M. Marmier appears to have been, by his own admission, detained most unnecessarily. Varna, to which the steamers next proceed, with its wide spreading fortifications, its arrowy minarehs, and its red roofs, looks at a distance like a large and handsome town; but land and there are the same narrow and tortuous streets, the same crumbling houses, and the same scarce and torpid population that characterises the generality of Turkish towns. Well may Marmier wonder with all who have visited this frontier fortress of the Osmanlis, what it was that so long detained the Russians before walls in which it would not take a day to effect a practical breach, with guns properly served.

M. Marmier does not indulge in much that is new in regard to Constantinople. The dogs, the dirt, and the narrow streets annoyed him, as they have done, and will probably yet do for many years to come, other steamboat travellers. It would appear that to the first mentioned nuisance of the City of the Sultan has been legacied the duty of carrying out the prohibitions of the Koran to the last extremity. The Sublime Porte M. Marmier declares to be any thing but sublime, and in the headless serpents of the Atmeidan he saw the decadence of the triple crown, won from Europe, Asia, and Africa, by the Osmanlis of old. The new British embassy is described as possessing the severe and veiled physiognomy which befits the exacting and crafty policy that reigns within. The Russian embassy is described as being at once a citadel of war and an Imperial palace, while the French embassy is a pretty pleasure house which, with its light gallery opening upon the Bosphorus, appears to have no other purpose than enabling its occupant to enjoy the breezes of the sea, and the "perfume of orange trees."

"Cemeteries constantly increasing in extent and invading the space occupied by the living; ruins at every step, huts of wood closed by the mistrust of jealousy to both air and light. Here the suburb of Galata, only approached by steep and rocky pathways like broken steps, up which stone, water, and all the provisions of prime necessity are painfully borne on the backs of asses and mules (still more frequently on the shoulders of sturdy Armenian porters); higher up, the streets of Pera, where three men cannot pass abreast; then along the golden horn, the hideous quarter of the Jews with its miserable huts drawn close to one another, its rags hanging out of the windows, its inhabitants still dirtier than its rags; and the quarter of the Greeks; the Fanar, where those intrigues are carried on which have given for nearly a century so many cruel masters to Wallachia and Moldavia, and which now offer a formidable support to Muscovite ambition; everywhere an appearance of constraint, of fear, of decrepitude, a testimony (real or false) of poverty, here and there, alone some fine mosques and a few marble fountains, erected for the wants of the people by the munificence of the Sultans, is what at once astonishes and afflicts the eye of the stranger who first penetrates into the interior of Constan-

tinople, with the fabulous and dreamy expectations of seeing a great Oriental city."

M. Marmier is delighted with the French packets. True that they were only established at an immense outlay, and that their receipts have never yet equalled their expenditure; but there are expenses which "a great nation" ought to be prepared to make, and these are proclaimed to be of that number. The French flag is by means of these armed steam-boats constantly exhibited "as a signal of protection to the populations of the Levant." These packets carry passengers and not merchandise, and M. Marmier imagines that this gives a prestige in their favour among Orientals which is not granted to the *trading* packets of the Austrians and English. "The Turks," says M. Marmier, "have been struck with a respectful astonishment for the nation which can send large and beautiful steamers to convey a few letters (passengers omitted) and (carry) the despatches of an ambassador." This is a mere illusion. The Turks do not entertain more respect for the French boats than for those of Austria or of England. This illusion, however, costs several hundred thousands of francs every year, notwithstanding the passengers and the post office.

That which gives to travels in the East so great a superiority over those made in other countries, is the magical reminiscence of olden times which gleams upon the miserable sterility of modern days. M. Marmier justly remarks upon Mr. Turner's attempt to prove the fabulous character of the charming tradition of *Icander's* feats of love, that the world is full of people who cannot bear that an illusion should be perpetuated, and who conceive that they are accomplishing a most meritorious act, if they can replace an amiable fiction by a prosy argument. But he comforts himself by the thought that a tradition sung not only by the poets of antiquity, but by those also of the middle ages, will still live when the name of the sceptical English archæologist shall have been long forgotten.

Upon the defences of the Dardanelles, M. Marmier remarks, with great justice, that they are not so solid as their vastness would lead one to believe. The pasha receives, or, what is the same thing, makes annual charges for the repair of these fortresses, but all he does is to white-wash the towers and the crevices in the ramparts, to set his conscience at ease. Plasterings up of this kind occur elsewhere than in Turkey.

Passing Tenedos, "*notissima fama Insula dives opum*," the traveller attains Smyrna, "*il fiore del Levante*," as the Italians call this half-European port. Not having the dread of any dogmatic *wissenschaftliche Jahrbücher* to deaden traditional enthusiasm, M. Marmier requested to be conducted to the spot where Homer passed his infancy. It is almost unnecessary to say with what success, but if it is frequently asked for, we have no doubt that the Ionians of Smyrna will as readily find the site as the Latin monks of Palestine have found others of equally doubtful authenticity. French trade, says M. Marmier, has been superseded at the first commercial city of the Osmanlis by German and Swiss manufactures, brought by the Trieste and Danube steamers, but what of this so long as the flags of the non-commercial French packets protect a sympathising population! If French commerce has declined, even in what are so peculiarly French objects of commerce, fashions and perfumery, M. Marmier congratulates his readers that what he calls "*notre action morale*" is as satisfactory as ever.

There are, however, trifling blemishes always present in a Frenchman

where the cosmopolite importance of the great nation is in any way impugned. To a perfection of style which has not been approached since the days of Chateaubriand's and De Lamartine's Oriental peregrinations, M. Marmier adds a greater command of historical resources than belonged to either of those distinguished but dreamy travellers. The passage through the Archipelago and the visit to Rhodes brings out these treasures of study and research to great advantage, and their perusal might bring a blush (if that were possible) upon the cheek of some of our own undisciplined, butterfly tourists.

Cyprus, a perquisite of the Grand Visir, and farmed out by him to the highest bidder, offers but a lugubrious picture; even the French consul is found to be a very serious person, profoundly intimate with the misery of the country. M. Marmier has by this time become fully convinced, like every other unprejudiced traveller, that the so-called reforms of the Turks are so much dust thrown into the eyes of the diplomatists, on the Bosphorus, their operation in the provinces being not only null but never intended. The historical episodes connected with Beyrut are given in less bold relief than usual; M. Marmier is more happy when he comes to describe the warm colours of the climate and scenery of Syria.

Arrived in the latter country, M. Marmier regrets not to have it in his power to stop in one place with an Ansarian, in another with an Ismaelite, elsewhere with a Mutuali, of invoking the hospitality of a Druse, or sitting in sympathy with a Maronite priest, but Chékib Effendi was, he says, to the infinite satisfaction of the magnanimous English consul, Colonel Rose, devastating the whole country with the ferocity of a wild beast. "The English," says M. Marmier, "have declared war against the Maronites, not from hatred of the people but from hatred of French influence." Indeed petty consular jealousies and an unworthy sentiment of religious oppression, annihilate for a time the poet, the philosopher, and the philanthropist at the ancient port of Syria, leaving nothing on the surface of the Styx that has swamped these general characteristics of our traveller but angry and unjust recriminations against England and Russia, intermingled with the usual and stereotyped Parisian appeals to the magnanimous duties of France in all that concerns "the progress of generous, liberal, and civilising ideas."

Great preparations were made at Beyrut for the land journey along the coast. The Beduins, M. Marmier says, no longer restrained by the strong government of Ibrahim, have resumed their ancient practices, but accompanied by three officers of the *Belle Poule*, several other Europeans and a guard, "they passed numbers of these formidable Arabs, who were kept at a distance by the 'superb' attitude of the party." On this sandy road M. Marmier treads closely in the footsteps of De Lamartine, every thing is *couleur de rose*, and occasional sentiments are intermingled with Scriptural and historical allusions, in a manner that is peculiarly French. The Khan of Khudr, near Sarepta, is not so-called from St. George, but from Khudr Elias, being near the spot where tradition says the prophet met the poor widow who was collecting wood for her own and her son's last repast. At Tyre a Greek bishop, or archbishop, M. Marmier will have it, shocks the party by seeking for indemnification for a night's hospitality, but with "a just Catholic pride," he continues, "we repeated to one another it is a Greek archbishop." Strange it is, that in every country, religion, which ought of all sentiments be the

most liberal, generous, and forgiving, is ever the most narrow and unsparingly bigoted.

Sidon and Tyre are great names, and the Frenchman eloquently defends the holy feeling of respect for such from the sneers of the utilitarian travellers of the day. "There are persons," he says, "who laugh at that curiosity which takes us into distant countries, to seek the spot, often very problematical, where any great event took place, the last mutilated letters of an inscription, the road followed by an army, the vestiges of which were effaced many hundred years ago. But that curiosity springs from the most noble instincts of our nature. It is a virtuous sense of admiration, by which, without reflecting upon the motives and without a wish to discuss their origin, we allow ourselves to be carried away as the traveller is by the light that he sees in the night time shining from afar. One wishes to see these deserted shores, these ruined cities where the generations that preceded us have accomplished one of the phases of their destiny, and when there should not remain a stone of their monuments, when one should only see instead of the temples and the porticoes sung of by their poets, a naked and desolate land, the desert of Palmyra, the spot where Troy was; no matter, the aspect of the place ennobles the thought. A salutary lesson remains fixed to a soil made illustrious by the genius of man or devastated by his passions, and a beam of its ancient glory arrives through past centuries to our own bosoms."

It is to be regretted that such praiseworthy feelings should require defence, but unfortunately the number of persons is daily increasing who are so carried away by the vortex of every day trifles, to the exclusion of loftier sentiments and susceptibilities, as to deem every thing that is not positive, useful, or available, to be folly and vanity. Alas, the poet king, at whose sources* we are just arriving, long ago taught us that the vanity is not with one class only.

From the magnificent plain of Acre, ever destined to be the field of battle of each new conqueror of Syria, our travellers passed by another plain, that of the tribe of Zabulon, to Dio Cæsarea and Nazareth. M. Marmier, carrying the love of identification of the past with the present beyond what is warranted by a proper scepticism, is ready to receive the local legends of the Latin monks without even a demur. Thus is he introduced to the table at which our Saviour supped the last time with his disciples on their departure from Nazareth to Jerusalem. It is curious that he should make the remark that Nazareth is not mentioned in the New Testament, when Jesus of Nazareth is from the first an appellation of the Lord's. The scepticism of Dr. Robinson in regard to these monkish sites, M. Marmier goes so far as to designate as the "pride of reason," but Dr. Robinson never rejected a tradition unless it was unknown to the natives; it then naturally appeared to him to rest solely on the authority of the good monks. At Mount Carmel we have a repetition of the legends made familiar in this country by Mr. Elliot Warburton. Arrived at Jaffa, the question of the poisoning of the sick by Bonaparte is brought up, as an absurd history only received in the present day by the "Punic faith" of the English. But if the sick were not poisoned, Thiers admits (*Hist. de la Revolution Française*, t. x. p. 410) that Bonaparte ex-

* Solomon's Springs, near Tyre.

pressed to the doctor, Desgenettes, the wish that they should be so put to death, and therefore as far as the general himself is concerned, there only remains to be discussed the different degrees of criminality between the wish and the execution of the deed.

Our travellers proceeded across the plain of Saron, the land of promise of Isaiah, to Ramleh, the renowned tower of which M. Marmier says travellers must hasten to see, or it will soon be crumbled to the ground. "The Turks repair nothing, not being able to raise themselves from their moral ruin, how should they be expected to concern themselves with material ruins?" M. Marmier, notwithstanding Dr. Robinson's lengthened and learned objections, believes in the identity of Ramleh and Arimathea, and in this point we agree with him.

The convent of Ramleh, strange to say, did not manifest any greater degree of hospitality towards our chivalrous Roman Catholics than to other less favoured travellers who have preceded them. The party actually could not obtain a bit of bread at this monastery so notorious for its churlish rudeness. Nor was their reception by the terrible Abou Gosh much more satisfactory. The Highland chieftain had a carpet spread for the party at the threshold of his house, and treated them to coffee, grapes, and water. But still the impression left by this veteran tribute-collector—the terror of a travelling Titmarsh—was, on the whole, pleasing and agreeable to the Frenchmen. "Abou Gosh," says M. Marmier, "is a very amiable brigand, one of those brigands who make the ornament of an opera and the fortune of a romancer." Poor fellow, he is now in the less amiable clutches of the Turks. M. Marmier identifies Abou Gosh's residence at Kuriyat al Enab with Anathoth, the birth-place and home of Jeremiah. Robinson places the site at Anata, near Jerusalem, and apparently with more justice, for the place in question was, according to Josephus, only twenty stadia from the Holy City.

Ascending the hills that domineer over the Valley, so called, of the Turpentine Trees, gray walls, towers, and then a dome were seen to rise out of fields of sand. As when Eustace approached the ancient capital of catholicism, his postilion first cried out "Roma!" so M. Marmier's guide exclaimed "Jerusalem!" and the party followed him in profound silence. "Not one of us," says the Frenchman, "could have added a word to such a name."

Once within the holy city, M. Marmier alludes, in tones of natural regret, to the disputes of the several religious communities, Roman, Armenian, and Greek, which so frequently disturb the peace that ought to exist undisturbed under the shadow of the sacred porch.

"As to the Protestants," he says, "their efforts to obtain a footing in the Holy Land have as yet been totally unsuccessful. Their episcopate, richly paid by Prussia and England, has not obtained the slightest importance, and their missionaries, with the large allowances made to them by the Biblical Societies, have made no converts. If Protestantism is still destined to extend its conquest in any direction, I do not think that it is in the East, where every thing that there is innate in the popular tendencies, is radically opposed to the aridity of this scholastic dogma. It is also a thing far too audacious, to go and repudiate miracles upon the soil of miracles, and to abolish the worship of the Virgin, between the grotto of Nazareth and the manger of Bethlehem."

When the members of the Scotch deputation went in search of Golgotha, not finding it, they comforted their religious prejudices by expressing the pleasure that was derived from reflecting that the turf that was stained

with the blood of Immanuel, and the rocky tomb where he lay, are left unprofaned by the followers of a blind and wicked superstition.

M. Marnier, on the other hand, comforts himself with at least a more amiable and pleasurable feeling, that he embraced the actual stone on which the cross lay when our Saviour was for our sakes nailed to it, and he carries his enthusiasm so far as to relate that a Protestant geologist having visited the spot, and having for a long time contemplated the cleft in the rock, became a convert to the Romish church. The visit of a Roman catholic to Jerusalem presents us with a form of ceremony observed by pilgrims which is worth extracting. At each station it is to be observed they chaunt a hymn or recite a prayer, thus—

“At the Chapel of the Flagellation, the hymn, ‘Trophæa Cruci Mystica;’ at that of the prison, ‘Jam Crucem propter Hominem;’ at that of the distribution of garments, ‘Ecce nunc Joseph Mysticus;’ at that of Saint Helena, ‘Fortem virili pectore laudemus omnes Helenam;’ at that of the Holy Cross, ‘Crux fidelis inter omnes;’ at that of Calvary, ‘Vexilla regis prodeunt;’ at the Stone of Unction, the ‘Pange, lingua;’ at the gate of the Monument of the Holy Sepulchre, ‘Aurora lucis rutilat.’”

But at the Holy Sepulchre itself, “they remain motionless and dumb, the hands joined, the head lowered, heart and mind confounded before the majesty of the Saint of Saints.”

The olive trees on the Mount, M. Marnier is prepared to believe to be the identical trees under the shade of which our Saviour reposed; and he visited the site of the tree that revolved with the sun to shade the virgin and the child. M. Marnier's pilgrimage almost revives in us indeed all the interest of those of the middle ages, when the pious wanderers used to visit the tree upon which Zaccheus ascended to see Jesus go by, the fig-tree on which Judas hung himself, the altar upon which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son, and the very stones by which St. Stephen suffered martyrdom.

M. Marnier never loses, as we have before gently intimated, an opportunity of ridiculing or calumniating the English. Strange thing that they are the only visitors to the Holy Land, to raise their voice against whom, Frenchmen and Americans forget all the various nations by whom they are surrounded, and all the associations and reminiscences sanctified by age or by holiness! No English writer is turned aside at every step in the Holy Land to consider what the French or Americans have done there, except it is to quote in terms of admiration a passage from Chateaubriand or Lamartine, or to give the authority of the learned Robinson, but M. Marnier ridicules in a mass all English Oriental tourists. We can truly say, as far as we are ourselves concerned, however, that we never heard of four Englishmen hiring for four pounds English, fifteen Arabs to guide them to the Jordan, who had no right to act as guides; allowing them to steal sheep from the poor peasants on the wayside for their accommodation, and then standing by and allowing their guides to be sabred in their presence by the sheikh of the district, without a hand lifted in their defence or a word spoken in their favour. Three officers of the chivalrous *Belle Poule*, we are to suppose, were also present upon this gallant occasion.

Returning to the coast at Jaffa, our travellers proceeded southwards to Ascalon, where a version of Lady Stanhope's explorations is given, which is actually more creditable to that lady than the explanations given by her

physician. At Ascalon they obtained Arab guides to conduct them along the coast to Egypt, in six days, at the expense of a hundred and thirty piastres (or about 1*l.* 6*s.*) for each camel, and one hundred piastres (1*l.*) tribute for the Bedouins. This, he says, was accomplished by letting the Arabs know that they were not Englishmen. We suspect the Arabs did not require to be informed of that fact. The latter appear, indeed, to have made veritable ninnies of the august travellers. Some Bedouins are described as coming to them to claim their tribute, agitating their lances and guns in the most terrific manner. Others came in more humble attitudes, on foot, naked, and unarmed. To these latter desperate claimants of tribute, who stated that they had received ten francs (paras ?) from an English traveller, the Arabian guide addressed himself in the following language:—

“ ‘The English,’ he answered, gravely, as he caressed his beard with the satisfaction of an orator who feels himself in the vein (‘with the complacency of a wily sheikh who is laughing in his beard,’ M. Marmier ought to have said), ‘the English might, if they liked, give two dollars a head to the Bedouins. They had nothing better to do. But we were French, and the French do not travel so. They are the friends of Syria, and of Egypt. The Pasha—when they go to see him—presents them with his best pipe, and Mehemet Ali invites them to be seated on his divan. They have their pockets full of letters of Cadis and of firmans of the Grand Signor. If the slightest injustice is committed towards them, they have it in their power to send to the village where they have been offended a whole army of Kawasses. Their Sultan commands more soldiers than there are branches of palm-trees in Egypt, and they have in every town consuls, whose feet the Beys are too happy to kiss. When Frenchmen are met with on the road, you can only humbly ask them for a present; if they grant it, Allah be praised; if they refuse it, take it with resignation. When they have an idea in their heads, nothing in the world can turn them from it; and when they give an order, the devil himself is obliged to obey them.’ ”

M. Marmier tells us that this discourse is written *en premier Paris*. It is, indeed, richly adapted for the *Badauds des Boulevards*. We can positively see the old sheikh before us, making his oration to the naked, miserable beggars in the desert, while four august Frenchmen are waiting to listen complacently to the praises of their nation, thus pompously delivered before so respectable an audience.

Arrived at Cairo, M. Marmier says;—

“The streets do not give to the stranger the same deception as those of Constantinople; so splendid from without, so narrow and miserable within. The streets of Cairo are, it is true, for the most part, tortuous, dark, imbedded sometimes the one into the other, like the alleys of a labyrinth, and traversed in certain places by subterranean passages, where one cannot do better than give one-self up to the sagacity of the donkey; but, they are clean, regularly watered and swept; and in the place of the frightful paving of Constantinople, and of the stone ladders of Galata and Pera, we find a level and firm soil, on which we can walk without fatigue. The houses which border the streets are also generally higher and better built than those of the capital of Turkey. Every moment the eye rests with pleasure upon a façade covered with arabesques, upon a window surrounded by a wooden trellice-work, which by the lightness of its details and the elegance of its structure, makes one forget the jealousy which has placed this barrier between the interior of the house and the curiosity of the passenger. A little beyond is a fountain of marble sculptured on its whole surface by a skilful hand,—there a mosque, whose majestic porch and deep arcades fill one with admiration. Above its vast precincts rises a minaret, ornamented with charming carvings and lace-like balco-

nies, less imposing in its aerial elevation than the spire of our Gothic cathedrals, but often not less graceful."

M. Marmier ridicules the English for travelling at their leisure across the desert, and, arrived at Cairo, he comments in equally ill-natured sarcasm upon the haste and hurry of the overland journey. After a peep at Mehemet Ali, of whose vivacious and intelligent countenance, the fire of his discriminating eye, and clever and animated conversation, M. Marmier speaks in terms of just appreciation—after showing that Egypt owes its modern civilisation to France and Frenchmen, and after being dragged, *nolens volens*, up the Pyramids, by rude Arabs, our travellers floated down the Nile to Alexandria in a sailing boat, which they hired in preference to the steamer, crowded with disagreeable Englishmen.

Of Alexandria and its environs M. Marmier says ;—

"The environs of Alexandria, so arid and infertile a century ago, are now refreshed by the waters of the Mahmudiyah, and diversified by gardens which excel by their smiling aspect the verses which an Arabian poet formerly consecrated to them. Important works have also been carried on in the interior of the town. The Turkish quarter has been enlarged and the streets widened. The Frank quarter, which in 1824 only contained a few habitations of humble aspect, is in the present day one of the greatest ornaments of Alexandria. A long street full of store houses, and a spacious square bordered by handsome houses, are now to be seen. The best of these houses are inhabited by the consuls of the great powers, who appear to be assembled in these precincts like the members of a permanent congress, to preserve the government of Mehemet Ali under the net-work of European diplomacy. But the net-work is not so strong but that the skilful viceroy occasionally breaks through the bondage imposed upon him. In addition to this, every thing connected with European life is met with at Alexandria; printing-offices, reading-rooms, fashions and tailors of Paris, Austrian hardware, and the habits of luxury of rich merchants, and the different idioms of the states of the north and south. The European physiognomy radiates even into the Arabian and Turkish quarters of the city. Europe has taken possession of Alexandria by its political relations, by its commerce and its science. It is from these that it will spread over Egypt and arrive in India."

The manner in which the elements of European civilisation are classified, Parisian fashions and tailors before the rich merchants, is curious; and that commerce and science have to reach India from Alexandria is still more so. "This city has a long history!" exclaims M. Marmier, "and in that history we read three names that shook the world—Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon."

"They assure us," Clot Bey relates an Arab to have said, "that at the hour of his death (Napoleon's), away upon a rock in the vast ocean, where twelve kings of the Christian countries had succeeded in chaining him down, after having sent him to sleep by a potent drink, the warrior who surrounded him saw his soul repose upon the edge of his sword."

The French, M. Marmier finishes by telling us, are much loved and highly esteemed in a country "in which the English have left the same impression which they leave everywhere." We do not know what impression that is, but we know by experience that neither Turks nor Arabians esteem any Frank the more for what he may say against another European nation, although they are always ready to avail themselves of these unfortunate jealousies, which neither serve the purposes of general civilisation, nor do they attach honour or respect to the individual who keeps them alive.

THE BEGGAR'S GIFT; OR, LOVE AND CHARITY.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

I.

Isabel bestows her daily Charity on the Beggar at the Church Door.

Beside a grey church wall a beggar lay—
 Old Misery pining at Religion's knee—
 Beseeching all who inward went to pray,
 God's love to win by acts of charity.

The shadow of old tears was on his cheek,
 The channels of a stormy grief gone by:
 Rough cradles they, where pitiful and meek
 Poor new-born sorrow in its youth did lie.

And lingering yet, there shone in either eye
 A secret dew heart-sweated in its mould,
 That, when sweet pity bent consolingly,
 Grew to a thunder-drop, and downwards roll'd.

More blest is gratitude than human gold!
 And pearls less pure than tears of thankfulness:
 Drops that a sudden sunshine cloth unfold,
 Bright living rain that only falls to bless.

Yet some in silken pomp pass'd on, nor deign'd—
 Sweeping the holy pavement's dust behind—
 To hear what voice of sorrow thus complain'd,
 As though no more it meant than means the wind;

The empty wind that speaks unmeaning speech
 To midnight trees a-tremble in their sleep.
 Unknown tongues of grief have pow'r to reach
 Remoter heav'ns than earth from heav'n is deep.

And some look'd down in scorn, and pass'd within,
 Flattering the selfish soul with soothing thought
 That Want the daughter only is of Sin,
 And better than encourage sin, give nought.

These on themselves ask'd blessings manifold:
 No heav'nly answer in their bosoms burn'd.
 The fireless altars of their hearts were cold,
 And wrapp'd in clouds th' insulted god return'd.

But there was one who daily gave, and made
 Her gift the soul and life of every day:
 A gentle child in gentle white array'd—
 Flow'r of her mother's spring, while life was May.

She look'd, indeed, a bud upon a rose,
 She and her mother—gentle both and mild:
 Who newly sees them, smiles, and newly knows
 The mother once was but her own sweet child.

And what she gives is given with such calm grace,
 Her looks are richer and more soul-divine
 Than e'en her gifts. The beggar, in her face,
 Daily beholds some bright immortal shine.

And hope and faith glow in his aged eyes:
 Such messengers, he thinks, come not unsent.
 They are but wanderers from the nightless skies,—
 Spirits that suffer earthly banishment.

Heav'n hath its missionaries; souls who thread
These pathless wilds and fastnesses below:
Leaving a track of light where'er they tread,
And man less sad and evil as they go.

And she, young Isabel, to him appears,
As one of these so innocent and sweet:
For no acquaintance yet with human tears
Her heart has made, nor with earth sins her feet.

Had one, celestial shining, come each day
To help his age and smooth his hard distress,
One seraph of the sun in pearl'd array,
He had not deem'd him more or she the less.

Such wond'rous power have truth and gentleness!
His night look'd smiling on her rosy dawn,
As changing clouds that blushing ly caress
The orb that lights for them anew the morn.

II.

Isabel is beloved, and by whom.

It seems a foolish fancy, yet 'tis mine,
That flow'rs new peeping on the doubtful skies
Do by their beauty ask the sun to shine,
Wherefore he kisses then their golden eyes.

And in his love arrays them in all hues
That live dissolved in his essential beams;
And on them airy perfumes doth diffuse
As such bright things of beauty best beseems.

'Tis thus the beautiful of women born
In speechless asking, and unbreath'd desire,
Turn to the sun of love's unclouded morn,
And catch their brightest tinges from his fire.

And thus I ween it was with Isabel;
The heart that pity feels is loving too:
Yet was she loved, O deeply loved, and well!
Long ere her eyes or heart the secret knew.

To see, but speak not, or to speak unheard;
To speak alone when none are by to hear,—
Distrusting e'en the whisper of a word,
Such is the love of those who love in fear.

To linger oft in timid heart around,—
To gaze as on some deep abstracted book,
To feel the heart go down in thoughts profound,
And lose one's very soul in every look.

To know not day from day, nor hour from hour,—
All days and hours made one, by one sweet thought—
And very life absorb'd by that sole pow'r—
This is to love indeed as lovers ought.

The youth was of an old and goodly line:
Yet in himself more noble than his name,
Although its veins ran deeply in that mine
Whence men dig jewels of their father's fame.

His race was as a long ancestral wall
With noble portraits clad, of braves gone by,
And beauties who shed sunshine in the hall,
More gay than rival silken tapestry.

The Beggar's Gift; or, Love and Charity.

And he was rich, and Isabel was poor:
 Alas, what woe of heart these riches cost!
 Unequal they. What need the world say more
 To wither up the buds of love like frost?

Curse on the world's cold winds, and on its wealth!
 On pride that would the free affections tame,
 'Tis hard for honest love to love by stealth,
 And snatch a moment's bliss as though 'twere shame.

Most in young hearts unbiass'd nature speaks;
 The same eternal truths on each pure tongue:
 Man's chain of sordid gold, too brittle, breaks,
 While nature's viewless links are ever strong.

III.

The Lovers meet in Solitude and in the Night.

They met. But to escape the hateful eyes
 That would have watch'd malign, 'twas only then
 When utter darkness swallow'd up the skies
 And blinding shades confounded earth and men.

In starless nights, when clouds, a gloomy train,
 Flew o'er the heav'ns like palls; when moons were dark;
 When boisterous winds shriek'd loud, and drenching rain
 Kept the lone watch-dog coil'd within his ark.

When trees were leafless, or when snows came down,
 When frozen grass was crisp beneath their feet,—
 When reddened lights betray'd some distant town,
 And fields were all a desert, then they'd meet.

In secret and in sorrow thus they met;
 'Twas love and sorrow most perversely join'd;
 For while their mortal eyes with tears were wet,
 Love made an Eden for th' immortal mind.

Why may they meet not in the suns of noon,
 And walk in light, as love itself is light?
 Rove hand in hand along the fields of June,—
 Amid all brightness they themselves most bright?

It matters not,—they heed nor rains nor wind,
 Nor missing stars, nor darkness, cold, nor snows.
 The soul hath eyes when other eyes look blind,
 While love, tenacious, best in deserts grows.

As o'er a magic disc in vapours shrouded,
 Futurity's dim images are past,—
 Before those viewless scenes so drear and clouded,
 Pale pictures of their future lives were cast.

That prophet-seer, the mighty, hopeful soul,
 Threw back the curtain'd Now, and gently fond,
 Bade the sad mists before their eyes unroll,
 And show'd the primal Paradise beyond.

O land of love and joy! O holy mount
 To whose fair sides their nightly dreamings tend!
 The glories of thy skies no eye may count,
 Nor heart tumultuous, where thy biases end.

Thus on the lamp of Hope we spend life's oil;
 Still wasting ever as 'tis ever fed;
 Yet still diffusing light upon our toil.
 Until the labourer at his task falls dead.

IV.

Old Molas, the Father of the Lover, addresses himself to his Son upon the Subject of his Love.

Upon an headland by the ocean, stood
A grim old tow'r, 'mongst tow'rs as is some tree
Whose mighty bulk dwarfs down the noblest wood,
And carries ages out of memory.

From its sea loop-holes, it was lift so high
Above the level border of the tide—
You might a distant perfect ship descrie,
When they below not e'en the sails descried.

Sometimes a cold, grey mist envelop'd it,
Drifting attracted from some mountain near;
Or the wet fish-hawk on its top would sit,
Mistaking it for granite, bleach'd and bare.

It bore no mosses, for they grew not there;
Scowl'd down to death by daily storm and blast;
Its harden'd face met healthfully the air
That had for ages in a stream rush'd past.

If playful Time a stone hurl'd down the steep,
No ear might to the bottom catch its sound;
The eye saw but the plunge into the deep—
Mere motion, amid silence most profound.

Yet, worm'd and carious, like a deep-sea shell,
As 'twas without, it was enamell'd fair
Within; and had its echoes, like the swell
Of the wild waters ever lashing near.

There dwelt old Molas, father of the youth
Who loved, and was beloved by, Isabel:
Dwelt silent there, a heartless man, uncouth,
As doth some savage lore in lonely cell.

A man he was, by none admired—not one:
Nor son, nor wife, nor friend, could call him friend.
The names of Father, Husband, both were gone,
And of pale friendship long he'd seen an end.

The topmast of a sunken ship at sea,
Alone above the level of the wave,
Stands not more single than in life stood he—
Sad mark that all of worth had found its grave.

"Youth!" said he, to his son, in scorn and hate,
"Mistake not me, thyself, nor *her*—thy friend:—
Though action's thine, life is but one with Fate,
And Fate hath destined thee another end.

"Think not that darkness covers love, or shrouds
Unseen thy joyless meetings in the gloom:
No heart of love can hide itself in clouds,
Nor in the deepest breast itself entomb.

"It is a thing of actions, thoughts, and looks;
It speaks without the tongue it doth not need:
The daily features are its open books
Where all who know the alphabet may read.

"In thine *P*see the conscious shame and guilt
Of love unhallow'd and unsanctified:
For Passion's venom on thy heart hath spilt
Th' eternal drop that never may be dried.

"Who, of my name, before, forgot all pride
And stoop'd so low as thou to pick up nought?
I would have torn my heart out, and defied
My very soul, nor such a love have sought!

"The meanest rascal might have won as good,
Since asking for and having are the same,
Where poverty conjoins with common blood
To stamp a woman worthless, e'en in name!

"Thou, of a stainless line the only shame!
Who would a peasant wed, a trivial thing,
Thou might'st for me have ruin'd without blame,
But never to this home as wife shall bring!

"Renounce her now—at once—thy vows unsay—
Such oaths, so made, are merely chaff and dust.
What thou hast sworn by night deny by day,
Nor ask, till dying, if the Heav'ns be just!

"Refuse me, and I'll own thee son no more ;
Thy promised heritage elsewhere bestow ;
My house and heart alike shall bar their door,
And thou with poverty may'st link thy woe !"

As looks a god-man while defending truth,
Or Justice shielding Virtue, bloody dyed,
So look'd and felt that mild heroic youth,
When boldly to his father he replied.

V.

The Lover replies to his Father and defends his Love.

"There is no glory of the earth complete:
Our heavenliest rainbows dip into the dust:
The very stars go down beneath our feet,
And Time's long cycles heap but rust on rust.

"And love for one doth breed another's hate;
Love passes not unstain'd however bright:
As sharpest shades are ever found to wait
Where most the object stands in purest light.

"I do defend my love, and mine: and all
Their loves who ever loved, or love, as I;
And for my witnesses, behold, I call
The blest authorities of yonder sky.

"If one clear freedom, more than others, be;
Inviolable one charter of the soul,
It is that choice of loves shall most be free,
Nor bend before the breath of man's control.

"All despot rights of parents I deny;
All judgments and disposals of all friends:
Alone between my Love and me doth lie
The sealing of that bond which never ends.

"I tell thee that no father hath a voice,
Nor mother, brother, sister, friend, nor foe,
To bid me here or there select my choice—
Man for himself must choose his weal or woe.

"I do not wear thy heart within my breast;
Thy thoughts and feelings in my own sole mind:
How dar'st thou, then, assume to judge the best
Where I my life's first joy may surest find?

" Whom thou would'st choose, perchance would I reject ;
As thou detestest whom I most esteem :
Each, for himself, in this is most correct,
Though my reality is but thy dream.

" Nor wealth nor rags have ought to do with love.
Beauty and virtue may be rich or poor :
Mere earth-distinctions both ; which, far above,
All hearts that truly love will nobly soar.

" Her ringless fingers and her empty hand,
How far do I prefer to all thy store !
Thy promised heritage, thy home, thy land ;
And would, though these were tripled o'er and o'er.

" Thy frowns I heed not, nor thy friendless door :
Thy threats, thy hatreds, nor thy punishment :
Secure that love is happiness, though poor :
And life is glory where the heart's content !"

VI.

The Beggar appears at the Marriage Feast, and gives Isabel an unexpected Portion.

And years are pass'd. Nor more the Beggar lies
Beside the holy wall, as once he lay,
Beseeching them call'd Christians, in his cries,
To turn his night of misery to day.

Raised from the dust, the Beggar's gone away :
Or to the dust his weary dust is giv'n :
Life's fire extinct, and sunk in ashes gray,
And ended all the strife wherein he'd striv'n.

And Isabel and he she loved, were wed.
Their lot seem'd poor : but on that festive night,
Behold, a Stranger came, as from the dead,
To make that time of speechless joy more bright.

" Blest youth !" said he, " thou much hast sacrificed,
And nobly cast of wealth away, to gain
The worthy, gentle heart that most thou prized,
And love so true as thine shall prove not vain.

" The world thinks Charity a barren tree
That bears no fruit, up-reddening to the sun :
Thou otherwise shalt know. Behold in me
The labourer of that field thy wife hath won.

" I am the beggar, old, and scorn'd, and poor,
For whom, in angel days of youth, untaught,
She, of her charity, unto the door
Of yon old church her daily blessing brought.

" I mark'd her well—I throve on what she gave :
It raised me from bare poverty and dust :
God bless'd her gifts ; and sends me now to save
Thy lives from want, and prove that He is just.

" The bread she cast upon the waters then ;
The seed she sow'd in Charity divine,
Now, as her marriage-gift, returns again,
And turns the water of this feast to wine !"

The Beggar then upon the table laid
More gold, as portion for fair Isabel,
Than he, the youth, had miss'd to gain the maid,
Or that harsh father in his tow'r could tell.

And may all love devoted, end as well !
And Charity bear ever such-like fruit :
Though this to all who love and give I tell,
They'll never reap who nourish not the root.

THE SACRO MONTE OF ORTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS."

Ed allor sulle cime orientali
 Rosseggiavan leggere nugolette,
 E spuntavan del sole i dolci strali,
 Quà e là indorando le contrarie vette;
 Ed i fiotti del lago or dianzi eguali
 S' increspavano al tocco delle aurette,
 E nel lor fasto signorile e vago
 L' isole risplendeano in mezzo al lago.

* * * * *
 Colà s' innalza, e sta bene dicendo
 Colossale un effigie i lidi amati:
 L' effigie del Pastor, per cui d' Arona
 Benedetto nel mondo il nome suona.

SILVIO PELLICO—*San Carlo.*

OUR next object being a visit to the Sacro Monte at Orta, a ride over the Col di Colma to the Lake of Orta was preferred to retracing our steps to Romagnana by the carriage road. That point being settled, the bill had to undergo the same process, and of course to be disputed. When did ever Italian bill pass uncontested? After cutting off sundry lire for common imposition, we arrived at

Alloggiamento per il signor ammalato, 23 lire.

Which was all fair enough; then followed

Danno della malattia, 10 lire.

But this was too bad. The invalid's lodging had been put at the highest price, including the use of hot water which had been supplied in little leaden ewers, doing duty alternately for "shaving or coffee-pots," but it was rather too "bare-faced" a proceeding to make a charge for "the damage which the unfortunate invalid did to the hotel," by not being able to eat, and which is the literal translation of the last item.*

However all was satisfactorily settled, and it was a lovely morning, when the *somaro* made its appearance to receive its fair freight, and just as we had fancied that all the waiter tribe had been paid, a diminutive "nondescript," to be found in most Italian *locandas*, by the sobriquet of "Piccolo," made his appearance, and demanded to be remembered; poor fellow, he was the personification of "no one's friend," and Piccolo for every one it was.

Piccolo qui,
 Piccolo là,
 Piccolo sì,
 Piccolo no,
 Piccolo—Subito!

He thanked us for the small coin he received, and, as he deposited it in the pocket of his ragged nether garments (his wretched legs were worked to a threadpaper in running messages); he clearly expressed an opinion

as to the advantage of being ill and taken care of; he never had been ill, he said, and imagined it must be very pleasant to lie in bed and have nothing to do!

At last we got under weigh—passed the Campo Santo painted in fresco, and the still more pleasing chapel of Loretto, where, leaving the high road, we turned to the left, and began to ascend through a forest of chesnuts. The magnificence of some of these trees was very remarkable, and their picturesque old stems were of enormous girth. We soon arrived at the quarry from which the pillars for the portico of the church on the Sacro Monte were hewn. Large columns, pedestals, &c., were lying about in the brushwood and brambles on either side of our path; the difficulty of transporting them would naturally be very great, but our guide informed us that whole communes, however, would literally “put their shoulders to the wheel,” should any movement take place to get them up. Several small and picturesque way-side chapels were passed, embosomed in trees, and now and then a village; from the summit of the Col is a grand view of the peaks of the Monte Rosa.

A beautiful descent of two hours and we debouched upon the Lake of Orta—decidedly the most lovely of Italy’s lovely lakes—in the midst floats the Isola Julia; it wants the grandeur of the Maggiore and the wildness of the northern parts of Como, but nothing could exceed the charms of the view that presented itself on all sides as our barcarole paddled us over to the island. From the water a flight of steps and a long gallery led to the church, a very ancient and curious building. In the sacristy is a piece of the vertebræ of a whale hung from the ceiling (by the superstitious believed to be the remains of the serpents which were said to have inhabited the island previous to St. Giulio’s conversion of the natives to civilisation. The sacristan related with great faith the story of St. Giulio’s setting off from the main land, and walking on his cloak, which bore him safely to the island; although this fabrication is still more unlikely to have happened, than the supposed appearance of the “sea-serpent” of North American celebrity, still infatuation on superstitious subjects is such that it is implicitly believed.

In the sacristy is a picture attributed to Gaudenzio, the authenticity of which I should say was extremely doubtful—and some very old frescoes, in a very ruinous condition, supposed to be the work of Morazzone.

The terraces of the “Leone” abutted upon the blue lake, upon one of which, trelliced with pomegranite and vines, and beneath the purple and orange-striped awning which served to screen us from the midday sun, we enjoyed our outlet, wine, and dessert. Whilst sipping my coffee, and blowing away the fatigues of the march over “the Colma,” in the fumes of a cigar, I was much amused by watching the finny tribe inhabiting the lake; the water was exceedingly clear and very deep; immediately under the terrace large trout of five and six lbs. weight occasionally passed by in review order; and perch were very numerous, although very small. But a small pike interested me most—the rapacious rascal, although not above half a pound in weight, was as cunning as the most accomplished “jack,” and it was curious to watch his manœuvres, and the natural tact with which he contrived to match his colour, shape and general appearance with any bit of weed or dead stick lying on the bottom of the lake, or hanging from the terrace; no sooner

had he quietly lowered himself to the desired position (for he did it so imperceptibly, that it was with difficulty I could trace his alteration of position), than he waited to pounce upon any of the small fry coming within his reach. I watched him for a long time, and was quite surprised that he did not attack the passing baits, when all at once he made a dart—a silver twinge for a moment glistened through the blue water; my friend had disappeared from his duty as sentinel, and borne off a prize.

Upon the hill above the town is situated in what is called the English garden (*i. e.* a piece of ground laid out with shrubberies of laurels and bays), the Sacro Monte—the chapels are, in this case, placed, not as at Varallo, in the natural wood, but in an artificial piece of ground amidst walks and shady bowers. Some of the chapels contained good paintings and sculpture; but it was impossible to feel the same interest about a very legend (the supposed life of St. Francis), that we had in the mystery of a faith which is our own.

The view of the lake from the Sacro Monte is very grand—but a haze obscured the Monte Rosa and the distance. The heat was intense, and it required considerable exertion to drag from chapel to chapel, and no little generalship to keep under the shade of the pines, laurels, and myrtles, and the finest and largest feathery mimosas.

SACRO MONTE OF ORTE.*

CHAPEL I.

The Miraculous Circumstances of the Birth of St. Francis, and some Events of his Childhood.

Statues by Prestinari and Bussola, "The Birth of Christ," by Camillo Procaccini adorns the walls, as well as several other paintings, by Philip Monti of Orta.

CHAPEL II.

The Calling of St. Francis.

Some figures by Prestinari, and some by Bussola. All the paintings on the wall by the Aruberi Brothers, known by the name of Fiammenghini—a small chapel adjoining, representing the "Virgin and the other Marys weeping over the Body of Christ," is painted by Gianoli.

CHAPEL III.

St. Francis's Renunciation of his Worldly Goods.

Statues by Prestinari. Very good paintings Fiammenghini, representing various events in the life of St. Francis.

CHAPEL IV.

The Establishment of the Regola of St. Francis.

Pictures by one of the Fiammenghini, and the statues by Prestinari.

CHAPEL V.

Propagation of the Order.

Prestinari's statues. Pictures by the Fiammenghini of above.

* The idea of this Sacro Monte seems to have been taken from a book published by Bartholomeus di Pisa at the beginning of the sixteenth century, entitled "*Liber conformitatum vitæ beati ac seraphici patris Francisci ad vitam Jesu Christi domini nostri.*" The book purports to show no less than forty conformities between the life of St. Francis and the gospel history.

CHAPEL VI.

The Mission of the Brotherhood to preach.

Some statues by Prestinari—some by Bussola. Very good paintings by the brothers Fiammenghini. Parts of the legend of St. Francis, and several Scripture subjects. "Our Saviour sending forth his Disciples," on the ceiling. "Jonah swallowed by the Whale." "The Eternal Father dictating to Jeremiah." "Zaccariah and his Call." "Ezekiel ordered by God to eat the Mysterious Volume and cast the Vision of the Seven Candlesticks from the Revelations." From the site of this chapel the view is seen in its highest perfection. Four miles of the lake are visible from this point. Its shores richly dotted with villas, villages, and towns, mixed with olive-yards, viguas, and gardens.

CHAPEL VII.

Approbation of the Regola of St. Francis.

Sculpture by the brothers Giuseppe and Melchior Rhigi; some figures by Bussola. Ceilings and walls painted in Scriptural subjects by Crespi, surnamed *il Bustino*; executed in 1628.

CHAPEL VIII.

The Approval of St. Francis and his Order—shown by various Visions with which he was favoured.

Pictures all by Rocca, a pupil of Morazzone; executed in 1640. Statues by the brothers Rhigi and by Giacomo Ferni.

CHAPEL IX.

Institution of the Order of St. Chiara.

Paintings by the two Nuvoloni, otherwise called Pamfili.

CHAPEL X.

Triumph of St. Francis in Temptation.

Pictures by Nuvoloni; statues unknown.

CHAPEL XI.

The Madonna appearing to St. Francis.

Statues by Prestinari; good paintings by Prestinari.

CHAPEL XII.

Great Flourishing and Success of the Regola of St. Francis.

Statues by Prestinari; pictures by Miasino.

CHAPEL XIII.

Humility of St. Francis.

A beautiful chapel, built by Grandi. Statues by Bianchi; bassi relievi by Faconi and Rusnati.

CHAPEL XIV.

The Zeal of St. Francis to convert Souls.

Painted by Frederigo Ferrari. Statues by Carlo Beretta in 1757.

CHAPEL XV.

St. Francis receiving the Stimata.

This chapel is said to be from a design of Michael Angelo's.

CHAPEL XVI.

Devotion of the People to St. Francis.

Statues by Bussola, and pictures by Legnani.

CHAPEL XVII.

The Death of St. Francis.

Statues by Bussola ; good paintings by Pamfili.

CHAPEL XVIII.

The Sepulchre of the Saint and his Canonisation.

Paintings by Busca ; statues by Bussola.

In the church which concludes the *giro* there are pictures by Del Busca and others ; it has been celebrated for the miracles worked in it, and was hung with *ex voto* offerings, but, for the spectator, there was little to admire.

Sorbetti, under the wide-spreading limes of the little piazza which serves at once for the quay and the loungers of Orta, were most refreshing after the broiling we had endured in visiting the Sacro Monte. A small caratello, with a swinging seat, was soon procured, and the good-humoured landlord of the hotel volunteered to drive us as far as the first village on the way to Arona, where we exchanged our car for a more roomy contrivance with a hood to it, which was so far fortunate as a down-pour of rain obliterated all the beauties of the route. On awaking next morning, I looked from the windows of the *albergo* at Arona full on to the Lago Maggiore, and the picturesque Castle of Argiera crowning the height over the little village of that name.

The colossal statue of St. Carlo is justly "a lion" of great magnitude, and is well worthy of a visit ; but the operation of clambering up to explore the interior economy of the construction of the brazen Borromeo is not worth the sort of spread-eagle attitude which the victim is obliged to assume as he extends first one arm, then the corresponding leg, to reach the bars of iron employed for the double purpose of steps—although at a most inconvenient distance from each other—and to keep the sheets of bronze in their due position ; and when at last that part of the brazen saint is reached which represents his head, the fact of being able to boast that one has sat in duplicate in the nose of St. Carlo Borromeo no more repays the trouble than does sitting with a larger party in the ball of St. Peter's at Rome.

In the cathedral is a fine work of Gaudenzio on a folding altar-piece—in his early manner, but of great softness and beauty.

A stroll through the town, and about the little quay. Fruit in enormous quantities : in greater profusion, even much further south, I never saw it. Amongst grapes, peaches, and nectarines, under the name of "corni,"* large baskets of the coral-red fruit of the cornelian cherry were selling ; they have an acid flavour, not disagreeable to the taste but not equal to the beauty of their colour. A pretty little opera-house and a good *prima donna*, who supped at our inn, and with her companions sung snatches of songs till far into the night.

Having heard that some friends occupied a villa at Laveno, on the opposite side of the lake, we arranged to pay them a visit ; and as the steamer made her appearance off Arona, on her upward voyage from Sesto Calende, we pushed off from the quaint, square-looking, but picturesque boat harbour of the town, and were soon steaming away up the beautiful Maggiore—passed the Borromean Isles—and landed at Pallanza ; and

* *Cornus mascula*.

whilst our courier was bargaining for a boat to ferry us over to Laveno, the elements were busily employed in "concocting" a bourasque, nowhere so suddenly "got up" as upon these northern lakes of Italy.

In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails,
Along the loaded sky;
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods:

when down came a sheet of hail—up got the waters—the awnings of the boat flapped; men were seen rushing to secure their boats; the women to their stalls, to protect their wares—fruits were consigned to their baskets; fluttering and gaudy laces and ribbons were snatched from the frames; a "dorsal" box, belonging to an itinerant vendor of pinchbeck wares, was capsized; the colonnades soon became flooded; the shores, from the town and the mountain, poured forth positive rivers; a boat broke away, and a couple of stout fellows rushed to the quay, and proceeded in chase: by this time the rain descended in such torrents, as absolutely to prevent our seeing any objects at above one hundred yards' distance, when suddenly a boat appeared through the flood, driven in by stress of weather, landed its cargo—a priest, accompanied by a very pretty girl (his niece, in all probability) and another companion; and, as at least one-half of the population of Palanza were collected under the arches of the colonnade, there was a roar of laughter as the unfortunate curé stepped forth from the dripping awning of the boat, and landed the fair creature out: wherever we went we heard jokes against the clergy, and were repeatedly told how many too many there were; certainly, the whole country seemed to swarm with them. As to Valallo, it was a place in the odour of sanctity, and it was the pilgrimage month; but never did I see so many clericos in any part of the globe, not excepting the Eternal City itself. It is rather painful, however, to hear the disparaging way in which they are everywhere spoken of—as drones and idlers—

Nati consumere fruges.

In a moment all observation was withdrawn from the curé, and the pretty face of his companion, by a loud shout; in an instant the floor of the piazza was covered with rats, which, driven from their habitations by the flood, commenced soon after running about in all directions, and a grand chase was only terminated with the death of every rat. The sun bursting forth, and we embarked for Laveno.

As we approached the shore, sundry signals from our boat were responded to from the balconies of our friend's villa, which overlooked the lake; and, as the boat touched the Lombard-Venetian territory, our friend was there to receive us. With fairy children (there are none like English children), and their beautiful mother (there are none like English women)—and in this instance, beating the Italians with their own weapons—blue eyes and black hair, and as to complexion, where can that of our lovely country-women be equalled?

Laveno is nearly opposite to Baveno; Intra is the largest town lying between it and Pallanza. From our friend's villa, where we remained for some time, there was a magnificent view over the lake; to the right the view extended nearly to the head of the lake, having the abrupt promontory of the Orfano jutting into the lake; and the view closed by the rugged peaks of the Alps. In front lay the pretty village of Intra, its

white belfries and campanile coming out in relief against the olive-clad hill, which backs the straight lines of the buildings—so peculiar a feature in all Italian landscapes; beyond, and a little to the right, the snow-peaks of the Sempione, while directly to the rear, the sublime outline of the whole of the upper Monte Rosa and the Weisshorn cut the clear blue sky; more to the left, the Isolas Bella and Madre floated fairy-like, as it were, upon the deep purple, but transparent shadows, thrown by the intermediate and second-rate mountains, intervening between the lake and the mighty Rosa; but which in their sinuosities exhibited character purely Italian, and lovely. Quite to the left the brazen effigy of St. Carlo could be traced, marking the spot under which was placed Arona; and the long line of the smoke from the “vapore,” which daily stole its course up the lake, served to connect the castle of Angiera with the lovely landscape.

The villa was an immense one—halls, terraces, balustrades looking far over the lake to the Alps; enjoyed, too, with the English manner of living—such a luxury after the dirt of the inns of Piedmont. Our host was a first-rate sportsman, and had contrived to kill some of the lake-trout, which run to a great size, up to 20 lbs.; this he effected entirely by “trolling,” using small fish for bait. Pike and perch, the latter never of any great size, found their way into his basket. He had had a punt constructed à la Hawke, with the intention of astonishing the innumerable flocks of wild ducks of every kind, which make their appearance on the Maggiore Lake in November, and remain there for the greater part of the winter. The inhabitants described the flight-shooting, at Angiera, as excellent; night and morning the fowl pour over those heights, when going to, and returning from their feeding-grounds amongst the marshes and lagoons along the line of the Po.

Our friend had the whole of his English shooting paraphernalia with him: every contrivance to kill game, from an air-gun with which he practised on the lemons hanging from the wall, during the time of making his toilet, to a staunch gun for the annoyance of the wild-fowl on the lake.

A small house in rear of the villa had served an artist for the exercise of his ingenuity, in the orders given him by the proprietor of the villa to paint it (in fresco), to represent an old English baronial castle. The artist, however, had no sketch to go by, whereby he could get an idea of what the style of architecture of that time was like. Ingenuity, however, came to his assistance. He went to Arona, and attended the opera of “Lucia di Lammermore,” at the time represented in the theatre of that place. There he found all he required; and taking it for granted that all he saw represented by the scenery must be correct, he made his sketches from them, and painted the little house in the garden *talè quale*. Any one who has witnessed the dreadful attempts at Highland costume and scenery as produced at the small theatres in Italy, when the operas of “Lucia” or “I Prigione d’Edinburgo” are given, can better conceive than I can describe the sort of nondescript architecture he contrived to depict for a *Casa Inglese*.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC MEN, INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &c. &c.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. II.

London, 11th of March, 1816.—I was at a *concert spirituel* a few evenings since at the Dowager Marchioness of L——'s. I should here tell you that my object in introducing this lady is only a preparatory step. At her house many of the leading Opposition meet, and there discuss their intended operations.

It may not be amiss to tell you that "Jealousy's rankling tooth" hurts not the Honourable G—— W—— : he amuses himself with a little *figurante* from the opera, whilst his wife regularly attends her devotions at —— House, when the gallant marquis is in town, and his wife either at her toilette or in bed. Conjugal infidelity, by the middle ranks, though fraught with uneasiness, in the fashionable world is considered a mere *trifle of ton*. It gives a spirit to, and diffuses brilliancy around, a character. "And are we really to see the regent in town once more?" say the tailors, milliners, and wig-makers. "Yes, indeed," said Lord P——, who, by the bye, has been appointed *purveyor* of perfumes, washes, and other cosmetics, to royalty. Next to the Duke of C—— his lordship is allowed to be the finest Adonis breathing, by all the fraternity of his own lady-like complexion. Such are the triflings of fashion. Another trifle is the attachment of the Marchioness of H—— to a poor Scottish chief, but *n'importe* ;—

—— "Yet shall he mount
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate."

Political vagaries of the minister. Some country gentlemen who have shown a disposition to render themselves amiable in the eyes of the minister, lately waited upon Lord Castlereagh, with whom they had a conversation respecting the income-tax.

"My lord," said one of them, "I receive no rent, am I to pay the income-tax?"

"Certainly!" answered his lordship.

"My lord, my tenants cannot pay their rents, must they pay the income-tax upon one-third of the amount of the rents?"

"Certainly!" answered his lordship.

The country gentleman smiled at his own "*ignorant impatience*," having hitherto supposed that *ex nihilo nil fit*, and that, to pay money, it was necessary to have some.

The prosperous first lord of the treasury was always fond of military exploits. Once he proposed marching to Paris : now he regularly attends the military chapel at Whitehall to contemplate the eagles "which his valour won;" and he is also meditating a battle which promises to be

more serious than the Battle of Waterloo—a complete attack upon all the property of England.

The two Tierneys.—When the bulletins of Dr. Tierney came forward at Brighton, it was often a sort of joke to ask George Tierney, in town, “How all was going on at the Pavilion?” His answer was, in general, “Not favourable.”

Being a Whig “legion,” their respective names were apt to be confounded. But at present there cannot be any mistake as to the persons or their different modes of cure. George Tierney’s remedies seem perfectly adapted to the constitution—very strong and simple, including moderate habits, and not to allow any of those doses of laudanum which some of his servants are *administering* to royalty.

When asked “Which of the Tierneys?” “The ‘Not Favourable!’” was the reply.

I dined yesterday with a particular friend of mine, chairman of the excise in a sister kingdom, who is come to London to set aside Lord George Seymour, who has long expected to fill the chair here; but ministers have had *nous* enough to see that talent must take the reins. In fact, the returns to government are sunk so considerably, that the duties paid scarcely reimburse the expense of collecting them. Illicit distillation, and smuggling, have rendered the receipts almost an absolute nonentity. The treasury clerks say there will be a deficit of five millions upon the aggregate, and therefore the income-tax *must* be carried, or they may shut up shop.

The Opposition are in the greatest distress of mind respecting the fate of Sir R. Wilson and the others; they think C—— is the prime mover of the machine against them, and therefore consider his life (Sir R. W.’s) in danger. Although they rightly estimate his character as to intellect, there is a strong attachment. They ascribe the death of Whitbread to the false intelligence he sent him from the continent. Pray send me your opinion of this case. K. stands but badly with the party; they say such men as he and W. have rendered them contemptible. True enough, God knows! The Opposition add they are wholly without information from the other side of the water. Lord Grey came to town on Wednesday last.

There is another bit of *secret* history attached to Leach’s promotion. Yarmouth has lent the Prince Regent his acceptances for 100,000*l.* How are these to be paid? By a speedy award in the Court of Chancery on the Queensberry property.

Among the new books in the press is the *Livre Rouge* for 1816; an extraordinary Red Book it will prove to be!

Rumour assigns various places for the Princess Charlotte and her husband—some demur has arisen about concluding the contract with Lord Harcourt.

It is said that the Prince Regent will not believe the reports relative to the distress of the country and calls it “a vulgar clamour,” swears he will have money, for money he wants—a new palace at Brighton and another in Pall Mall, or “d—m me if I don’t turn you all out.” It is said the minister calculates on a majority of thirty on the income-tax on the first division. “It will then be seen whether they will press so odious a measure against the sense of the people.” (*Vide* G. Tierney’s observations to Curran, the Irish M. P.)

I received two letters (double and one treble) at noon on Saturday; they were both instantly forwarded, *i. e.* personally delivered. Planta I did not see; he was gone on horseback, I believe, to Brighton, a cabinet council being held there on Saturday. The information you send me is highly interesting, and had the P. been in existence it would have been very useful. Fail not to tell me your opinion of the sentence upon Sir R. W. I have several engines at work relative to the operations of Orleans, K., the ministry, and the Opposition. Every hint is continually in remembrance. Accept my best wishes, and rely on my exertions.

K. says "Capper's Kalender" is not yet published. "Boyle's Court Guide" comes out in April. I have sent you a copy of the trial—"Baldwin versus Webster." I shall feel flattered by receiving any other important commissions—rely on my fidelity. It would not be proper for me to ask you the bearing of those I have already delivered. I hope you have received the Chron. regularly. I have written to Leicestershire for the song. The latter is not in print, nor has it been. In my next you shall receive another bit of *secret history* relative to our premier.

Again!!! Let me have an answer to the following queries. Firstly, did the police rip up the floor in Sir R. Wilson's chamber, and there find letters from Lord G——? Secondly; the points of conspiracy which are distinct from Lavalette's case. Thirdly; what other documents are there, proofs, I mean, to make the charge capital?

Royalty once more! The Regent has borrowed of old Coutts 100,000*l.*; Alexander Davison has lent, out of the receipts of the Barrack department, 85,000*l.* These sums, if there be any truth in arithmetic, when added to ——'s bills, make 285,000*l.*, again add the 75,000*l.* allowed for the then increased prices in the necessaries of life (two years since) and the sum will be greater. Now, pray what has become of this money? Also recollect our prosperous ministers want 150,000*l.* more! In the words of Plautus I bid you adieu.

*"Nam ego illum periisse duco cui quidem perit pudor."**

London, March 12th, 1816.

The Dutch Ambassador, Baron Fagel, gave an entertainment yesterday to the Duc de Chartres, Marquis D'Osmoud, and a proportion of the cabinet—it was a select party. No day is yet named for the drawing-room, expressly to be held for the purpose of introducing the Duchess of Cumberland; but Leopold will publicly be the *ostensible* object of it.

Every moment reminds me of what has been lost by the stoppage of the P——, a thousand a year at least. You shall not many days have to regret the want of a hat. I will see G. this evening respecting it. You surprise me much by saying you have not seen Mr. K——. Smith, I should suppose is a fictitious name; no such person is known to me. Forget not to send me the charges against Sir R. W——. K. has not yet sent off his pamphlet; he has not discovered a proper source for conveyance; they are now, I understand, to go by way of Brussels, and as a *blind* the title-page is illuminated with a *fleur-de-lis*. Hobhouse's book sells surprisingly well; it is even sought for with avidity. I sent you a double letter on Tuesday, and a single on Wednesday last; on Friday another, I trust they have come to hand. The town is very dull. The women in high life have no routs, balls, concerts, nor even card parties; the theatre and the opera

* Plautus—Bacchides, iii., 3.

are the only places to destroy *ennui*. The Marchioness of S——'s *tea and turn out* commences on Monday next. Y——, whenever his sire departs, is to be made a duke, that is, provided the R——, does not go first.

Politics.—The Marquis of Lansdowne gave notice last night in the House of Lords for a motion on Friday next, for an address to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the proposed naval and military establishments.

Last night, in the House of Commons, a great number of petitions were presented against the income-tax, and (strange to tell) the influence of ministers has at length produced one or two petitions in favour of it. The army estimates were subsequently referred to a committee of supply. On the item for the supply to defray the expenses of the household troops, Mr. Calcraft moved that the number provided be reduced one-half. A division took place, when the amendment was negatived by a majority of 210 to 128. The cavalry estimate, on which Mr. Tierney moved the dissolution of the committee, also an amendment, shared the fate of the former, being negatived by 126 to 62. The income-tax will come on to-morrow; the attendance of members is expected to amount to about 430. The friends of ministers originally speculated upon a large majority; but I understand that they do not expect that it will exceed 30; and even that hope, although a humble one, may be disappointed. In the debate on the army estimates, General Loftus, in reply to an insinuation which he supposed to have fallen from Mr. Brougham, stated the services of the guards from the time of the American war down to the present: even on the home duty at this moment, the men were in bed but *one night out of three!*" It was one of the most efficient and gallant corps in the service, and had been sent everywhere that active services were to be performed. He would ask, were those men to be thrown on the public? Mr. Brougham, in explanation, said "he was not so ignorant as to undervalue their services; but he would remind the honourable general of a fact. Lord Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, in which that great commander had fought some of his most distinguished battles, and in which he had fallen, was laid up in ordinary, and the men turned adrift." (Hear, hear, from the opposition.) Lord Castlereagh, in reply, merely said, "much of the honourable gentleman's (B——'s) arguments went to censure the term household troops, they are so described in Mr. Burke's bill." Tierney said, speaking of the army, "there are many on the cliffs of Dover, and he recollected having asked, 'whether any fear of attack in that quarter was apprehended?' He was answered 'No; but that if the enemy landed elsewhere those fortifications would prevent them *returning that way!*'" (A laugh.)

Whilst the vigilance of our cruisers "has been directed to the capture of smuggling vessels," the chancellor of the exchequer had a communication with his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who was pleased to give assurances of his *disposition to employ the troops as extensively* and usefully as the service would permit. But the laws are not yet sufficiently adapted to this state of things. A bill is to be brought into parliament, which, of course, is expected to pass without opposition—"empowering the government to take land along the coast for the *purpose of erecting military guard-houses.*"

Four o'Clock.—There is a row in the city at this moment respecting

some discovery on the expenditure of the civil list. I cannot learn any thing respecting it in time for post! Y—— has not been at the Pavilion for a fortnight!!

London, March 14, 1816.

I am about to be serious, but sadly serious—wonder not! I have to speak in this letter of a *philosopher* and a prince too!—Sad truth for mankind—even princes are subject to mortality! His royal highness has had a relapse!!! Eight days ago one of the royal dukes received an express, at four in the morning, from the prince. He arose immediately, and set off as fast as four horses could carry him. The Regent on the preceding evening was attacked with spasms which were excruciating and of long continuance. The usual remedies were applied for some time without success—the alarm was great, and the house in the utmost confusion—such was the state of things when the illustrious peer arrived. Happily the Regent got better, but the *nerveous system* received a shock. His return is protracted till April!

Parliamentary.—The Earl of Liverpool gave notice last night in the House of Lords, that he expected to bring down a message this day from the Prince Regent relative to the intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte. A similar communication by Lord C—— in the Commons.

The tone and temper assumed last night by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons, cannot fail to make a deep impression upon every man who regards the liberties of his country! The exercise of the duty of representatives in support of petitions was reprobated by his lordship as an attempt to excite clamour and discontent. This being the sentiment of the noble lord, we cannot wonder at the pertinacity with which he contends for the income-tax, and that abuse—a standing army in time of peace. It will require both to enable him to maintain such unconstitutional language; the charge of “an ignorant impatience for relief from the pressure of taxation” lately made against his lordship, many are content to consider as an unguarded expression, generated in the warmth of debate. But a perseverance in this species of language, destroys the favourable construction, and indicates a settled system. The wholesome advice given last night by Mr. Pousonby and others may restrain the repetition of such doctrines, but should not diminish the jealousy of the people. Every discussion on which the income-tax has been introduced; every effort made by ministers to sustain it, has weakened their cause. The modifications which were expected to render it palatable, aggravate its virulence. They would establish a system of favouritism in taxation, exciting jealousy between the landed and commercial interests, and by placing them in opposition, destroying the harmony of common duties—they would reduce its produce for the year to 3,000,000*l.* of money, probably less, a sum which as a loan could not injure the money-market: thus showing that the principle, not the immediate profit, is the real object of the advocates of the measure.

London, 18th of March, 1816.

There is a kind of awful presentiment at this moment among the inhabitants of the city, which forebodes some very violent political confusion; the minds of people are in that kind of combustible state, which the least spark of democratic, or aristocratic, impatience would blow into a flame. It may be considered as a remedy shocking to humanity should the contending parties have recourse to arms, but still it appears that some con-

flict of a severe kind can alone produce a resettlement of the affairs of this country. When Mount Vesuvius has disembugued itself of its internal fires, tranquillity is restored to the regions around it.

Kinnaird has sent his pamphlet, not being able to devise any secure mode of conveyance through the French ports. Here it may not be amiss to tell you, that some friend of his takes one hundred with him this day by way of Calais. I saw K—— on Saturday walking in the most unfrequented part of St. James's Square with a foreigner, who appeared to be a Frenchman just arrived. Pray send me every particular relative to Sir R. W—— and the others. The news will be forwarded to-day.

The Duke of Kent returned from Brussels on Sunday night unexpectedly; the cause, probably, is the uncertain state of health of the Regent; it is certain that the duke has abandoned all idea of settling on the continent. The prince is said to be much better, and will be in town ere the 1st of April to superintend the nuptial preparations for his daughter, being, as he says, "determined it shall be kept as public as possible;" this comes from Lord Petersham, whom I saw on Sunday.

Your intelligence becomes every day more and more interesting. Mr. M——'s arrival I first knew from the daily papers. Mrs. F—— has attended the prince since his late attack; he is said to be in a state of excessive irritability. His *jackal*, —, is laid up in consequence of an accident from being thrown out of his tilbury. The estimate of the expenditure of the Pavilion exceeds a thousand per diem; this H. R. H. makes no secret of. The board of works draw out the estimate and it is shown to all his friends, with a comment from himself and an ejaculation of surprise—pillage is the order of the day!

The Military and Naval Club cannot amalgamate. A division will take place as soon as the latter can procure a house. I fancy the one called the Albemarle will break up; if it does the Navy have it in contemplation to take their house.

Caricatures!—London now abounds with caricatures, and amongst the novelties of the kind is the figure of a receiver-general going his rounds to collect the taxes, attended by a *bailliff* or *auctioneer* and two *orderly dragoons*, with a figure of Lord Liverpool at a window in the costume of Captain *Bobadil*, calling out, "What money have you got, Master Mathew?"

When the income-tax divides two men so very amiable and good-humoured as Mr. W—— P—— and Mr. L—— W——, it is very distressing. Some of their friends, however, have settled it into the following dialogue:

Papa.—What you oppose your dad! the devil's in't.

Son.—But, dear papa, you're *master of the Mint*.

Strange to relate, "but not more strange than true," no less than four thousand seamen are yet wanted to man the ships of war for the peace establishment, and *cannot be induced to enter*. Why this?

As England is by the infatuation of our *military* ministers plunging deeper and deeper into general distress and financial ruin, and as her constitution is in imminent danger of being subverted by a *lay* inquisition (property-tax) and standing army, but one more measure is requisite, now she is at peace, to crown the system, *viz. impressment*.

The lord chancellor, who, it is understood, recommended Mr. Leach as

his successor, was induced to do so doubtless from the name;—he was convinced there was no appellation or title so apposite to a suit in chancery;—nothing that so completely evacuated the suitor and left him empty and bloodless. In addition to this he had an authority as old as *HORACE*, who says, “*Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris Hirudo.*”*

At the commencement of the peace the Regent's friends exclaimed, “We shall soon be as popular as the leading *Burdettites*.” Was it not Bishop Newton who said, “I can conceive the possibility of a *whole nation going mad*.”

Some true words spoken in jest.—The milliners say the *H*—— *hat* sits rather uneasy upon the *crown*.

Tuesday 19.—Mr. Vansittart's proposition for the continuation of the income-tax was rejected last night in the House of Commons by a majority of THIRTY-SEVEN, the numbers being, for it 201, against it, 238. This glorious triumph exceeded the expectation of the most ardent opposers of the measure. The moment it was announced, the House and the gallery displayed the most enthusiastic joy. The advocates of the measure having withdrawn in silence, the majority and the strangers were seen cheering each other upon this most important and decisive victory. On reference to the parliamentary report it will be observed, that the minister had done every thing possible to insure success. He had frittered the tax away to an extent that must have rendered it nearly unproductive, preserving only the principle; but all his influence was unable to carry it, even in that reduced and qualified shape. After this signal defeat, upon a question which ministers have treated as one of vital importance, the only course left open to them is to resign.

It was stated last night in the House of Commons, that there were now *fifty-eight* convicts in Newgate under *sentence of death*. Lord Milton inquired, “What indisposition was it which prevented the performance of the most solemn act of the kingly office? Was it merely what, in the common course of life, was termed an indisposition? (*Hear, hear.*) And did the noble lord, standing in the situation of a minister of the crown in this country, state that as a reason for the royal pleasure not being taken on the lives and deaths of these unhappy persons, for weeks, nay, months together? Were they to be left in that melancholy situation because, forsooth, it so happened that the individual who now performed the functions of the kingly office in this country was indisposed; and that the necessary persons could not be brought together to execute the duties allotted to them? (*Hear, hear.*) If Brighton were five hundred miles off instead of fifty, it should not be suffered to exist.” The attorney-general replied, by stating “That it was no extraordinary occurrence to delay reports for a considerable time.”

Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons last night, “hoped that the people of England would not turn their backs upon themselves!!!”

A letter from Brighton says, “*H*——, the poulterer, against whom an information was laid, for having exposed to view in his shop three partridges, said he had the birds only for the purpose of trussing for the Pavilion spit.” *H*—— is a well-known poacher, but the ingenuity of the device saved him: he proved the fact of their being intended for the prince.

London, 21st of March, 1816.

Parliamentary.—Another victory on the part of the Opposition has

* Hor. Art. Poet., 476.

grown out of the triumph on Monday night over the ministers. Mr. Vansittart, driven from the income-tax, last night abandoned the war duty upon malt, amounting to between two and three millions; some think that he anticipated an attack upon that post also, and despaired of making a successful defence. According to his own account, vouched by Lord Castlereagh, the refusal of the income-tax obliges him to have recourse to a loan, it being a matter of indifference whether the amount of the loan be six millions or eight millions;—he availed himself of the opportunity to give up also the war duty upon malt besides the agricultural horse duty. “The two birds,” as was aptly said by Sir Francis Burdett, “have been thus killed by one stone!”

The victory of Monday night is a double triumph. The same blow has put down the income-tax and the war malt duty; the two heavy weights that oppressed the commercial and the agricultural interests. But the results of the victory are not limited to these two points; it is felt in the inmost recesses, in the most distant ramifications of the system which ministers had framed for themselves. They will learn to respect the voice of the people, and discriminate between well-founded complaint and “an ignorant impatience of taxation.” They will learn that the people are not to be cajoled by empty and delusive promises, and that when economy is promised in a speech from the throne, they expect it will not be totally neglected in practice. No credit is therefore due to our ministers for their abandonment of the malt tax duty. If the leather tax be pressed, I have no doubt they will give up that too. Defeated in their favourite object, they say it matters not whether the loan be for six millions or eight millions: they actually are in want of a good ground for a decent loan.

The income-tax, with the proposed modifications, exemptions, and suspensions, could not possibly produce more than three millions in the year. Its rejection, therefore, does not fairly induce a loan to a greater extent, but that is a sum quite contemptible as a loan. It is therefore necessary to the dignity of ministers to throw in their war duty on malt, if only as a make-weight to render the amount respectable in the money-market. If, then, some further reduction in the present taxes be not in contemplation, ministers have not ground for a loan of above five or six millions, and not even for that,—if, true to the promise which they put into the speech of the prince regent, “they mean to practise economy.”

The civil list accounts are now before the public; among the items of expenditure is a sum of 15,310*l.* 11*s.*, paid to Rundell and Bridge, for snuff-boxes and other articles of jewellery, as presents to foreign ministers. The deficiency in the civil list is 277,627*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*

It appears from a statement made last night in the House of Commons, that the aggregate amount of debts discharged under the Insolvent Act, exceeds five millions and a half, to satisfy which there are not assets to the amount of 1500*l.* !!

Towards the close of the debate last night, Mr. W. Pole charged Mr. Brougham with throwing disrespectful reflections on the House of Brunswick. Mr. B. disclaimed any such intention; he only wished that illustrious house had better advisers.

Five o'clock.—The town is all in confusion; it is a court-day for the presentation of Prince Leopold. The ministers, report says, are going out!!!

LYCIAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE most ancient traditions of the Pelasgians make mention of the Kingdom of Lycia, the theatre of the semi-fabulous exploits of Bellerophon. According to Diodorus Siculus, Xanthus, who gave his name to the chief city and to the river of "flowery bounds" and "silver flood," was a Pelasgian, son of Triopas. According to Homer and Apollodorus, Proetus, King of Argos, married a daughter of Jobates, King of the Lycians, called Anteia by Homer, but by the tragic poets Sthenoboea. This princess, "burning with lawless flame" for the son of the Corinthian Glaucus, he was sent to the court of King Jobates to be put to death, instead of which, conquering every thing that was opposed to him, the hero wedded another daughter of Proetus, variously called Philonoe, Anticleia, and Cassandra, by whom he became father of Isander, Hippolochus, and Laodameia. Glaucus and Sarpedon, the Trojan heroes sung of by Homer, were sons, the one of Hippolochus, the other of Laodameia. Homer further notices, among the auxiliaries of the Trojans, the Zelians, whom he describes as a people of Lycia, dwelling at the foot of Mount Ida, under the command of Pandarus, son of Lycæon.

According to Herodotus, Minos, King of Crete, drove his brother Sarpedon out of that Doric island, and that prince passing over with his party into Asia, founded a kingdom among the Milyans or Solymi, who thence took the name of Termiles, which they changed for that of Lycians when Lycus, son of Pandion, driven from Athens by his brother Ægeus, took refuge at the court of Sarpedon. Müller, in his History of the Dorians, has however referred the name of Lycia to one of the surnames of Apollo, as that given by Homer of *Λυκγενής* has been alike held to indicate born in "Lycia," or begotten of "light."

However much at variance with one another, there is sufficient in these statements to intimate satisfactorily that Lycia received at the earliest historical times emigrations of Pelasgian and Dorian races and chieftains, and that when it had its own native population, Milyans and Solymi, whose name has been traced by Bochart (*Chanaan*, i. c. vi.) to an Aramæan source, signifying Highlanders, who wore helmets of hide and had their dress buckled on, and with whom were further associated the Caba-lyians, whose dress and arms resembled those of the Cilicians.

It appears further, that the Phœnicians had a settlement upon the same coast from the most remote times. We learn from the Smyrniac Quintus that the portion of Lycia, which is near the mouth of the River Limyra, was called the "Land of the Phœnicians." Strabo also notices the mountain of the Phœnicians in the same locality, and there exists in the same neighbourhood in the present day, a castle, two villages, a cape, a river, and a mountain, severally called Phineka, and in the same vicinity, and close by the site, supposed by Sir C. Fellows to be Gagæ, but determined by Mr. Daniel and his companions to be Corydalla, an inscription was found with the words ΦΟΙΝΙΚΟΣ ΤΥΡΙΩ, but which was merely looked upon by the latter travellers as a brief memorial of strangers who had visited the country for purposes of trade.

Lycia appears to have preserved its independence from the earliest

times, till the conquests of Cyrus. Herodotus expressly informs us that the Lycians and the Cilicians successfully held out against the power of the Lydian monarchs. It is difficult to determine, if among the remarkable monuments of antiquity which have been recently discovered in that country, some of the most interesting of which have by the zeal of Sir C. Fellows been removed to this country, there are any which belong to those remote and semi-fabulous epochs. It was Sir C. Fellows's opinion, that among the many beautiful relics of Grecian art, remains of Persian, and of indigenous art were also to be met with, that there were traces of times evidently antecedent to the Greek or classical era, and that the primitive seal of the Oriental style could not fail to be recognised.

Mr. Daniel and his companions, however, after a careful inquiry into the value of such evidences, historical and existing, as seem to throw light on the history and origin of the monuments, rock-tombs of a peculiar architecture, and the language of the inscriptions carved upon them, have come to a different conclusion, and uphold that the Lycians had no rock-tombs, nor monuments, nor written language, nor coins, previous to the conquests of the Persians.

The monuments of Lycia are as various as they are beautiful, and they are replete with historical, poetical, and religious reminiscences. The rock-tombs are sometimes circular hollows or simple sepulchral grottoes as in the mountains above Pinark, at other times they are adorned with sculptures and arch-lidded or rock-hewn yet isolated, like wood built cottages, with rectangular mullions and raftered roofs verging gradually to the perfection of the Harpy and other of the more finished tombs of Xanthus. Among these tombs are some which belong to great personages who lived many ages before the Persian Conquest. Such, for example, is the tomb of Bellerophon at Tlos. This is a temple-tomb fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of a peculiar form and Egyptian aspect. On one side of the portico, the Lycian hero is represented mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill to encounter an enormous leopard—the kaplan. Mr. Forbes remarks, of Mount Cragus. Now scenes from the story of Bellerophon were frequently represented in ancient works of art. His contest with the Chimæra was seen on the throne of Amyclæ and in the vestibule of the Delphic temple. On coins, gems, and vases, he is often seen fighting against the Chimæra, taking leave of Proetus, taming Pegasus, or giving him to drink, or falling from him, in allusion to the later legends, related by Pindar and by Horace. It is impossible, therefore, to say if the sculptures upon the tomb of Bellerophon do not belong to Persian times, but it cannot be supposed otherwise than that the tomb itself dates back to the time immediately succeeding the death of the hero. What is good of one is therefore good of others, and if one sepulchral grotto can be traced to times anterior to Cyrus, so may we suppose that other uninscribed tombs belonged to the same remote periods. Midas, King of Phrygia, had, as Colonel Leake discovered, his rock-tomb as well as Darius or Xerxes, and taken as a whole, rock-tombs are far more numerous and more characteristic of Phrygia, Lycia, and Cappadocia, and other countries of Asia Minor, than of Persia. It is not even easy of belief that the tomb of Bellerophon had to wait for the Persian Conquest, to be embellished, and that in his own country, which was so long before inhabited by Greeks of the same race as those who worshipped him as a hero at Corinth, and had a sanctuary sacred to his memory in the

cypress grove of Craneion. The Persians were too much engaged in conferring monumental immortality on their leader Harpagus, to be expected to confer similar honours on a hero of the vanquished, and they would feel a greater anxiety in erecting obelisks to Ormuzd, than in commemorating the feats of the son of Glaucus, or the more humble story of the daughters of Pandarus, for what applies to the one monument also applies itself to the other.

If the singular pit, excavated on the summit of the hill above Patara, with its central square column, is, as Captain Beaufort conjectured it to have been, the seat of the oracle of Apollo Patareus, such a monument in all probability dates anterior to the Persian conquests, for that worship was peculiar to the Doric race and was transplanted by them to the coast of Asia Minor. So it is also probably in regard to the decree referring to the worship of Apollo found at Sura, probably the Simena of Pliny. Divination by fish is related, however, to have been practised at Limyra not at Sura.

The smaller theatre and gigantic portal at Pinara, the great wall north of Xanthus, the cyclopean walls at Phellus, Arnae, and other places, the massive Hellenic ruin at Corydalla, and not improbably the Hellenic fortress at Phineka, and the Hellenic towers in the gorge of Myra, besides many other similar remains, appear also to belong to ante-Persian times. In fact, in arguments of this kind, it must be held in mind, that in the third century after their establishment in the East and above seven hundred years before the Christian era, the Greeks of Asia far surpassed their European ancestors in splendour and prosperity. To use the descriptive language of Dr. Gillies, "with the utmost industry and perseverance they improved and ennobled the useful or elegant arts, which they found already exercised among the Phrygians and Lydians. They incorporated the music of those nations with their own. Their poetry far excelled whatever Pagan antiquity could boast most precious. They rivalled the skill of their neighbours in moulding clay, and casting brass. They appear to have been the first people who made statues of marble. The Doric and Ionic orders of architecture perpetuate, in their names, the honour of their inventors." This, it is to be remembered too, upon the authority of Herodotus, was at a time "when the neighbouring countries of Cappadocia and Armenia remained equally ignorant of laws and arts, and when the Medes and Persians, destined successively to obtain the empire of Asia, lived in scattered villages, subsisted by hunting, pasturage, or robbery, and were clothed with the skins of wild beasts."

It seems scarcely credible that there should be no remains of an art that attained such high perfection anterior to the Persian conquest, and that one of those countries whence Grecian civilisation took its origin, should have had to depend upon a less intellectual nation for its language and monuments. It may be true that rock-tombs abound most in the rich maritime valleys of Lycia, and that they are scarcely met with as we advance into the eastern highlands inhabited by the Solymi; but again in the country of the Cabalian Moeonians or Highlanders of Cabalia, as Herodotus designated them, rock-tombs are as frequent as elsewhere, and according even to our travellers have the aspect of being as ancient as any in Lycia. The same authors describe the precipices of Mount Cragus in the immediate vicinity of Telmissus as being honeycombed with tombs hewn in the rock and richly sculptured, some in imitation of Ionic temples, often to represent edifices of ornamental wood-work. Inscriptions,

some Greek, others in the mysterious character which has been designated Lycian, are carved on many of them, adding greatly to their interest. At Pinara again—the city of King Pandarus—we have a building with Ionic columns. At Xanthus we have fragments both of Doric and Corinthian architecture. At Bubon is a tomb which is described as having an aspect of being as ancient as any in Lycia and as having a pediment supported by two rudely-shaped (Doric?) pillars. So also of the tomb of Bellerophon, one of the oldest in the country, it is said of the columns which support the pediment, that “from such the Ionic may have originated;” for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most ancient and important tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. There is something inconsistent in thus admitting the possible existence of ancient Dorian tombs and of others of a style so primitive, as to be supposed to have suggested the Ionic order of architecture, and yet to deny to these tombs an existence anterior to the Persian conquests.

The learned decipherer of the Lycian language, Mr. Daniel Sharpe, has ascribed the earliest monument in that language to a period subsequent to the Persian invasion, but it does not necessarily follow from that, that these inscriptions were in the language of the conquerors. They certainly were not in the characters usually adopted by them, for the inscribed monuments of the Persians, from the time of Cyrus to that of Artaxerxes I., as far as yet known, are all in the third Persepolitan, or Babylonian-Achæmenian character, to which succeeded the Pehlvi. It appears that there is great variety among the Lycian inscriptions themselves, but in the alphabet given by Mr. Sharpe of twenty-nine letters, there are thirteen Greek, two Roman, others where Greek letters have an altered signification, as B for W. There are three which have the angular character of the cuneiform writing, and one apparently Phœnician. Now it is, to say the least of it, a very curious circumstance that a nation of conquerors with a known alphabet should have been the first to introduce into a distant and highly civilised country another alphabet, of which thirteen letters, at least, belonged to European colonists, who had mingled with the native population for two centuries before.

Mr. Sharpe has also shown, that the Lycian language had even more resemblance to Zend than the Persepolitan, all three being of the same family, a fact which throws no direct light upon the antiquity of the said language, as we may readily suppose the languages of all the aboriginal natives of the Asiatic peninsula, who came from the East, to have belonged originally to the same family; while, on the contrary, not being Persepolitan, is a more or less direct argument against its being a language imported by the Achæmenian conquerors. The silence of Homer and of Herodotus upon the fact of the Lycians having a peculiar language of their own is merely negative evidence; they must have had a language anterior even to Greek colonisation, still more so to the Persian invasion, but they do not appear to have had an alphabet till after the Hellenic migrations, when Greek letters were used with some, perchance, original or borrowed signs, to which were added Phœnician and, subsequently, Persian characters. If the Lycian, as a branch of the Aramaean family of languages, were really that of the Persian conquerors, their adoption of a Greek alphabet must have been made in the hopes of familiarising their language to Dorians and natives, for, according to some testimonies, the Solymi spoké the Phœnician language. But even under these circumstances it would have been anticipated that traces of the same language would have

been found throughout the lands subjected by the Persians in the Asiatic peninsula, whereas, as far as is yet known, it has not been found beyond Lycia or its immediate neighbourhood. It is further to be remarked, that as the characters of the Lycian inscriptions are not similar to the Persepolitan, so also the language is not identical with that used in the Persian inscriptions of the time of Cyrus, Darius, or Artaxerxes; and yet, although Cyrus deputed the completion of his peninsula conquests to Harpagus, we have no historical grounds for supposing that the followers of the lieutenant were not Persians of the same race as the other followers of the great king.

The coins usually called triquetras, from the three-limbed emblem on the exergue, are among the most curious of the Lycian monuments. These coins apparently belong to a certain series of cities, many of which are determined by their resemblance to the Greek names, and at all of which tombs with inscriptions in the same language are found; and hence having assumed that these tombs and inscriptions belong to Achaemenian times, Mr. Daniel and his companions have deduced that the coins do so also. The objections to such a deduction, although not perfectly satisfactory, are innumerable. In the first place, in the most ancient of these coins we have the head, supposed to be that of Pan, a lion on the back of a bull, a bearded head with helmet, a naked warrior, all with legends in simple Greek characters. Then we have griffins with mixed characters, boars and other quadrupeds with the same; and all with the same national emblem, the so-called triquetra. Lastly, we have a Perso-Lycian coin in which we have the Lycian form in Greek letters of that common commencement of Persian names of kings and princes which the Greeks rendered *Artā*, but on which the national emblem is no longer found; and at a still later period we have Persian coins with the figure of Mithra, whose worship was not introduced till the time of Artaxerxes I. And on one of these, as if to give it currency in Lycia, the national emblem was found impressed as a counter-stamp.

It is scarcely to be expected that a conquering nation would have upheld national emblems, national mythology, and an European alphabet, adapted to a native language in preference to their own. On the contrary, on the well-known monuments of Persian origin, on the obelisk at Xanthus, the decree of the king of kings is inscribed in Greek, and the inscription that follows in Lycian, is called "Transcript of the greatest Decree of the King of Kings." The Medes and Lycians are frequently used in the same inscription in opposition to one another; and in one passage a distinction is drawn between the worshippers and the opponents of Ormuzd.

With respect to the triquetra, or national emblem of the Lycians, a theory has been advanced which at once strikes the mind as being more ingenious and plausible than satisfactory. It has been suggested that the instrument to which the name of triquetra has been given, is, in reality, a grappling iron or hook—*αγκυρα*—that the Persian general, finding himself governor of a district in which his language was as yet not spoken, and desiring to make his name known as the lord of the district, in all the cities which owed him allegiance, put a symbol upon his coins, which must immediately remind all employing the coinage, and acquainted with the Greek language, that *ΑΡΧΗΓΟΣ* was the governor.

It is almost sufficient to object to this ingenious hypothesis, that the exceptions when the hook is single are rare, it is generally a three-limbed

instrument, that thence came its name, and that it is symbolical is attested by the circumstance that the coinage of the neighbouring Selgians is distinguished by its three human legs. If another suggestion, not quite so ingenious but probably more consonant with the epoch, might be advanced, it would be that the so-called triquetra was the oracular tripod, or tripus, symbolically used, but not in this case, as the scholiast upon Aristophanes says it always was, of the three parts of time, the present, the past, and the future; but of help and assistance, and hence more emblematically figured as three human legs. The whole of the six Doric republics used to assemble at the neighbouring city of Triopium, in Caria, to celebrate the festival of Apollo. The site had been consecrated to a form of worship of greater antiquity in the country, that of Cybele, who obtained the title of Ops, because she brought help and assistance to every thing in the world, as Diana was called Opis, from her attendance upon the labours of women, and whence, indeed, was derived the word Opis (see *Δίνσworth* edition by Thomas, 1758); and hence the name of the city would appear to be indicative of this triple emblem of help to labour.* It is a curious fact, recorded by Herodotus (l. i., c. cxliv.), and referred to by Gillies, that at the time of the threatened invasion of the Persians, Halicarnassus, the sixth Dorian state, had been recently excluded from the Triopian festival. This disgrace was occasioned by the sordid avarice of Agasides, the Halicarnassian, who having conquered in the Triopian games, carried away the Tripod, which was the prize of his victory, whereas, according to an established rule, he ought to have consecrated it in the temple of Apollo. This circumstance of a tripod being the prize at one of the most important festivals of the Dorians was sufficient to establish the tripus as an emblem (and we have in the coins even the representation of the central aperture through which the divine afflatus was supposed to ascend), without any further symbolical reference; but the connexion of the emblem with the festival at Triopium, of the name of the city, with that of the father of Xanthus, and of the mother of gods under a peculiar form, and the relation of these several circumstances with one another, are too curious to be overlooked in an inquiry of this kind.† If this view of the subject should be found a rational one, it is evident that this coin should rather be called a Tripus than a Triquetra.

The light thrown by recent research‡ upon the ancient and modern geography of Lycia, is as striking as that which has flowed in upon its monumental antiquities, and is happily less open to critical disquisition. Strabo enumerates twenty-three towns, and Pliny thirty-six, within this favoured kingdom. A knowledge of several others is derived from the historians of Alexander, from Livy's account of the marches of the Consul Manlius, from Ptolemy, from the anonymous Peripplus, entitled the Sta-

* Tripods were also made subjects of prizes as the emblems of steadiness and constancy. *Quæ tripodo ex Phœbi, lauroque profetur.*—Lucr. *Donarem tripodas præmia fertium Græcorum.*—Hor. The derivation by some of the name of Triopium, from Triopa, son of Abastes (see *Scholiastes Theocriti ad Idyll. xvii.*), where it is written Triopon, (Pausanias writes it Triopan), would not affect the derivation of the name, although, as usual with the Greeks, by giving it an heroic association, it is made to bear upon the paternity of Xanthus, as assumed by Diodorus Siculus.

+ Apollo himself was also called Triopius from the prize won at these very games. See *Stephanus' Dict. Hist. Art. Tropus.*

‡ Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and the Cibyratis, in company with the late Rev. E. T. Daniel, by Lieutenant T. A. B. Spratt, R. N., F. G. S., &c., and Professor Edward Forbes, F. R. S., &c. 2 vols. John Van Voorst.

diasmus of the Sea, from Stephanus, from the Notitiæ Episcopatum of the Low Empire, and from some few other sources, add to which, coins, and inscriptions, by means of which latter, Mr. Daniel and his companions have made us acquainted with sites unknown to the geographers of old or of the middle ages. Thus upwards of fifty towns of more or less importance are now made known to us by modern research, compared with ancient geography.

Among the most important of these must always be placed the Antihomeric Xanthus; upon the river of same name, so celebrated in antiquity, and as much favoured by Harpagus and his successors, as by the more ancient kings of Lycia. Pinara was a site favoured by King Pandarus, and to Bellerophon, it would appear, was assigned the district of Tlos, where is his tomb. Telmissus was also a city of renown in anti-Persian times. Croesus consulted this oracle, which Cicero tells us was renowned from most ancient times, as well as that which gave to him so treacherous an answer. Dr. Clarke associates this place of divination with certain arched vaults which Messrs. Spratt and Forbes inform us have the aspect of having been built at a period when the prophetic fame of Telmissus (Telmessus, we could show by authority, to be an incorrect orthography) had passed away.

Not less renowned was the oracle of Patara, which Livy speaks of as a noble city, and Pomponius Mela as the most celebrated city of Lycia.

*Qui Lyciæ tenet,
Dumeta, natalem quæ sylvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.*

Sings Horace, and Virgil tells us, that as Delos was most sought after in summer, so Patara was most favoured in winter—a co-ordination which at once establishes its pre-eminence.

*Ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta,
Deserit, ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo.*

We are especially told by Mela (lib. i. c. xv. de Lycia), that the oracle of Apollo at Patara was similar to the Delphic, *Quondam opibus et oraculi fide Delphico simile*; and this combined with the popularity of the same worship at Telmissus, at Limyra, and at Sura, would have alone been sufficient to consecrate the tripod as a national emblem, even had not the festival of the tripod itself been commemorated by the united Dorian states at the neighbouring Triopium. The ruins of Patara in the present day are not very extensive. They comprise a triple arch, which formed the gate of the city; baths, and a theatre, remarkable for the completeness of its proscenium, and the steepness and narrowness of its marble seats. Above is a singular pit, excavated on the summit of the hill, with a central square column, which was conjectured by Captain Beaufort to have been the seat of the oracle of Apollo Patareus. Messrs. Spratt and Forbes remark that the aspect of the city, when it was flourishing, must, like most Lycian sites, have been very beautiful.

Myra, with its port of Limyra, upon the river of same name, are both sites of remote antiquity, although they possess a surpassing interest in the seeds of Christianity having been first sown there by the Apostle Paul. The memory of the first Bishop of Lycia, St. Nicholas, is much venerated by Greek sailors, who make pilgrimages to his shrine, although the relics of the saint are said to have been removed to St. Pe-

tersburg. It is curious that Messrs. Spratt and Forbes found the remains of the old Byzantine cathedral, not at either the city or its port, but at a distance of at least ten geographic miles up the river, at a site supposed by Colonel Leake to represent the Trabala of the tables. This, probably the head church of the primitive episcopacy, is described as a noble fabric, and one which excited on examination a deep interest.

Olympus which Strabo describes as being a great city close by the mountain of same name, also called Phœnicas, and which, according to Cicero and Eutropius, was taken by Publius Servilius, at a time when it was still a well-built and great city, "*omnibus rebus auctam et ornata*," is described as situated in the expanse of a gorge, the entrance of which, seawards, is nearly closed up by steep and peaked rocks, crowned by the remains of Genevese (Genoese?) fortifications. A theatre, and the traces of several temples, of one of which a fine portal is standing, are buried in the thick jungle of chaste trees, and reeds bordering the flat ground of the river side.

There is no mention of the Castle of Zeniceta, from whence Lycia Pisidia and Pamphylia could be seen at once. It is probable that this was at the site of the fortress, which stood upon a high and pointed rock in the valley of Ulu-bunar (Chai), and which not having been apparently closely examined, is passed over as a fortress of middle-age architecture.

It was on the so-called Mount Olympus or Phœnicus that Captain Beaufort discovered the yanar, or perpetual fire, undoubtedly the original Chimæra. It has been supposed that Strabo assigned the localities of these fires to Mount Cragus, but the Amasiyan geographer speaks of the *φapayγ*, or valley, extending thence to the shores. Pliny more correctly places it in the mountains adjacent to Phaselis. Seylax describes it as a fountain of fire, "*Fanum Vulcani*," in the region of Phaselis, as does also Seneca in his epistles, where, like Pliny, he calls the rocks from whence the flames issue, Hephæstii, from the festival so called, held in honour of Vulcan. The fabled form given to the Chimæra by Hesiod and Homer, has been long ago explained by Servius, as descriptive of three mountain regions, the one inhabited by lions,* the other by goats, and the lower by serpents, and which Bellerophon brought into subjection or expelled by colonisation and cultivation. Plutarch's theory of piratical ships so adorned on their prows, is not so acceptable as this view of the subject. The fabulous Chimæra was always the same—*flam-misque armata Chimæra*—and this cannot apply to ships that did not carry guns. Strange it is that the very expression should have become symbolical of all that is vague and fanciful, and yet the Chimera exists to the present day, and Messrs. Spratt and Forbes tell us that it is not only as brilliant as when Captain Beaufort first discovered it, but is also somewhat increased.

Beyond Olympus and the Corycan shore, is Phaselis, a city of the Greeks, according to Cicero, who relates its capture by P. Servilius, and, according to Pliny built by Mopsus, the poet and soothsayer, who broke the heart of Calchas, the chief augur during the Trojan war, and who had his chief temple at Mopsuestia in Cilicia. Two artificial ports, a theatre, and many ruins of great buildings, attest the former importance

* Sir C. Fellows thought that he had heard of lions in the Cragus, but Mr. Forbes traced the report to a leopard, called Kaplan by the natives, and which he says is not unfrequent in the mountains.

and affluence of this ancient city. Like Olympus, a Greek city, it presents no traces of the peculiar tombs and inscriptions of Lycia.

Beyond Phaselis are the stair-like or terraced rocks and mountains, called Climax, and of much note in the marches of Alexander the Great. In these mountains Mr. Daniel and his friends found a hill fort, supposed to be Apollonia by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes, but by Mr. Daniel and Schönbrun considered with more likelihood to represent the inexpugnable Marmora. The site is now called Sarahjik. In the same neighbourhood are the ruins of Tchandi Hissar, identified by Mr. Daniel with Olbia, but by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes with Marmora, and beyond, towards Pamphylia, the ruins of Arab-Chai Hissar, the Olbia of Messrs. Spratt and Forbes.

The notice made of Mount Climax, which presented so formidable an obstacle to the Macedonians, of Mount Phœnicas or Olympus of fabulous interest, and of Mount Cragus, equally renowned for its rocks and forests,—

*Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi,*

its wild animals, its hill forts of Cragus, afterwards Sidyma, Cydna, Perdicæ, and the magnificent scenery of the Seven Capes, lead us to the consideration of the central or main rocky chains of Lycia, after first noticing that Pliny has a little town called Carnylessus, situated in Anti-Cragus, and Ptolemy, a site called Symbra, apparently in the same vicinity, of which we do not find any notice in the work of Messrs. Spratt and Forbes, the incomplete index to which, however, often misleads the reader.

The central mountains of Lycia, now called the Ak Tagh, or White Mountain, Susu Tagh, Bey Tagh, &c., have been identified by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes, on the one hand, with the ancient Massycites, on the other, with the mountains of the Solymi; and this extent and importance given to Mount Massycites has been combated by M. L. Vivien de Saint Martin, in his "*Histoire des Découvertes Géographiques*."

It is true, that Pliny's words give a rather local character to the mountain, when he says, "near the sea is Limyra, with a river into which the Arycandus flows, and Mount Massycites;" but the fact is, that the Limyris is a mere rivulet which flows into the Arycandus, a larger river coming from the Susu Tagh and Solymian mountains. Hence the latter ought rather to be considered as the Massycites, which Ptolemy, who calls them Masicytus, carries up to the confines of Lycia and Pamphylia; a statement which does not, as some have supposed, militate against the positioning by Strabo and Polybius of the Climax on the same confines; the one being littoral, the other in the interior. Whatever the subdivisions, these mountains were viewed by antiquity as appertaining to Taurus, which was by most olden geographers actually considered to have its origin at the sacred promontory and the Chelidonian islands.

The determination of Phellus, whose port, Anti-Phellus, was previously known, was most ingeniously effected by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes, although the name was found to occur at two or three different sites. Andriaca, the port of Myra, where St. Paul changed his ship, was determined by Captain Beaufort, but we find no mention of the Apyre of Ptolemy, or Aperræ of Ptolemy, placed between Myra and Phellus. The site may not impossibly be represented by the ruins in the bay of Hassar.

The ecclesiastical notices of the Low Empire contain records of certain Lycian episcopacies, which do not appear to have been recovered by recent explorers, although such may be in part owing to the well-known corruption of names that took place in the middle ages. Such is the episcopacy of the Kombi, corresponding to the Komba of Ptolemy, and placed by the Alexandrian geographer on the confines of Caria. Such also is the episcopacy of the Cani, corresponding to the Canas of Pliny, and spoken of by that author in connexion with the Mountain Chimæia; and such also the episcopacy of Chomatis, corresponding to the Choma of Ptolemy in Milyas, and the Choma of Pliny on the river Adesa. As Podalia was on the same river, it would appear that this little diocese was in the mountain enclosed valley, watered by the Ak-Chai, which loses itself in the Aylan Gul. The sites of the episcopal towns of Corydalla and Cyanæ were, however, determined. The latter presents a great peculiarity, in being represented by three distinct hill forts, attesting to the refinement which municipal institutions had attained in this favoured country.

On the Pamphylian side, Messrs. Spratt and Forbes effected the important discovery of the site of Termessus Major, an acquaintance with the true position of which was indispensable to an accurate knowledge of the movements of the Macedonians under Alexander, as well as to those of the Romans under the Consul Manlius. The ruins of this city are very extensive and full of interest. Among the most remarkable inscriptions found, was one to the philosopher Plato. What a feeling must have been excited by seeing such a name carved upon the rock, in lands before untrod by European feet, indeed, almost sealed to civilisation since its olden inhabitants have passed away? Not far from Termessus, and also on the Pamphylian side were the ruins of the town of Lagon, which was plundered by the Romans, and which possesses the remarkable feature of being intersected by aqueducts, that traverse the city in all directions, and are formed of solid walls from eight to ten feet high. Here are also tombs with inscriptions, directing fines for the violators thereof to be paid to the gods of the Solymi, not to those of the Persians.

Cibyra, once a vast and powerful city, the chief of the Cibyritic confederacy, presented a mass of ruins of great interest. There are the remains of a theatre of great extent, and in fine preservation. Many temples, some of Doric, and others of the Corinthian order. A stadium of imposing aspect, 650 feet in length. An avenue of tombs, approached by a massive triumphal arch of Doric architecture; and remains of large buildings, the purpose of which it was not easy to determine. Oenanda and Balbura, two other cities of the Cibyritic tetropolis, have been identified by Mr. Hoskyns, and Bubon the last of the cities of the same confederacy was discovered at the same time as Cibyra by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes.

These discoveries have, indeed, been so numerous, and have been so satisfactorily and carefully attested, that, combined with Mr. Daniel Sharpe's learned commentaries on the coins and language, Professor Forbes' admirable notes on the natural history and geology of the country, and the accompanying beautiful map founded upon actual survey, Lycia is brought before us, as if raised by some magic wand from the tomb of by-gone ages, while its actual condition and present aspect are, at the same time, made more familiar to us than is the case with any other province of the Asiatic peninsula.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING

CHAP. VIII.

Illness of the Poet's Son—Contributors to the Magazine, Graham, Hazlitt, &c.—American Literature—Compliment to Rogers—Visit to Cheltenham—Letter respecting "Theodoric"—Criticism on Medwin's Book about Byron.

THE poet had placed his surviving son, as already stated, at the university of Bonn under a tutor. The attachment of both father and mother to their son was remarkably strong, and their fondness induced the wish that he should be nearer to them. He was accordingly removed to Amiens. Calling at the poet's one morning I found he was out, and Mrs. Campbell in considerable agitation. On expressing a hope that there was nothing of moment the matter, she informed me, in a manner exhibiting sufficiently her maternal fears, that there was reason to believe Thomas had run away from his tutors—that in fact he was then in prison at Boulogne; she expressed her apprehension upon his account, and added that her husband was gone to the French ambassador to endeavour to obtain his release. She knew nothing more than that it was supposed he had been arrested because he had no passport in his possession. But what business could he have at Boulogne? This proved to be the fact; the youth, having singularly enough reached Boulogne without that instrument of inquisitorial despotism, could proceed no further.

Returning home I found the poet at my own door. He had called to tell me of what had occurred, and he related the circumstances with a heavy heart. It appeared that he had not then communicated the entire affair to his wife; he feared there was much trouble in store for them. Thomas had exhibited symptoms of a wandering mind, the severest of all calamities. He had eloped from his instructor, and had contrived, no one knew how, to travel from Amiens as far as the coast without a passport. Here he had been lodged in prison from which the French ambassador on hearing a statement of the case had just written over to procure his release. This was of little consequence compared to further intelligence conveyed in a letter he had received from Amiens, stating too that his son had exhibited symptoms of mental alienation. These symptoms had been remarked for some time previously, and it would appear had rather shown themselves in petty eccentricities than in any violent acts. At the time the teacher wrote, the symptoms had become more decided. Young Campbell for example would take it into his head that persons on the other side of the street had insulted him, cross over, go up to those who had not even noticed him, and demand why they so conducted themselves, and what they intended by it. The poet was much affected, notwithstanding his efforts to suppress his feelings—a strife natural to him under circumstances of a similar character. The youth, soon set at liberty, was speedily received into his father's house. The anxious feeling in regard to the state of mind of a son respecting whom his parents had conceived brilliant hopes, was naturally very great. Their

expectations were not unfounded; young Campbell possessed excellent natural abilities, his disposition was good, his conversation, when he felt inclined to be communicative, was superior to that of most youths of his years. He was about eighteen, a period at which in the character of the constitution there generally commences some change, and from this circumstance hopes were indulged that with the development of manhood a realisation of his parents' hopes might be consummated. These hopes were destined to disappointment. The trial was the more severe to the poet, as he kept his feelings close, and they consequently preyed more acutely upon his mind. The effect was visible in the difficulty of fixing his attention to business for a good while afterwards; frequent complaints of indisposition; the appearance of a mind continually pre-occupied; in fact, in an incapacity for his wonted literary duties marked to such an extent, that when I went to his house to consult him, I found the irksomeness of putting any question to him so great, I broke off from my purpose, and acted wholly upon my own responsibility. This was the case for the space of two or three months after this event took place, before the poet fell again into his customary course of action.

With his sensitive temperament this trying state of things was to be expected. Death had deprived him of one child, and the calamity fallen upon the other was rendered more weighty. Campbell continued to keep his son at home, in fact, the fondness of both his parents rendered such a course of things inevitable. Young Campbell behaved with so much propriety in society, that in general little or nothing of his disorder was visible to strangers. He read the newspapers, commented with some judgment upon the political events of the day, and at his father's table it would be difficult to observe traces of disorder. His complaint exhibited no increase, but seemed to settle down into a mild species of mental aberration visible only upon some exciting cause, or some erroneous fancy. The knowledge of a slight surveillance being exercised over him was a restraint fully sufficient to render him in every respect an inoffensive inmate of the parental dwelling. That of his father was fully sufficient when present, but when absent the son would at times break out on indulging in a little wine or porter until his mother became terrified. Being the only friend living near, I was repeatedly sent for by Mrs. Campbell in her husband's absence, upon these outbreaks. I found young Campbell easy enough to manage, but in a state in which some interference became necessary. His mother would entreat me, matters being restored to their usual course the next day, not to tell the poet of what had occurred, it would unhinge him and shake his nerves. I forbore to state minutiae as to facts. A careful regimen, and a slight watchfulness was all that was necessary for young Campbell owing to the mildness of his complaint, but this required to be unrelaxing. His mother more than once said to me on calling, "Thomas has been looking at his father so fixedly that he cannot bear it; he is gone out." The poet imagined that his son felt at such moments a dislike of the paternal authority, and in consequence a feeling towards himself of which he could not bear the supposition. His son's gazing upon him most probably meant nothing. A kinder disposition than that young Campbell always exhibited could scarcely be found, but it was enough for the poet to fancy what might not have had a foundation in reality. The operation upon his sensibility was precisely the same.

Campbell, upon whose mind this affecting incident had thus cast a temporary gloom, continually lamented that he could do nothing with his son in such a state. "I can never do any thing with him—what can I make of him? Education carried further must be hopeless; he is getting old enough to be active about something; must he ever be a blank?" He never spoke of the affliction as one touching himself; he never alluded to his own torn feelings, though they were evidently fearfully rent, for this was his way; these were his own concerns alone. The burden was the impossibility of Thomas ever being any thing in the world. He considered ostensibly at least the disadvantage to the youth far more than his own acute mental suffering. "I can never make any thing of Thomas, my friend," he used to say with acute feeling to me. The mild character of the disorder, and the natural bearing of the son in general rendered the case more painful than if the disorder had been stronger and deeper marked to common observers.

I have gone more at length into this painful incident at its origin, than I should have done but for events occurring since the poet's decease, among utter strangers of all relative to the case. An observation from a writer I have before quoted I can vouch is most just "that if there was one point in Campbell's character more amiable than another it was his affection for his son." The remainder of this writer's remark is equally just except as relates to the son's "imbecility." Young Campbell was never "imbecile," nor did his disorder increase from the first attack. He learned a good deal of the Spanish language at the house where he was afterwards placed. He never was under any other restraint than that arising from the knowledge that he had a superior to whom he was responsible. He had miles of range over a pleasant country, and he availed himself of its advantages. There was more foundation for another part of the remark of the same writer, that it was a touching sight to see the poet's fine eyes watch his son, and at any stray remark he might make indicating intelligence to see how his countenance brightened with delight. Campbell did look at his son with a parent's fondness, he was pleased at the observations he made, and he often made many and pertinent remarks, all this consisting with the nature of his disorder. Campbell had no hope of a change for the better after the second or third year from the attack when his son's constitution had become completely formed. Had Mrs. Campbell survived, it is probable the son would have continued his position under the parental roof, but the poet could not after that event be always at home. He found, too, at last that his efforts to continue his former domestic establishment with no one at its head who knew his habits was impracticable; he made the attempt and was not successful. Not long before breaking it up he placed his son with a medical friend, where he remained during his father's lifetime.

Among the contributors to the Magazine about this time, was William Grenville Graham. The articles entitled "Brook Green Fair," "Epigrams," the "Italian Opera," "Social Grievances," were among his contributions. Campbell was much pleased with him, because he was a remarkably well-informed young man, had read much, and was of agreeable manners. His career was singular, a remarkable instance of a young man possessing excellent natural parts, good education, and much that was amiable and prepossessing, with a headstrong heedless temperament that drew him from folly into vice, and ultimately, six or seven years after

the time to which allusion is now made, into crime—the crime of forgery to support his extravagances. He fled to Liverpool to seek a passage to America, of which country he was a native though of English descent. It was a remarkable trait in his reckless character, that though he knew he was pursued by the officers of justice, and that death was the punishment awaiting him if taken, the packet not being ready to sail, he went to the theatre at Liverpool and walked about without disguise, audaciously braving the impending danger.* He reached America, and ultimately fell in a duel in which he was the aggressor. Before he came to Europe he had been a student at law, and studied with an American lawyer, Barent Gardeneir. Campbell, who felt much interest in all about America, was anxious to become acquainted with the state of the colleges there, and the mode adopted for the instruction of youth. All his queries his contributor was able to gratify to the fullest extent. I have no doubt this desire on the part of Campbell had a prospective reference to his plan for a London University, which he had promulgated among his friends early in the first year of the appearance of the Magazine, though he had not made it public.

With the kindest feeling towards the Americans, Campbell thought it would be a very long time before it would be possible for them to have a highly marked literature of their own, if they ever should possess one at all. He thought that this was a disadvantage arising out of the early literature of England belonging equally to America. Owing to the language being common to the two nations, the higher writers of the old country must necessarily be the models for the new; there would, in consequence, be nothing sufficiently marked in American writers, to whatever excellence they might attain, that would give them an original stamp and character unconnected with their fathers, and altogether a novel creation. They might, when the vast transatlantic continent became peopled, in the course of ages, and of that decadence which is the lot of all empires, be the transmitters of the literature of England to unborn generations, but America would still be only the medium of the transmission of what had

* The following letter too exhibits the peculiar character of the man. It was written the night before he fell.

"Dear sir,—What may be the result of the unhappy rencontre which is to take place at eleven o'clock in the morning between Mr. Barton and myself, cannot of course be predicted by me. In the supposition that it will be fatal, I bid you farewell, in the only language that is now left to me. I am perfectly indifferent as to myself, but I trust that Mr. Barton (towards whom I have not the faintest enmity of any kind), may escape. I admit that I am in the wrong—that by giving him a blow, I have forced him into the condition of a challenger, and that by not doing what he has, he would have blasted his character as a gentleman for ever. In common justice I am bound thus to absolve him from all suspicion of unbecoming conduct respecting the challenge. The provocation though slight was still a provocation which I could not overlook. It is out of the question for me to explain, retract, or apologise. I will not hear of any settlement short of some abject and craven submission from him. Mr. Barton is a talking man, who dwells complacently on his own skill as a marksman; on his experience as a duellist, and on his accuracy as a person of ton. I pretend to none of these, and therefore must oppose the most inflexible obstinacy. After he is *perfectly satisfied*, I may, perhaps, apologise; but, in case I am fatally wounded. It is needless for me to say I heartily detest and despise this absurd mode of settling disputes and salving the wounds of
" But what can a poor devil do except bow to the supremacy of custom?"

"God bless you,

"W. G. GRAHAM."

been common to both. America might shine in science. Graham contended that America might possess a literature sufficiently defined from that of England to constitute originality. He did not press his arguments warmly or offensively, paying a deference to Campbell's character and literary standing. The contributions of Graham ceased at the end of 1822, as well as his acquaintance with Campbell, some new pursuit had drawn away the unhappy young American—some folly, perhaps, that led him to the precipice down which he was ultimately precipitated.

It was in 1822 that Hazlitt first contributed to the Magazine. He began with his "Table Talk," in a paper entitled "Going a Journey." He continued the series in succession for some months. These papers came through the publisher. They were excellent magazine articles; it was impossible to decline their insertion and act justly to the publication. Campbell's prejudices against this able writer were strong, the reason of which will appear in the sequel. While continuing his "Table Talk," Hazlitt sent a paper, called "The Fight," being an account of the pugilistic contest between the Gas Man and the Game Chicken. There were considerable doubts about admitting such a paper. The subject was so thoroughly "blackguard," and it was giving currency to a disgraceful, demoralising species of vulgar exhibition that branded England as the bull-fight does Spain with disgrace in the sight of all civilised nations—an exhibition, too, that its advocates pretend kept up the national courage, while the real motive was the gain made of it, as of all similar shows, by blacklegs and thieves. Campbell hesitated a good while. I suggested that the paper, disgraceful as its theme was, afforded too true a picture of existing manners, and would, in the course of things, soon become a mere record of our past barbarities. The poet, too, did not like to refuse, at so early a period, a paper of Hazlitt's, because he felt that it might be charged to his personal dislike of the writer: so it was agreed, the barbarism should appear in a publication very differently characterised in its other articles.

If the poet had an antipathy to Hazlitt, it was not his common feeling towards men of genius. He had a very high opinion of Sotheby, for example, as a poet, in which there would not be many found to agree with him beyond the unquestionable elegance and classic correctness of that writer.

He used to praise James Montgomery, of Sheffield, very highly, and I have heard him commend Bowles, though differing from him upon a well-known topic. An opinion of Rogers he once gave unexpectedly, I well remember, not that his respect for the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" demanded such a manifestation, for his feeling towards that literary veteran was easily discoverable when his name chanced to become a subject of conversation. I had called at his house, and was sitting with Mrs. Campbell, who expected his return every moment, when he came in with his mind evidently preoccupied with something he had seen or heard. He then said, either that he had just seen Mr. Rogers, or had heard something about him, I forget which, and added, "He is a very extraordinary man. I firmly believe he dislikes men when they become prosperous, because he feels he can no longer do them and his own heart good, by any aid he can tender them." I could not help thinking at the time, how much higher this compliment was than volumes of diluted praise upon paper. It was of the highest character I ever heard the

poet pay any individual. At that time he was a reserved man in his opinions and in his society, very different, indeed, in both respects from what he became during the last few years of his life. At this time, too, he was sensitive about his own fame, and was regardful of that of others in a high degree; about literary men and their works he was particularly reserved in giving his sentiments, thinking they might get abroad. Even about persons in general, not literary, he was then very guarded in giving an opinion, though in later years he let out his antipathies in terms sometimes scarcely justifiable under the scanty means he had of forming a judgment.

In the summer of 1823, he visited Cheltenham, where he remained a few weeks. During his absence, a letter was sent to him from town, enclosing some poetry from Mrs. Hemans, in Wales, directed to him personally. He wrote me as if all at once something new had struck him. My custom had been to keep pieces of poetry on hand. Campbell saw every thing in verse that appeared in the Magazine, a rule scrupulously kept, for it was his staple. As time often pressed, and Campbell was not always to be found, it was necessary to have a reserve. "If you are not already pressed, I should like the Greek song only to be inserted, and the others to be kept, for though Mrs. H. is a very pretty writer, we must not have too many pieces by the same hand for fear of monotony." This was a sudden thought, neither before nor after did he ever thus express himself about the making up of the Magazine, in which he took no part. The pieces were "The Ancient Song of a Greek Exile," and "The Isle of Founts," both of which I thought it necessary to insert in the September number.

Campbell visited Cheltenham again at the time his 'Theodoric' was in the press, and nothing could surpass his hurried anxiety about his poem. He expressed it upon every occasion; he wrote me from Cheltenham.

"I have a kindness to request of you which I have no doubt you will show, and I shall hope to have a proper opportunity of testifying my sense of it. It is to correct the punctuation, particularly of the sheets which follow 'Theodoric' in my little forthcoming volume. May I ask you, also, to see that they go quickly to press, for I have not yet received a single sheet beyond 'Theodoric,' and if I go on this way I know not when I may get out. You will do me the greatest favour by accepting of this trusteeship, and it will save Mr. Bentley waiting for my returning the proofs, &c. I mean to retain only 'Theodoric' standing in types for a week or so longer. The poems of the other sheets may be compared with the poems printed in the *New Monthly*, and this you can do with more accuracy than I can myself. I should wish only to revise the sheets which contain any thing printed from MS.: such as the verses on 'John Kemble,' 'Lines on a Seal,' and on the 'Princess Charlotte.'

"This I am conscious is giving you a deal of trouble, which I have no right to request, but I have no friend to whom I can make the application but yourself.

"When you see B —, which I suppose will of course be soon—will you implore him to despatch the other sheets besides 'Theodoric,' and that he shall have 'Theodoric' within eight days. I ought to be out as early as possible in November."

He wrote me from Cheltenham that the weather was remarkably fine, and that if there was a promise of its continuance he would urge me to

come down and rusticate there for a time. He said he had taken a very pleasant lodging, and had a spare room for me. He had not fixed a day for a temporary return to London, a return which would only occupy him in town for a short time, and in consequence would leave the proposition *in referendum*. He concluded by observing, that he earnestly wished I was with him in order to ramble together over the "morning hills."

I found it necessary to communicate with him almost directly afterwards, in consequence of receiving a criticism on Medwin's book about Lord Byron, which had just then made its appearance, and I received a communication from him in return. The substance of this was, that he felt very much annoyed at being obliged to mutilate the extract from the critic, but that in very good truth, he could not help it, from being on such terms of friendship with Lady Byron, that he could as soon offer her a direct personal indignity as suffer the extract, from Lord Byron's strictures on her ladyship's character, to pass in a work under his superintendence. That it was impossible it could stand, and that it was the same with regard to the remarks of Byron on Rogers. Then, again, the matter in the passage about Lady Byron, had been already repeatedly before the world. His dislike was, that *he* should appear to give it circulation.

He then, alluding to my joining him at Cheltenham, said that we must have no difference about the *meum* and *tuum* if I came down, upon any score of delicacy, as to the matter of our expenses. That he should be delighted at the prospect of our remaining there for a time. That he had a spare bed, and a parlour quite large enough to eat a fowl in and drink a bottle of sherry. He prayed to fortune that the weather might continue good in order to have walks in the vicinity. The idea he had of coming to town, he said he had abandoned, though he had thought it imperatively necessary, returning again to Cheltenham, and that he feared he might not have been able to meet me there. But things had occurred that determined him to remain pretty far into November, and even over its close. He then requested a knowledge of the time when he might expect my arrival.

The criticism of "Medwin" contained much personal matter, not by the reviewer, but in extracts from the author. I sent it to Campbell in type, and he sent it me back from Cheltenham, very much mutilated, on which account I have preserved the identical copy to this hour, as one of the mementoes of our intercourse. The portions struck out had been before widely circulated in the publication, and could have done no further injury had they been repeated in the Magazine. The omission of them there, in consequence, was a proof of Campbell's delicacy of mind towards his friends, although, in his capacity as editor of the publication, a different proceeding would have been excusable. In every other sense, it is clear, Campbell thought that he could not give currency to well-known passages, if offensive to friends. At that time he could little have dreamed of the attack he was one day to make upon his old friend Moore in connexion with the same subject. So little is it possible for the best to foresee the bias of their own minds in a short perspective. The article which he volunteered in defence of Lady Byron was thus, it is clear, prompted by his previous respect for that lady, and upon no sudden start of fitfulness upon the appearance of the work of Moore. However untrained in the lists for such encounters, and, as some judged, however im-

politic the encounter at all, since it is rare that the cause of a wife in conjugal differences can be successfully defended by the pen of the ready writer, there can be no doubt about the sincere zeal of the defence. The warmth of the tone in which Campbell wrote arose from his natural temperament. He was not adapted for a controversialist in the commonest literary warfare. He overlooked weak positions on his own side, for the purpose of defending those which were obviously strong. He had the chivalric ardour of the true knight, but none of the experience in strategy. He was by no means a skilful advocate, arguing, as he did, from the honest impulses of his nature, and being the champion upon that ground rather than upon the solid basis of demonstration. There was in Campbell an absence of that coolness of nature which prevents any man, for example, from being a public speaker. Thus with Campbell when he attempted to address an audience, he lost the thread of his argument, and was sometimes brought to a complete stand-still through rapid nervous excitement, and it was somewhat thus in controversy.

In the notice of "Medwin's Recollections," to which allusion is now made (see vol. ii. of the *New Monthly*, p. 406), he altered the fourth line, which ran, that the minutest details about Lord Byron were sought after, "by every thinking and feeling person," into, "by every body." He marked for omission altogether the paragraph (see "Medwin," p. 43) beginning, "a very full account," and terminating "the MS." He did the same by a long extract from the forty-third to the sixty-third page of "Medwin," terminating with the words, "I have the lines somewhere, and will show them to you," and keeping up the connexion of the sense by the introduction of the words, "His account of his situation immediately before leaving England is sufficiently melancholy." In page 315 of "Medwin," beginning, "But what has all this to do with Rogers," as far as to "my immortality," he marked out, and then added the note beginning, "So thinks the writer of this article, &c.," as it now stands. (page 411, vol. ii.)

HAVE YOU HEARD A LUTE?

A SONG.

BY JOHN HAMILTON, ESQ.

I.
HAVE you heard a lute
In its sweetest key?
Ripe in sound, like fruit,
That's a tone for me!

II.
Have you heard the bee,
Home with honey flee?
Humming low, yet free;
That's a tone for me!

III.
Have you heard the lark
Pulsing high,—high,—see?
High, and higher! Hark!
That's a tone for me.

IV.
Have you heard the stream
Singing, seek the sea?
Singing, in a dream!
That's a tone for me!

V.
But in woman,—mute!
Mute music,—how we see
She,—the living lute,—
Looks the tone for me!

PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

WE have, of late, stirring news from Italy. The world has long been startled by the feats of a citizen king. It will now have to witness the sayings and doings of a liberal pope. The "old chimera," as Mr. Thomas Carlyle has it, is rejuvenised. Instead of a shrivelled mummy in *pontificatibus*, a testy and crusty, wrathful and ruthless dotard, cursing, proscribing, hanging, anathematising, behold! a chubby-faced, simpering, middle-aged *philanthropist* sits on Peter's chair; dabbles in *Habeas Corpus* and railway plans, appoints his own ministers, countenances old offenders, and admits opera dancers and founders of institutes to the honour of the apostolical kiss.

John Bull looks on and applauds. John is a lover of peaceful, gentlemanlike revolutions. He asks no better than to befriend freedom all over the world. He forgets at what dire a price he had to win it for himself. Rebellions and civil wars were to him necessary evils. They did him a deal of good in the end; but he is by no means satisfied that equal benefit may be derived from them in all instances, or that the same advantages may not be come at without their concomitant inflictions.

Much as he is disposed to favour liberty, *die* loves peace even better. He is loth to fight; not, by any means, from want of pluck, but because, as a wag sang it,

He has a Mrs. Bull at home, and many little Bulls.

He looks upon himself as the guardian of the tranquillity of Europe. Every nation in the world may be free and welcome, but there must be no squabble about it. Liberty, he reasons, may give birth to trade, but it is peace alone that fosters it. John revolts at oppression, and feels for the oppressed. He looks on all men as brethren, wishes them happy, enlightened, enfranchised; but, over and above all, he must have his chance of a bargain with them.

Moreover, if you come to that, he has not made up his mind whether all nations are equally fit for the blessings of bill of rights and trial by jury. Southerners, especially, he apprehends, are too hot-headed for rational freedom. The French have shown it; they writhed, they tumbled and floundered, till they fell from the frying-pan into the burning coals; from King Log into King Citizen. The Spaniards and Portuguese fared no better, and he, John, would thank his stars, had he never thought of meddling with them. After all the trouble they cost him, see! the former serve him with a Montpensier marriage, the latter worry their queen till John soon expects to have to find her in board and lodging in London.

Italy, too, since he helped to settle her in 1815, has never ceased to give the honest peace-maker some cause of uneasiness. He has heard of *Carbonari* till he fancied all the fogs in his native atmosphere must be the consequence of the shaking of their eternal charcoal-bags. He has heard of Young Italy, and wondered whether its partisans are to be made out by white waistcoats, like their brethren in England, or by green inexpressibles, like their cousins in Ireland. He has even, good easy man, been at the trouble of rummaging their papers and forging their seals, for the sake of quiet living. In short, he has always been on

the look-out for squalls on that quarter, and although the threatened explosion invariably vanished in smoke, still the apprehension alone kept him fretting and fidgetting, just as if every rise in Romagna, every Calabrian riot, might have power to shut up every oil and Italian shop in the three kingdoms.

There is now, praise be to Heaven ! an end of all fears. The Italians, lucky dogs ! are to have liberty for the mere asking. Pope Pius IX. is at the head of Young Italy, plotting a harmless, bloodless revolution, even such an one as John admires. The Pope conspires from the throne. He may have Austrians and Jesuits, monks and king-citizens, arrayed against him ; but he may rely on the best wishes of honest old England.

That we may show to what extent we are fain to tender him our sympathy, and that our admiration may be all the more full and unqualified, the better we understand the subject of universal congratulation, we will attempt to give a brief enumeration of the important measures, hitherto achieved, on which the Pope's claims to his subjects' gratitude rest (for not a few of his boldest innovations are merely the contrivance of that father of lies, the *Augsburg Gazette*), and of the further schemes of improvement which he may yet, as the pontifical phrase goes, have locked up in his breast.

We need not, in the first place, waste many words in celebration of that first act of clemency which signalised his accession to the throne—a universal political amnesty. The coronation of a new reigning prince, the birth or majority of an heir-apparent, and the like auspicious events, have constantly been, and are invariably announced to the world together with similar evidences of royal magnanimity. The Italians are used to it. Every new ruler in that distracted country seems aware of the wisdom of clearing the prisons of the late monarch's victims to make room for his own. Those Augean stables, the Roman fortresses of state, never were in greater need of a thorough Herculean cleansing. The indiscriminate severity of Gregory sowed a rich harvest for Pius's mildness. The invariable practice adopted by every infallible pope, of undoing the work of his no less infallible predecessor, could never be followed under circumstances more favourable to the interests of humanity. Six thousand state prisoners, in a state of two millions, are a formidable item for a bankrupt pontifical budget ; and, had the game been carried any further, the testy old Gregory himself must have been reduced to the alternative, either of starving his captives or disposing of them by a summary process, analogous to the clearing of the hospitals by Napoleon at Jaffa, or else throwing open the doors and condemning them to go and toil for their bread.

This *Indulgenza Plenaria* was so much, indeed, a matter of necessity, that a few weeks elapsed before the same pardon was likewise extended to all common criminals sentenced to less than five years' imprisonment ; swarms of which were, of course, let loose upon society ; with what results upon public security, future experience will determine.

The recall of exiles from abroad could not, however, be conceived in obedience to mere economical views ; though as far as these are concerned, the papal amnesty—Pius's admirers, with the letter of the edict staring them in the face, seem not aware of it,—was neither universal nor unconditional, and we were rather amused to hear one of the good Pope's subjects telling us of the trouble he had to answer the congratulations which showered in from all quarters, on his happy restoration to his home

in the south, knowing as he does all the while, that his banishment is, by that very edict, put off to an indefinite period, much to his further improvement in the English language, much also to the benefit of the London University, which has long been indebted to that amiable and accomplished gentleman for his valuable services.

In one essential point, however, Pius IX.'s amnesty differs from all previous acts of a similar character. He declares himself the friend of the pardoned transgressors. Instead of contrite and brow-beaten penitents, timidly sneaking home in the dark, swearing away their souls by abject recantations and humiliations, and harassed by an unremitting surveillance of the police, the unreclaimed rebels come back with rolling of drums and flourish of trumpets, with ovations, plaudits, grand dinners, and hip! hip! hurrah! they rush into the Vatican, give the Pope the benefit of their advice, sit by him in council, take reins and whip in their own hands, and cry, "Here we are!" as if the good-natured Pius were neither more nor less than one of their crew—the pantaloon in their new pantomime!

Under such auspices, little need we wonder if the pontifical subjects hailed the accession of the mild Ferretti as the dawning of a new era. It would be idle to number the families to whom so wide-spreading a pardon was directly or indirectly the source of domestic joy. The Pope, they argued, was in their own hands. He was, as the phrase is in that country, *compromesso*, that is he stood committed in the eyes of Europe; they must stun him, hurry him on with their acclamation, allow him never a moment's rest or reflection,—take him by storm.

The Italians are a subtle, far-sighted race; long trained to the most consummate arts of adulation: they did him in bronze, in marble, they did him in writing. Their gratitude for his clemency could stop at nothing short of actual apotheosis. The good Pope awoke in the morning and found himself a hero. As such he was made to understand, much was expected of, much—that was the climax of wonder—the cream of the joke—had been *promised* by him.

So much being taken for granted, credit being given him to such an alarming amount, something, it was clear, must be done, and breathless, flushed, flurried, the Pope considered how far he could meet the demands of the times.

The wishes of the Italian liberals, whatever may be said of their hopes, are sufficiently plain and unanimous. There is hardly a minister of state at Naples or Turin, hardly a police-officer at Milan, but has a loathing at heart for the Austrian. Independence and unity, or at least union of the country, lies at the depth of every man's soul. All other matters, they conceive, would be settled of themselves, the paramount question being laid definitively at rest.

But the emancipation of Italy, in the eyes of the many, is an all but impracticable task. All premature attempts to that effect have not only led to signal failures, and thereby removed the chances of future success, but left a deep stigma on the national honour. In the pursuit of such scheme Italy could not only have Germany and Russia, but even France and England to contend with. Every member of the Holy Alliance would look upon her as a breaker of the peace—a common enemy. A manly determination, an undaunted devotion, an iron will, would indeed, as it always does, prevail against all odds: desperate valour never fails, in the end, to enlist the sympathy of nations, and, what is more to the

purpose, the respect of governments. There is but one step between the rebel and the hero ; but the poor, enervated, divided Italians are not equal to trials of heroism. Despair does not harbour under their smiling sky. They count their enemies, listen to the dictates of discretion, and, far from feeling sanguine about success, they are even at a loss for means of bringing their forces unanimously, simultaneously, into the field.

The insurrections of 1821, and all successive partial revolts, aimed only indirectly, their blows at Austria. The Italians rebelled against their local despots, looked upon by them as the lieutenants or stewards of the hated foreign master ; and in so far were their efforts crowned with partial success. Presently, however, Austria stepped forward, and the mediate rulers regained the upper hand. Hence a notion of mutual dependence between their enemies at home, and their arch enemy abroad, sprang up in Italian minds :—and, more lately, the project of separating the cause of their princes from that of the emperor, nay, of enlisting the former in a common cause against the latter. By pulling together, they fancied, the whole nation may, at some future period, find itself in array, compact, unbroken, ready for action with its natural chiefs at its head.

A league with their rulers at home—native rulers they can hardly be called—would enable the patriots to give their plans a more mature organisation ; to promote moral education side by side with material improvement, to unshackle public opinion by the prevalence of public security. The Italian princes, they said, must be cured of their perpetual alarms and suspicions ; they must be allowed to breathe freely. We must win their trust, inspire them with self-confidence. Strong of our support, they will feel themselves independent, and the enfranchisement of the governments will pave the way for the emancipation of the governed.

We must learn to love and applaud, to identify ourselves with these despots by joining them, we will force them along in the race by espousing their interests, we will inspire them with our own wishes and hopes.

Italians are thus, for the first time in their history, giving tokens of loyalty and allegiance towards their masters. Some of the little sovereigns of that dismembered country are tacitly understood to have entered into the views of this vague, intangible league. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, in obedience to that mildness and *rather more than paternal* benignity which has long presided over the destiny of that most enervated of all Italian provinces—the Duke of Lucca, a mad-cap and a spendthrift, two-thirds a Protestant, busy with Biblical translations, and Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, in youth a wanton, in old age a bigot, in herself a mere nonentity, but fortunate in her appointment of ministers ; finally, the King of Sardinia, an amphibious, equivocal character, half Jesuit, half headman, ambitious yet faint-hearted, never liked, never trusted by Austria, never esteemed, never wholly given up by the patriots, has also lately made sign of adhesion, gone, in fact, the whole length of an open diplomatic rupture with the cabinet of Vienna.

No later, in short, than June last, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, quite the oracle in these Italian matters, was big with omens about imminent catastrophes throughout Italy, assigning even the death of Pope Gregory XVI. as the great climacteric.

The Pope died, and the Italians did *not* blow up his successor. They did better, they won him over to their cause.

Of this great national confederacy, having St. Peter's standard at its head—this new Guelphic league, aiming at nothing short of a total demolition of imperial power in the Italian peninsula—we have had frequent, broad, prophetic hints on the part of many a popular writer.

The Abate Vincenzo Gioberti, a runaway, or else banished, young priest, a believer and a philosopher, in a very eloquent essay on the "Moral and Political Pre-eminence of the Italians" (*Del Primato Civile e Morale degl'Italiani*), published at Brussels about three years ago, was at great pains to demonstrate "that it was only by rallying round the pontifical standard, by joining their efforts under the successor of Hildebrand and Alexander III., that his countrymen could regain that ascendancy to which their glorious reminiscences, their geographical position, their fine organisation and intellectual powers, entitled them."

Count Balbo, a Piedmontese gentleman, basking in the courtly favour of Charles Albert of Sardinia, developed analogous ideas in his elaborate work on the "Hopes of Italy" (*Delle Speranze d'Italia*).

Not that the pope could lead any efficient forces into the field: for as military potentates the successors of Alexander and Hildebrand have long been below contempt, and the Roman soldiery are still (whether deservedly or not it is not for us to determine) writhing under the squib, by which Pasquin designated them when he said—

Soldati del Papa

Ce ne vuol dieci a cavar una rapa.

But an appeal to arms is as yet a very remote and most doubtful contingency—and in a war of words, in a moral and legal opposition, such as is now in contemplation, the patriotic cause can be aided by even the most insignificant state; and by none so efficiently as by that, which by a bond of common creed and worship, by a common religious feeling—the infinitesimal fraction of it that yet remains—and, still more, by its essentially Italian foundation (all other princes being mere descendants of foreign usurpers) may be said to be more purely, more comprehensively national.

At the head of his myriads of priests and chiliads of monks, with a multitude still swayed by the grossest superstition, the Roman pontiff, they say, is still a formidable adversary, and no contemptible friend.

Balbo and Gioberti may, indeed, exaggerate his influence over the thinking classes, for true piety never was at a lower ebb in a Christian community than it has been in Italy ever since 1815, amongst all but the illiterate classes; but with these latter, especially with the single-minded peasantry, and their starving, ignorant, but honest parish priests—no matter what their knowledge, love, or fear of God may happen to be—a staunch belief in their pope has not ceased to prevail.

Well, that pope—God bless him!—is now, if not in actual hostility, at least in a state of complete independence of Austria. Sceptic or unbelieving, the patriots will side with him; they would join the devil—let alone a high priest, if he would but lead them against Metternich.

His very election, it was reported, was viewed with dissatisfaction by the northern despot. The appointment of his *factotum*, Cardinal Gizzi, called upon him sore displeasure. His general amnesty—or rather his behaviour towards the *amnestied*, and the fuss that was made about them—filled the measure of wrath.

The breach is now irreconcilable. The pope is, to Austrian eyes, a
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confirmed *Italianist*; more daring, forsooth, more dangerous than "our milk-sop cousin of Tuscany," more dreaded than "our arch-fox of a neighbour of Piedmont."

After so unequivocal a declaration of mutual ill-will, real or supposed, every act of the new pope was valued, not merely in accordance with its results on the immediate welfare of his subjects, but to the degree of offence it would give the great common enemy. All that could spite Austria, short of an open declaration of hostility, was expected of him.

The Italian patriots, in the furtherance of their pacific revolution, are, above all things, in want of a *campo franco*, a sort of neutral ground, under cover of which they may carry on their preliminary operations; their schemes of popular education, development of the national principle, enfranchisement of public opinion.

Under any government, ever so indirectly bowing to Austrian supremacy, such *manœges* are utterly impracticable. Under the auspices of Pius IX., this training-ground will be sought in the Pontifical States. The pope must either prepare to see in his provinces a rehearsal of the great Italian revolution, for the present adjourned *sine die*; or else join the Austrians, and be no better than the generality of popes before him.

The measures which would most adequately meet with the demands of the liberals, would be, for the present, the dismissal of foreign mercenary troops, freedom of speech and the press, inviolability of person and domicile, the organisation of public elementary instruction.

The first of these steps, be it observed, would easily lead to the following. The disbanding of the hated Swiss soldiery, would place the pope utterly at the mercy of his subjects. This *self-disarmament*, this first proof of confidence in the love of his people, the pope has not deemed expedient to venture upon. He limited himself to the recall of a few Swiss battalions from Bologna and Rimini, where their presence gave rise to daily riots and disturbance; but the Swiss corps, so unseasonably raised to 10,000 men by the egregious folly and improvidence of Gregory XVI., to the sore exhaustion of his treasury, are there still to chill, by their presence, the confidence, the love, and zeal of the Romans.

Financial difficulties, a compact with the Catholic cantons of the Swiss confederacy, and other circumstances, are alleged as sufficient reasons for the continuance of the evil. But is it certain that the maintenance of this useless force is not more ruinous to the state, than a compromise with the cantons, no matter on what sacrifices it might be obtained? Is it proved that the Roman subjects would object, by their voluntary contributions, to purchase a riddance from these obnoxious hirelings? Were it not honest and straightforward on the part of the government, at least, to state the obstacles that rise against the immediate fulfilment of the universal wish, and to pledge their word as to the purity and uprightness of their intentions to that effect.

As to the removal of this evil, we have no official hint, no other intimation, in fact, than idle or malicious reports in the *Augsburg Gazette*.

The English residents at Rome (the correspondent of the *Daily News* not excepted) have been, if possible, more elated by the pontifical largesses of Pius IX., than even the Italians themselves affected to be. Public opinion, they gravely inform us, has obtained a signal success by the establishment of an English newspaper. Why—an English steeplechase and jockey-club was equally instituted at Rome under the auspices of the deceased pope; and we are by no means satisfied that the latter

achievement may not be as conducive to the welfare of Italy as the first.

Was there ever an instance of the English being prevented from doing what they listed, and wherever they listed? Can any English paper,—nay, annual, quarterly, or magazine,—ever set the Tiber on fire? We heard the same shouts of applause when that thick-skulled Gregory XVI. countenanced the erection and opening of a new Anglican church in sight of the Vatican. The pope, forsooth, was ready to adopt the principles of universal tolerance and liberty of conscience! Oh, John Bull! John Bull! when will you suffer your sound judgment to get the better even of your gratitude? Why should a pope's regard for your guineas be construed into a benevolent leaning towards the cause of social progress? Why should his partiality to foreign tourists be converted into justice and humanity towards his subjects? The Duke of Tuscany invites you to a court-ball, the pope makes you welcome to his pontifical toe, and behold! they bribe you, they fool you, blind and deafen you to the grievances of your fellow-beings!

But, we are told in the same breath, four Italian journals saw the light on the day of publication of the *Roman Advertiser*. True, and a still greater number is daily printed at Naples and Turin. It is not by the mere accumulation of waste paper, by the reproduction of four bad copies of the old *Diario di Roma*, that nations are regenerated or reclaimed. Nor is it by indifferent translations of the *Penny Magazine*, such as appear weekly in Piedmont or Lombardy, that the people are educated, whatever the diffusers of useful knowledge may think about it; it is not by the press, under ecclesiastical and political censorship, that the destinies of the country can be changed.

Oh, we are told, unconditional liberty of the press would be equivalent to open war with Austria. Thus must we revert to the former question. Is it Pius or Ferdinand that governs at Rome?

It is not toleration merely or latitude, but uncompromising liberty of opinion, that has power to redeem a nation so deep sunk into abjection as the Italians are. Free press is a strong medicine, we know, and a dangerous one; but it is by such alone that radical ailments are cured.

It would be matter, we think, for weighty speculation to inquire how much real freedom may still be enjoyed by an upright and daring spirit under the strictest despotism, and, on the contrary, how much of his native birthright of manhood a weak mind will forfeit under the most favourable circumstances? The truly free will break through the trammels of eastern slavery, the servile will forge his own chains in the bosom of Plato's Utopia.

Now it is a well-demonstrated fact, that public opinion has made of late rapid strides in Italy. No law has been altered, and yet the press of 1846 is no longer the same as in 1831. The above-mentioned works of Gioberti and Balbo, the Prisons of Pellico, the patriotic novels and political pamphlets of Massimo d'Azeglio, are either printed or freely circulated in Italy. Their authors are not only breathing at liberty, but in some instances countenanced and befriended by princes. These are no longer the times when the most frequented shop in Naples was closed, merely because it had the words "*Caffè d'Italia*" written over the door. All is now "*national*," all "*Italian*." The London tradesmen are no more fond of displaying the royal arms above their shop-windows than

the Italian houses, railway companies, and insurance offices are proud of the fair name of Italy. Hardly one of the exiles, excepting perhaps Mr. Mazzini, but has either been recalled or suffered to repatriate on the slightest hint of his desire. The poet Giovanni Berchet, the author of the famous verses,

“Esecrato, Carignano,”

is now residing at Genoa with the sanction of that execrable Carignano himself. Giovacchino Ciani, a leader of Young Italy in Switzerland, for many years a thorn in the sides of Sardinia and Austria, has been seen walking, with a high brow, and in perfect security, through the streets of Turin. The leaders of the late riot at Rimini, and some of the Tuscan youths that *fraternised* with them, are now swelling the ranks of the Sardinian regiments. So much has the “Cause” gained by the constant stir, even of partial, even of ill-fated commotions.

But, we repeat it, it is not by mere sufferance, not by a mere compromise, that the Italians can be rescued from ignominy. It has pleased Providence to humble that nation to the dust. The Italians are, to a great extent, willing slaves. Freed from their worst fears, they are still fettered by hopes. The smiles of their princes are more demoralising than their frowns. Italy has no less than eight courts, each of them a source of corruption. Swarms of needy candidates are grovelling there, vicing in dastardly dissimulation, in abject servility, to qualify themselves for preferment. It is from this vile apprenticeship of hypocrisy that Italian society receives its tone of exaggerated suspicion and cautiousness. It is only to the base court minions and sycophantic office-hunters that the omnipresent *spia* or informer is truly redoubtable.

D’Azeglio has preached it to his countrymen in glorious words :— “There is a limit to tyranny ! The days of Neros and Ezzelino da Romano are long since gone by ! The most wilful of despots is hemmed in by a broad noon-tide glare ! The eyes of the civilised world are on him ! The opinion of Europe is too strong for him ! Behold the almighty Nicholas himself is vain to plead, through his agents, his cause before that awful tribunal, the *London Times* ! Be daring ! Lift up your countenance. Bear your hearts and souls on your brows. Feelings, wishes, and thoughts are no crimes, even in the foulest code of law. Your uncompromising confidence will call forth equal frankness from others. The mask of pusillanimity will drop from every face. You will count each other, see yourselves formidable in your numbers. The prince has no dungeon or scaffold for so many of you. Be firm. Be unanimous. Dare him to do his worst. Crush him by the consciousness of his awful minority.”

D’Azeglio writes thus, and acts up to his words. He prints such sentiments at Turin, nor has there been a *sbirro*, yet, rash enough to touch him. But how many will venture to follow ? Servitude in Italy dates centuries back ; the people are trained in no other school. Despotism, whatever may be said of Russia, will never prevail in a large state, consistently with a certain degree of civilisation. The waters of a vast ocean never stagnate. It is only in a slough of despond, in a petty community deprived of great resources and spirit of enterprise, where every educated man is brought into contact with, and made a hanger on, the fountain-head of all honours and emoluments, that the noblest spirit is corrupted from the very cradle, bribed even more than broken into a craven and false exaggeration of loyalty, where in his selfish worldliness the office-seeker

stoops even lower than tyranny would trample him! Nothing is more difficult than to cure a coward of his abjectness, and there is a social, no less than a personal, cowardice. Against such inveterate evil we know of no remedy save unconditional, well-established, chartered liberty. Truth is a tender plant in Italy, dreading the open air. It is for the Ruler to screen and foster it in the hot-house of liberal laws.

Now, can such salutary measures be rationally expected of a Pope? Can the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, and, as such, the dictator of dogmas and discipline, the editor of the "*Index Expurgatorius*," general of the Inquisition, and extirpator of heresy, seriously contemplate the immediate suppression of censorship?

We are thus brought to a necessary acknowledgment of the incompatibility of his infallible sacred ministry with the mission of a benevolent legislator. Can any reform be looked for from him, unless it begin by the abdication of one of the two powers so monstrously combined in his person?

We have all read of Pius IX.'s interview with Renzi, the chief of the latest insurrection at Rimini. The liberated rebel, questioned by the well-meaning Pope as to the measures most likely to captivate the affections, and meet with the wants of his people, bluntly mentioned the secularization of all offices belonging to purely temporal government. His holiness, we are told, observed, that so long as his subjects were well governed, the cloth of the governor mattered but little. There, if we may depend on the authenticity of the anecdote, spoke the priest. If, we beg leave to reply, the ruler is to be merely a shepherd and the subjects a flock, a theocratic sway is certainly the best; but if the people are gradually to be led to have a mind and will of their own; if, as immortal and responsible beings, they are to search into the soundness of their creed, and into the nature of their rights and duties, heaven defend them from a master who lays claims to infallibility, and who backs his laws with the menace of the thunders of Heaven!

In one word, so long as Pius is a Pope, and so long as the Catholic Church continues in its present condition, the Roman States shall be the last to enjoy the blessings of an unshackled press, and freedom of inquiry; and so long as public opinion is not allowed a free vent, they must continue a prey to flagrant misrule, to raving anarchy. The phenomenon of a liberal Pope may have paralysed for a moment the elements of evil perpetually at work in that unnatural community; but disenchantment is sure to follow; and how the people of Romagna will brook the delusion, many of the present generation will live to decide. Can the Pope, to say nothing of himself and his cardinals, do away with four archbishops and ninety-eight bishops? Will he reduce the prodigious numbers of his priests, who muster as strong as one-twenty-eighth of the population, will he uncowl his monks, two thousand and twenty-three of whom swarm about the streets of Rome alone; will he abolish the celibacy of the clergy, the source of the utmost demoralisation throughout the catholic world?

Yet it is more than fifty years since Alfieri proclaimed that without such measures Italy could not be;* nor was much of all this left undone

* "Sia pace ai frati
Purchè sfratati,
E pace ai preti
Ma pochi e quieti;

Cardinalume
Non tolga il lume;
Il maggior Prete
Torni alla rete;

Leggi e non Re,
Italia c'è."

by Napoleon at his downfall. The strong hand of a conquering despot might, by amputation, cure the infected limbs of society of such noxious diseases, but can the *generalissimo* of priesthood and monkery ever prove so false to his order?

Neither did any sensible person look forward for such phenomena, nor did one word issue from the Pope's lips that might encourage the idlest rumours on that score; on the contrary, in his address to the cardinals, he solemnly engaged to preserve inviolate their rights and privileges; and in his encyclical letter to all the clergy in Catholic Christendom, he showed the most earnest, uncompromising zeal for the integrity of the established ecclesiastical system.

Now, we say it deliberately, patriotic and popular measures cannot prevail at Rome, without a most radical reform of the enormous abuses of the church—a reform amounting to downright subversion. Church and state are too intrinsically identified: the pope cannot be too much of a liberal without being too little of a priest.

Disappointment is already rife amongst the most sanguine of the Italian innovators. A papal subject very lately gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a rather expressive than elegant phrase. "Our government," he said, "*comincia a puzza*," which, translated from the Romanesque dialect, means "has lost all the freshness and sweetness it breathed in the first bloom of its instalment."

The papal cabinet, however, is not to be blamed for its unwillingness to attempt impossibilities. Those who could construe a mere impulse of benevolence into a deliberate attack upon the ancient order of things, must ascribe the downfall of their hopes to their absurdity and inconsistency.

The pope, as a pope, will be a hero, even if he limits himself to raise his Roman states to a level with the less tenebrous and backward of his neighbourly governments; for they had hitherto sunk far below the stupid Gothicism of Austria itself. He cannot venture into a rupture with that jealous power, nor will he provoke the revenge of his unprincipled priesthood. We doubt if he will even have the moral courage and devotion of a Ganganelli, and once more rid the world of those shallow humbugs the Jesuits, who are, nevertheless, once more too strong for the peace of Europe—an act in which, besides the blessings of his subjects, he could rely on the support of all Christendom.

Railways, or, at least, a talk about them, have been, even in Austrian Lombardy, ever since their first construction in England. It was a deplorable hobby of that infatuated old Gregory, that led him to excommunicate those iron arteries of nations. No rational being could hold out against the spirit of the times; nor could Gregory's successor any longer prevent the professors of Bologna from joining their Italian brethren at the Scientific Congress at Genoa. We confess, indeed, having been rather startled by the news that the application, by the Prince of Canino, to name Bologna as the *rendezvous* of the next yearly meeting of the association, was met with a flat refusal on the part of Pius. Nor do we accept the alleged financial difficulties and contemplated retrenchment, as a sound reason for such a denial; for the municipal council of Bologna, on whom the expense would fall, could better judge whether they could afford it, and whether the advantages accruing to their town from the affluence of strangers, usual on such occurrences, would not amply counterbalance their losses.

Yet neither to antipathy to science are we willing to ascribe that apparent harshness in one so mild and enlightened. The real reason is, perhaps, to be sought in the superstitious panic into which modern geological and astronomic discoveries have lately thrown the literal and scrupulous interpreters of Holy Writ. They were not all popes nor Catholics that raised a cry of anathema against the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." Well disposed as he may be, Pius dreads, or must affect to dread, unlimited freedom of inquiry.

With the same honest views, the new Pope has called around him the soundest part of his legal advisers, to throw some light and order into that dismal chaos of pontifical laws, and to bring about some scheme of reform into that most absurd and corrupt of all administrations. The Grand-duke of Tuscany was raised to the stars not many years ago for a similar enterprise; and we shall not soon forget the outcry of enthusiasm with which the first opening of a court was hailed at Florence. Civil and criminal trials were, however, public at Naples, at Parma, and wherever the Napoleon code was, with some restrictions, preserved; and a system of legislation, analogous to the French, prevailed in those states since 1814. In so far, then, Pius's innovation can give no offence; but, as Alfieri has it, where is the use of laws*, unless their inviolability is warranted by a constitutional compact. The Neapolitan has a free access to court when a burglar or pickpocket is brought before the magistrate, when the publicity of the trial can have no other effect than to initiate an honest citizen into the worst secrets of the human heart and the slang of the Vicaria;† but when an aristocratic, or otherwise powerful, criminal is taken before his judges, there is no lack of pretexts for the exclusion of the multitude; and in all political cases, where public observation might exercise a salutary check on the minister of the law, a *corte statutaria*, *tribunale straordinario*, or court-martial, is drawn up, and its strokes fall suddenly, invisibly, as the decrees of Heaven.

Where would be in England the benefit of public trials, without the presence of a jury, without a seasonable shifting of the judge on his circuits, above all, without the newspaper reports, and the ever-watchful, discriminate comments upon "Justice's Justice?" Such is, however, the state of things in these above-mentioned Italian states, in which the courts have been, in common cases, thrown open to the people: if we add to this, that seven judges invariably sit, where only one is deemed sufficient in this country, and that the consequent number of magistrates necessarily deprives the poor small state of the means of making them independent by a competent salary.

Many a political institution works well in a free country, which is utterly nugatory where public morals have not, by a liberal training, been attuned to it. We repeat it, and it is not without anguish of our soul, the Italians have, by long thralldom, been sunk to the last stage of degradation; nor can they be restored to the dignity of human beings, without those two great engines of regeneration, freedom of opinion and activity of social life. The breathing-time afforded even by such ephemeral events as the constitutional insurrections of 1821, and the short jubilee of 1831, and the still shorter respite consequent upon the elevation of a popular ruler, as in the case of Pius IX., are sufficient to change the face of society; but a rude reaction hitherto invariably ensued:

* "The leggi son, ma chi pon mano ad esse." † The central prison at Naples.

the Italian falls back into his native prostration, there to wallow, if not in vice, at least in sluggish despondency.

In one word, the new pope has done nothing unheard of or unprecedented in Italy; nothing that can, with any degree of plausibility, call down the wrath of Austria on his devoted head. He has proved himself an Italian ruler of the better school; a humane, moderate, sensible master, but no innovator. It is not in his power, and, we firmly believe, not in his nature, to do more; and more he will not, voluntarily, undertake to achieve.

But will Austria, with or without good reasons, allow him the free accomplishment of his honest, inoffensive schemes?—and will his subjects—will Italy—sit down contented with them? The Austrians *would*, the Italians *must*, accede to his views, if his conciliating measures were adopted in less oninous times. The Italians flatter themselves they have turned out a trump-card, just as the game hung on one decisive trick. We have said it before—the patriots were ready for a start, just as Gregory XVI. was giving up the ghost. The character of his successor holds them in suspense. They wish to ascertain how far they can reckon on him. Like all other Italian princes, he is sounded and weighed, till it be clear whether the movement is to take place with or against him.

Willing as they may be for the sake of old associations, to allow their pontiff to be the head of the Italian league, they look upon Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, as the right arm, the nerve and sinew of that body. This unfortunate monarch, who has already long since shown himself unequal to the high destinies that were in store for him, this old Carbonaro, this faint-hearted renegade—despised, as he most deservedly is, by all upright lovers of the country, is, however, at the head of some hundred thousand of the only good and well-disciplined troops in the whole peninsula. He is close upon Austria, into the heart of whose Italian States he can march any morning, before the first cry of alarm is raised. The ambition of uniting all Italy or, at least, that fine region diademed by the chain of the Alps, under one sceptre, not the meanest of mortals can be insensible to. Charles Albert has shown himself a base and heartless tyrant (no good can come of mincing words). But he is an Italian Prince, and no means can be found of taking his fine army from him, without such a struggle and shedding of blood, as would lay the conqueror helplessly at the mercy of Austria. Those who would avail themselves of the fine Piedmontese Regiments must accept of their king into the bargain. Charles Albert has hitherto been haunted by the Jesuits, led by the nose by that old aristocrat, Solaro della Margherita. But his two other ministers, Gallina and Villa Marina, are liberal to the backbone, and the latter professes that no change ever took place in his political principles, from the very time he conspired with Santa Rosa, and all that ill-fated batch of primitive *Carbonari*. We have, then, a majority in the cabinet; of late, the king has been sickened by the Jesuits. Of late, also, he has had high words, and hot disputes with Austria. These differences, it is true, are of little moment and the French *Renard* is ready to step in as a mediator. But Charles Albert feels Austria every day treading more and more arrogantly on his toes. He is worried, uneasy. See! he has given unequivocal signs that Austria's foes are welcome as his friends. The very men who conspired *with* him in 1820, *against* him in 1833, all the rebels of Italy find a shelter in his states—

may more, under his standards. The toleration of public opinion, whether in words or writings, could hardly be carried any farther. Only, he is a circumspect dilatory man. He waits for an opportunity. Some rise in the Slavonic provinces of Austria; some rash deed of usurpation on the part of that most unpopular of European potentates; an amalgamation of Cracow; a wanton attack upon the pope; any measure that may broil Vienna with the members of the Holy Alliance, that may call down upon it the execration of mankind.

Charles Albert will, certainly, never strike the first blow, no more than the pope will give the Austrians notice to quit the strongholds they hold for his own good within his dominions. But the patriots argue, both pope and king may be driven to it, willing, nilling. Let Charles Albert only make his appearance at the grand review on the field of Ciriè. We will call out, "Hurrah for the King of Italy!" and drag him across the line on to the Lombard Metropolis. Let him only allow our scientific big-wigs to meet for their congress at Genoa. We will wake up ancient historical memorials. This year, we will say, is the centennial anniversary of the Genoese Vespers. A century ago the knives and stones of the Genoese drove 40,000 Austrians from their invaded walls. The Germans were almost man to man, but the fury of the red caps and fustian jackets prevailed. Forty-six is an auspicious year. Let us give the Austrians fresh reasons to be mindful of it.

The watchful apprehensions of the timid king frustrated all these daring attempts. He hid himself in the cellar on the day of the grand *Parade* at Ciriè. His active police, and the remonstrances of old patriots, now in the king's council, put off the celebration of the Genoese anniversary. Only put it off, however, for behold, on the very day of the popular rise, the 5th of November, not Genoa alone, but the whole Apennine, is glittering with a thousand bonfires. The melodious shout, "Viva l'Italia!" is mixed with the more ominous cry, "Death to the Austrians!" Florence is mad with joy. Bands of well-dressed youths dance by the glare of festive torches, sing ribald songs, and a mock dirge under the windows of the Austrian minister.

Are, then, the Italians, princes and masters, in earnest? And do they really mean to have a tug and tug at the Northern brute? And is there any real meaning in the recall and disgrace of the Sardinian minister at Rome, on account of his leaning to the interests of Austria?

Alas! the Italians have too often disappointed their well-wishers. There are those among them who will stop to ponder on the favourableness of the present occasion. There are those who will descant on the folly of trusting, or even of acting on the faith of princes and popes; who will contend that the pope's mind and heart are still undefined, and the mind and heart of Charles Albert but too well-known. It is not an easy task to pronounce on the future destinies of Italy. One month may not elapse ere the whole country, from the Alps to the sea, be on fire. Years may pass without any thing more than empty talk and the smoke of the Genoese bonfires.

There is meanwhile—there has been since Napoleon—a progress of opinion, of national feeling, of public morality in Italy. Kings and popes can hardly stem the current. Cardinals and cabinet ministers are sadly perplexed. The ultimate result, however remote, by whatever inscrutable means brought about, will be such as may give the greatest glory to a just and benevolent Providence.

ADRIEN ROUX ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

CHAP. IV.

MY PARIS FRIENDS—THE INVISIBLE MAN, BERNARD LANDRIOT AND CHICOU.

I HAVE hitherto said nothing of my own character or disposition, and there are several reasons why it may be as well to be silent still on the subject. Self-portraiture is seldom the most accurate kind of painting. We are too apt, in holding the mirror before our own minds, to see, as in the actual glass, our features reversed—that which is the left or wrong side appearing to us to be the right. The man of thirty, moreover, must give his own interpretation of the motives which determined the actions of the boy; he may remember the facts, but can rarely recal the influences which caused them, especially if, like mine, his life has been a very stirring one. There is a better reason, however, for withholding the moral daguerreotype, which is, that if my character be worth describing at all, it will not fail to speak for itself. This will save me some trouble, and not increase that of the reader, who will be left at liberty to form his own conclusions without jostling against previous impressions.

My habits of life belong to a different category; they must be described to be understood.

My time, though a great deal occupied in the stables at Bourg-la-Reine, was not entirely passed there. I had always a strong locomotive propensity, and the persons into whose society I was thrown were not likely to discourage it. They were in fact the apostles of movement, and looked upon the world as constructed solely for the purpose of being travelled over, a creed which is national only amongst the English. They did not literally hold to the principle of "*voyageant sans dessein*," for there was always an object in view in every journey, but they all felt that a journey once undertaken it was their duty to get to the end of it as speedily as possible, and, that accomplished, to lose no time in beginning another. Not that there were not intervals in which wine, women and warfare were allowed to diversify the scene; but these were hasty pleasures, snatched at rather than indulged in *ad libitum*, a quarrel at the knife's point in a cabaret for the smiles of the fair hostess, combining in a few brief moments all they knew of what occupies the world so exclusively.

It was not, however, the purpose of Pierre Bruneau to give me the freedom of the saddle before he had reaped a long harvest from my services in his own establishment, and thus for some years I worked on, ardently hoping that the day might soon come that should see me one of the brotherhood of the *franc-étrier*. In the meantime our vicinity to Paris gave me frequent opportunities of visiting the capital, and scarcely a week passed without my going there under some pretext or other, so

that I soon became as well known at the Barrière d'Enfer as any postillion on the road. Being a good-looking boy (and this, without vanity, I have still good reason for believing to have been the case), active withal, and, to say the least, intelligent, I was a great favourite in the Rue Saint Jacques, not only at the *Cheval Rouge*, but at many other notable houses in that polite *quartier*. The Epicière at the corner of the Rue des Noyers, old Madame Jubin, intrusted me with many of her little commissions, and it was into the *petite poste aux lettres* which conferred official dignity on her shop, that I deposited the greater part of the missives, not very many by the way, which were sent by such of the inhabitants of Bourg la Reine as knew how to express their thoughts without the aid of the *écrivain public*. Not all the letters, however, were destined to go by the post, as was well-known to Ma'mselle Justine, the comely, rosy-cheeked daughter of the Sieur Goret, a well-fed charcutier, opposite the *Palais des Thermes*; hers were always carefully dropped into the pocket of her apron whenever her father's back happened, accidentally, to be turned. In following the instructions of the writer, a smart, young voltigeur, who had few facilities for getting into Paris, I of course, consulted rather the convenience of the parties concerned than the benefit which might have accrued to the *revenue*, and the favour which Ma'mselle Justine bestowed upon me was proportionate. Some husbands and fathers there were who entertained a shrewd suspicion that my frequent visits to their dwellings were not altogether harmless, and "petit gamin" were the best words for me in their vocabulary; but their wives and daughters fully indemnified me from any *grossièreté* in word or deed on the part of their spouses and sires, not only by many endearing epithets, but by more tangible tokens of their regard. My reputation in this respect was indeed so well known that the inquisitive, old, red-nosed gatekeeper at the barrière, who (in the diligent discharge of the duties of the Octroi, to say nothing of his natural curiosity) had all his life been accustomed to thrust it into other peoples' concerns and who soon got at the depth of mine, gave me a *sobriquet* which, like the generality of nicknames, stuck by me for a long time. The familiar designation which he bestowed upon me was that of "Le petit courrier des dames," and though I would willingly have chosen a different godfather I did not quarrel with the title; on the contrary, I did my best to deserve it, and succeeded, I trust, indifferently well. The amorous voltigeur, for one, always commended my quickness and fidelity, and, by way of recompense, gave me all he could in return, an excellent course of lessons in *escrime*, by dint of which I became a tolerably accomplished master of fence.

Other accomplishments grew upon me also, like barnacles to a ship's side, by mere hap-hazard. I was lucky enough one day to help the lame marguillier of St. Jacques du Haut Pas out of a gutter, into which he had fallen, and where he would inevitably have been crushed by the Orleans diligence if I had not rescued him. In private life he kept a book-stall on the Quai Voltaire, and his gratitude for the service I had rendered him prevented me from forgetting what I had learnt from Petronille and at the school of St. Germain en Laye. It even went further, for it enabled me to know something more of books than I stood any chance of acquiring at Bourg la Reine. Not that the stock of Monsieur Denis Pingré—such was his name—was very extensive, but his library

was, in my estimation, a highly curious one. It consisted of a great many odd volumes (odd in every sense), picked up here and there, the spoils of pillaged convents and dismantled hotels of the *ancien régime*, which had been distributed through Paris at the revolution, and passing from one hand to another, had finally settled themselves on the stalls of the *bouquinistes* of the Quai Voltaire. Here might be seen the "Imitation de J. C." side by side with the "Œuvres de Crebillon ;" a volume of the sermons of Massillon or Bourdaloue in close contact with the "Pucelle" of Voltaire, or the "Adventures of the Chevalier de Faublas ;" "Sauval's Antiquités de Paris," dry and musty as the rusty leather in which it was bound ; a ponderous tome by one of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, heavy as its contents ; numerous excerpts from the "Bibliothèque Bleue," of which the "Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin," or the history of "Les Quatre Fils Aymon," formed the most attractive features : piles of pamphlets, some of the time of Louis XV., eulogising in inflated verse the virtues of "the father of his people ;" others savouring of the reign of terror, and eschewing alike the praises of monarchs and the worship of the nine, and devoted to patriotic descriptions of *noyades* and *fusilades*, which even at that distance of time made the blood run cold to read them ; and, heaped up with these, loose volumes of Pigault le Brun ; fables of Florian and La Fontaine ; stray works of long-forgotten dramatists, and the scores of musical pieces which the humanity of the Directeur of the Opera Comique had kindly consigned to the Lethe of Denis Pingré's collection. For a devourer, as I was, of such literature as I found here, there was one advantage ; the stock was frequently changing ; not constantly, perhaps, as far as the heavier works were concerned, though they, too, found occasional purchasers, but still like a quicksand, it was always in motion ; for old Denis loved novelty as well as his customers, and bought as much as he sold. The range of my reading became, from this cause, more varied than select, and may account for the odds and ends of information which, like fragments of broken china, have embedded themselves in a curious kind of mosaic in my brain. Except a tame jackdaw which fell upon his head when in an infant state from the old tower of St. Jacques de Haut Pas, under whose shadow he dwelt, and which he had reared till it had grown into a quaint, gray, clerical, bookworm of a bird ; except this creature (Choueassin, as he was called), an old *bonne*, who ruled his *ménage*, and a deaf young man with a hare-lip, who kept the *boutique* during his absence, and who, from his physical infirmities, might as well have stayed away, Denis Pingré cultivated no more than a passing, bookselling sort of acquaintance with the world. I was, however, the great exception ; for whether gratitude swayed him, whether he was struck by the lightness of my spirits, and the contrast offered between youth and age, or whether the vanity of teaching influenced him, I know not ; but this much is certain, he conceived and manifested a very great fondness for me, and though I used to laugh at his oddities, and liked occasionally to mystify him, I still felt a strong regard for the old marguillier. He was a singular-looking person. Though active and well-made, I was not tall of my age ; but even when I was only twelve years old, I was half a head taller than Denis Pingré, whose squareness of frame and large head detracted from the little height that nature had allotted him. His costume, moreover, helped to cut him down ; for the outer garment, with its long,

loose sleeves, which he constantly wore, partly to keep him warm as he sat on the quay, partly as a badge of office, and which was made of violet-coloured camlet, lined with green-baize, reached to his ankles, and suffered only a pair of very large shoes, surmounted by plated buckles, to make their appearance from beneath. I believe that, on *stâte occasions*—that is to say, when he officiated in church—where I never saw him—he wore something like a white handkerchief round his throat, but out of doors a scarlet-worsted comforter so completely enveloped him, that those who caught a glimpse of more than a long sharp nose were peculiarly favoured. His eyes were so completely hidden behind a ponderous pair of horn-spectacles, as to put it out of the gazer's power to say whether he really had any, or was wholly indebted to the dim glasses for his powers of vision. When to this list of obscurities is added a broad-brimmed hat, which contained a cotton nightcap besides his head, and was jammed down hard as if the three were never intended to part company, one could hardly accuse the neighbours of exaggeration who were in the habit of calling him *The Invisible Man*.

But I had other friends who were no less useful to me in their degree, and offered me amusements more suitable to my time of life. Two of these were strikingly contrasted.

The first was a heavy, strong-limbed man, a native of Auvergne, the cousin of my hard-working friend at *Boffg la Reine*, who used to take his daily station at the *porte cochère* of an old-fashioned house in the *Rue de la Harpe*, close to the *Collège de Saint Louis*, where he plied for hire, sawing wood, carrying loads, and performing errands, according to the nature of the demand for his services. When idle—if such a word can be applied to his rest from toil—Bernard Landriot might always be seen rearing his huge form against the wall, like an enormous beam placed there for its support, with a little wiry, nimble black dog perched on the *borne* beside him, with which he regularly shared his mid-day meal. He disappeared at dusk—not always to climb up to the garret in the *Rue Serpente* where his nightly *gîte* was made—a street which he affected from a strange association of the name with some of the wild haunts in the *Puy de Dôme*, but as often as his means allowed him to join a club of his countrymen at a cabaret which they alone frequented.

“Good day, Bernard,” I used sometimes to say to him; “had you a merry party last night?” and, showing a range of strong white teeth, set off by his unshaven chin, he used to reply with a grin,

“*Nous étions ni hommes, ni femmes ; nous étions tous Auvergnâts !*”

The distinction between men and women and these rough mountaineers is perfectly understood by the latter.

Like most of the giant race, Jean Landriot was of a gentle disposition, though when fully roused into action by much ill treatment, for he was patient and long-suffering, he proved a formidable foe. He liked me much, for I was the bearer of many kind messages from his cousin ; an epistolary communication was of course far beyond their reach, and nothing pleased him better than when I used to pay him a visit in the *Rue de la Harpe*, and displacing his dog from its elevated seat occupy it myself, and listen to his stories about his first long journey from Clermont to Paris when only a boy about my own age ; his accidents on the road ; his adventures in the capital in search of an *état*, and his final settlement on the spot where he then stood.

"J' n'avons pas d'boutique, c'est connu—mais tant que ça dure," tapping the wall behind him and then crossing his own breast ; "J' reste ici," and he seemed as proud of his standing as if he had been the owner of the finest shop in the quartier.

My other friend, Chicou, otherwise called Petit-Jean, was a sprightly young fellow, about twenty years of age, who exercised a peculiar *métier* on the kerb-stone of the Pont Neuf, and was the proprietor of a *magasin* on the other side of the footway, where every imaginable object within the compass of a moderate purchaser's means, was sold. Here were gathered together articles of wearing apparel of a minor order, such as mittens, braces, sabots, shirt-collars, casquettes, and worsted night-caps, the latter tastefully variegated in blue and white, to suit the fancy of the *charretiers*, whom they were supposed especially to tempt ; objects of domestic ornament, pictures framed and glazed at eighty centimes a-piece, representing the Seasons, highly coloured, or the Premier Consul crossing the Alps on a white horse, in a very blue cloak very much blown out with wind, which added greatly to the general magnificent effect ; small looking-glasses, possessing the power of singularly distorting the features, sometimes by extreme longitude, sometimes by immeasurable latitude, and now and then imparting, by means of a flaw, an agreeable serpentine twist to the human countenance ; vessels of *futence*, warranted genuine Sèvres, which passed muster for cups and saucers, but did duty only on the chimney-piece ; objects of religious adoration, the Virgin and many unknown saints, on broad sheets, profusely decorated in crimson and gold, at two sous the dozen ; the same in metal, sold separately ; and, besides these elegancies, there were dog-collars, dolls, hair-brushes, dominoes, glass buttons, walking-sticks, and *allumettes chimiques*, of a very first-rate property, to say nothing of what lay hidden below these multifarious wares. On the front of the *magasin* appeared the following inscription, which designated the owner :

"CHICOU. M". EN GROS ET EN DETAIL. VANDE OBJETS DE TOUT ESPECE, AUSSI TONDE CHIENS, ARENGE CHATS ET LES GUERIT. VA EN VILLE."

The composition of this announcement had cost Petit Jean some trouble ; but when he reflected on the manner in which he had escaped what he called the "*position scabreuse*" of his occupation, he confessed himself perfectly satisfied. I should mention also that an artistical friend had come to his assistance, and depicted, in a very striking manner, the torments of a poodle while under the shears of M. Chicou. If the dogs had enjoyed any share in dealing with their own destinies, of a surety they would not have gone to him to trim their superfluities ; but the masters who took them perforce, beheld in the painted hieroglyphic only an additional evidence of the skill which the conscious merit of Petit Jean never allowed him to conceal.

Of all the orators I ever heard—and every Frenchman is, to a certain extent, an orator—my friend Chicou was the most fluent ; that is to say, he talked the loudest and the fastest. In the olden time, the bridges of Paris were accommodated with water-mills, whose clappers made noise enough ; but their absence was well supplied by Petit Jean and a few others who pursued like occupations.

The din which these fellows made exceeds all power to describe, but the voice of Chicou was more distinctly heard than any of the rest, who

might be looked upon as the chorus to his solo. What added to the effect of his tremendous lungs, was the jovial spirit which seemed to sustain him in every thing he undertook; he had a merry word for every body, and his laughter was quite infectious; even the *sergens de police*, who stalked severely along the Quai de la Megisserie, or traversed the Pont Neuf, on their way to the Palais de Justice, permitted their austere features to wear a grim smile when they came within hearing of his *quolibets*. The very animals themselves who came within the sphere of his professional operations, must have departed with a sense of pleasure, not merely attributable to their release from his hands.

I confess that it was his eloquence which first captivated me. He caught my attention one day, when I was bound for the first time to the Palais Royal; and the humour of his observations and novelty of his style made me forget all about my promised treat, and I remained an amused listener the whole afternoon.

There never yet was an orator who was ignorant of the effect produced on his auditory, and Petit Jean was by no means slow to observe when he had made his mark. I returned to the same spot on the first opportunity, and passed some hours delightedly listening to his harangues. He soon saw that I was not a purchaser; and the amusement I experienced was so strongly depicted on my countenance, that he placed my attendance to the right account, and good-nature and gratified vanity induced him to address me in a friendly way. The *pour-parlers* to an introduction in our class of life are seldom very tedious, and our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy.

But while I was making new friends, I did not altogether forget my old ones, though my opportunities for meeting any of the family of Michel Bruneau were not frequent. Once or twice in the year I saw Petronille and her daughters. Her affection for me appeared as strong as ever; but, judging from my looks that I throve apace, she ceased to lament over our separation. It was during one of these rare visits that I learnt from her the particulars of my infancy, which I had been anxious to ascertain ever since the Hospice was pointed out to me as my cradle by Pierre Bruneau. It was a shock to my feelings to know for certain that I belonged to nobody—at least, to none who seemed disposed to claim me—but the next time I went to Paris and had a hearty laugh with Chicou I forgot all about it. It was he who taught me this consolatory creed, which has always been my support in every strait:—

En mauvais temps quelque mal qui t'advienne
Fais qu'esperance et bon cœur tu retienne.

CHAP. V.

MY FIRST JOURNEY—THE ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

I WAS frequently called upon to exercise the philosophy inculcated in the preceding distich, for Pierre Bruneau was not a light task-master, nor had he much sympathy for those who were placed under him. His eye was fixed on the main chance, and as long as he reached the goal he cared not by what means. At first I keenly felt the difference between St. Germain and Bourg la Reine, but by degrees I accustomed myself to

the privations of my new condition. Besides, I was able to feel that a new life, and one that promised adventure, was opening before me, and with the knowledge of my increasing usefulness in the stable, came a sense of self-importance, which is always a wonderful comfort under adverse circumstances.

The day of my emancipation from positive servitude came at last.

After getting a team ready for the next relay that might be called for, I was sitting, one summer's evening, on a horse-block by the high-road, just outside the stable-yard, and by way of recreation was reading a volume of travels, which I had lately borrowed from my friend Denis Pingré. I was so absorbed in my book, that it was not till I heard the sharp rattle of wheels close behind me, that I was aware of a travelling-carriage, which suddenly drew up at the door of the post-house. I could at once perceive by its build that it was English ; and the appearance of a female servant sitting alone in a rumble behind, was confirmatory of the supposition that the party was from England. A few words spoken by an elderly gentleman, who thrust his head out of the carriage-window, demanding fresh horses, removed whatever doubt there might have been on the subject, for English-French is of that peculiar kind there is no mistaking it. The carriage came from Paris, and was proceeding towards the south. Horses there were in plenty to supply the travellers' need, but it chanced that at the moment there was a lack of postillions ; he whose business it was to have been in readiness having quietly walked off to a dance at Arcueil. Pierre Bruneau, as in duty bound, was in despair. "Such a misfortune had never befallen within his memory as a post-master. If monsieur had only arrived just half an hour earlier, he would have secured one of the cleverest postillions on the road—the steadiest driver in the world. And now it was getting dark—Monsieur would not like to stop at Bourg la Reine for the night ? The entertainment was excellent, and the beds first-rate ! Nor alight for half an hour, just to take some refreshment, while a postillion was being sought ?"

At these comments and queries much impatience was manifested, and a most vociferous and oft-repeated negative returned.

The gentleman in the carriage pulled out a *livre de poste*, and, pointing to a paragraph in one of the opening pages, read, as well as he could, by the waning light, the passage which enjoins all postmasters to have every thing ready for the traveller's lawful requisitions. He enforced this sentence by repeatedly and emphatically exclaiming :

"Je ne vooly pars aretty ; je voosc avwor oon postalong."

"But, monsieur," imploringly demanded Pierre Bruneau ; "if I cannot procure one?"

"Cellar n'est par d'ocoon consequence ; je ne vooly pars aretty ; je voosc avwor oon postalong."

"Bête d'Anglais !" muttered Bruneau ; then, as if struck by a sudden thought on seeing me, who had drawn near, and was curiously eyeing the party in the carriage,— "Ah ! à la bonne heure ! Voilà un postillon ! He'll do for the occasion. Here, Adrien, you can ride and drive too,—do you think you could conduct this monsieur and his ladies"—here he took off his cap, and made a bow to the opposite corner of the carriage—"as far as Lonjumeau?"

"Certainly," I answered, delighted at having such a charge confided

to me ; “ give me a whip and a pair of boots, and I’ll take them safely anywhere ! ”

“ As for boots,” exclaimed Perrette, who, of course, had come out of the kitchen to look on ; “ here are Antoine’s, the idle fellow ! he luckily left them behind him when he went to the ball ; and here’s *this* whip too.”

And, as she spoke, she disappeared, returning in an instant, with an immense pair of jack-boots, one under each arm, and flourishing a long whip in her hand.

At the sight of these necessary appliances, Pierre’s eyes sparkled, and so did mine too. The Englishman looked doggedly on, repeating to himself, in a low, but more satisfied tone, the formula, which he flattered himself had already proved so efficacious.

The horses were soon put to, and the boots being placed side by side, I balanced myself for a moment on the extended arms of the postmaster and the Auvergnâte, and then jumped fairly into them, and, having accomplished that feat, shuffled up to the horse I was to ride,—Pierre Bruneau gave me a lift, and I found myself in the saddle ; I gathered up the reins from the pommel, squared my elbows, and shrugged my shoulders after the true postillion fashion, gave two or three terrific cracks with the whip, the lash of which performed some wild, circumlocutory movements, slightly endangering the eyes of the bystanders, and then, with a tremendous shout of “ Hi ! hi ! ” and an ejaculation as nearly resembling the expression used by Sans Pouce, whenever he started on a journey, as I could accomplish, I set the cavalcade in motion, and we dashed off at a good round pace, the blouse which I wore swelling with the wind, my cheeks glowing like a trumpeter’s, and Pierre Bruneau rubbing his hands in a sort of ecstasy.

I was so intent on my new occupation, and so desirous of exhibiting my skill, and of getting my hand in before it became dark, that for the first league I never turned my head right or left, but kept my eyes steadily fixed on my horses. But in proportion as I found my new *métier* growing easier, my curiosity to have a peep at the travellers whom I was driving increased. I had already obtained a glimpse of the party, while the altercation about the postillion was going on, and had observed that besides the irascible gentleman who directed its movements, there were three ladies ; one of middle age, another apparently about twenty, and the third a girl, perhaps a year or two younger than myself. At the first hill we came to, I took advantage of the steepness of the ascent to dismount and walk beside my horses, taking care, however, to keep so near the carriage-window as enabled me, by an occasional side-long glance, to see into the vehicle. But I could do little more than confirm my first impression as to the general appearance of the ladies, for, the sun having set, their faces were obscured in the twilight. But, if my eyes were not gratified, I enjoyed the full faculty of hearing, and the moment I diminished my speed appeared to have been the signal for a brisk fire of conversation. Thanks to my knowledge of English, which I had found opportunities of turning to account in Paris, I perfectly understood what they said.

The elderly lady was speaking, and her tone was not the most placid.

“ This is just like you, Sir John,” she said ; “ to make us set out at an hour’s notice, without so much as giving one time to pack one’s things

properly, and neither my white bonnet nor 'Liza's pink one came home from Madame Durand's. I'm sure I shall be ashamed to show my face again in Parry ; they'll look upon us as downright swindlers."

"How can that be?" growled the gentleman ; "if you didn't have the bonnets you can't be called upon to pay for them."

"But we ordered them," retorted the lady.

"Yes, you did," was the rejoinder ; "and if I hadn't come away as I did, you'd have gone on ordering for a twelvemonth. I'm sure you've got things enough to freight a ship with."

To judge by the quantity of baggage piled up on the carriage, before it and behind, the accusation seemed tolerably near the truth. There were trunks and boxes of every size and description, carpet-bags innumerable, and cartons—those weak inventions for fragile wares—without end. They were enough to excite the wrath of one whose habits of life had confined his necessities within the compass of a *sac de nuit*.

"Don't tell me about a ship's fright, I'm sure we'd fright enough in that horrid ship when we crossed over to Bolong, and if you had any feeling, Sir John, you'd never allude to the subject."

"Like it or not, you'll have to go aboard ship again before you get home, if that's any comfort to you."

"I'm sure I don't see any occasion for it. Why can't we go back by land?"

"England's an island, you know, mamma," interposed a soft voice, which came from the youngest of the party.

"Hold your tongue, chit," was the response ; "what should you know about such matters?"

"For my part," said the eldest daughter, who had not yet spoken, "I shouldn't so much have cared about my pink bonnet, if I hadn't been going to wear it to-morrow in the Bois de Boulogne;" and, as she turned her head towards the window, she said something in an under-tone, and with a kind of half-suppressed sob, in which I could only distinguish the words "horseback" and "Allied."

"Un rendezvous manqué," thought I to myself, for I had not been a clandestine letter-carrier for nothing.

The mamma now hastened to the charge.

"Perhaps, Sir John," she said, with a bitter politeness and an uncertain tone of voice, as if a slight thing would make her cast aside her discretion and burst out into a scream, "perhaps, now we have a moment for conversation without being perfectly stunned by the pavvy, you'll have the kindness to inform me what is your reason for exposing the girls and myself—to say nothing of poor Jane in the rumble—to all the horrors of travelling by night in a foreign country?"

"The best reason in the world, my lady," replied the *père de famille*, "because I, like it. If you want a better than that, look at the heat of the weather; isn't it far pleasanter getting along in the cool of the evening than sweltering in the broiling sun?"

"Night was made for rest," returned the lady, sententiously, and with the air of one who was quoting Holy Writ, or something equally incontrovertible. "I should like to know how much we shall gain by it, if we happen to be robbed and murdered and thrown into a ditch."

"If!" said Sir John, contemptuously.

"Yes," exclaimed miladi, "I shouldn't be in the least surprised at any thing that may occur: I can't see that postillion's face, but from what I

did see before we left that place just now, I am quite prepared for the worst. I never beheld such a horrid countenance!"

This was not very flattering to my ears, but I consoled myself with the reflection that it was not true. Ma'mselle Goret, who called me her "petit Cupidon," and Perrette, who, in her uncouth way, said I was an "Amour," could hardly have been so much mistaken. Their opinion, moreover, was confirmed by the soft voice which spoke again:

"Dear mamma! how can you say so? I think he is very handsome."

"If you don't hold your tongue, *maiss*," observed *miladi*, sharply, "you shall go to-bed to-night without your supper—not," added she, having accidentally stumbled upon her original grievance—"that there's much chance of any of us getting either to-night. What makes him go so slow, I wonder."

"I suppose it's the hill, my dear."

"Well, we're nearly at the top, and I wish you'd tell him to drive faster. What's the name of the place we're to stop at to-night, when we *do* stop?"

"Mount-leary, my love," said Sir John, whose surliness of manner seemed to have abated in proportion as his wife's excitement increased. He then leant his head out of the carriage and called out "Postalong!"

"Oui, *milord*," I answered, bestowing a title which Sans Ponces had told me is always complacently received by English travellers.

"Ha!" said Sir John in English, "this fellow's no fool; I have been 'my lord' once and I may be again!" Then addressing me in what he conceived to be French, which I should have been considerably puzzled to make out, if I had not possessed the key to his intentions, he continued, "Postalong, *karnng voose ait soor le sommy de lar colleen ally ploo veet*."

"Oui, *milord*."

"Et, postalong, *combang lar distance ar Longjimmo*."

"Deux fortes lieues, *milord*."

"What does he say?" inquired *miladi*.

"Something like forty lews," replied Sir John, in a tone of doubt.

"What's a lew?" said his helpmate.

"A 'lew' means a league, my dear, two miles and a half English,—there must be some mistake here; forty lews would make a hundred miles, and my book says it's only seven lews altogether from Parry to Mount-leary."

"He didn't say forty leagues, papa," exclaimed the pretty voice in the opposite corner.

"How much then, Carry? I'm sure I heard him say forty as plain as possible."

"He didn't mean that, at any rate," replied the voice, "'deux fortes lieues' means two good leagues."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Sir John, "well, you girls have quicker ears than I have. Tray bang," he resumed, addressing me, "ar *kell oor*,—*kell oor*—what's the French, Carry, for 'get to'?"

"Shall I speak to him, papa?"

"No thankie, my dear; I like to improve myself in the language. I want to know when we shall get to Mount-leary."

"You must say '*arriverons nous à Montlhéry*.'"

"Oh! I say, postalong, ar *kell oor reevারণnoo ar Mount-leary*?"

As I saw that there would be a good deal of time wasted in this kind of dialogue, if it were continued in the jargon Sir John thought proper

to indulge in, I resolved to display my proficiency in his native tongue, and therefore answered him in his own language. "About eleven o'clock, milord."

"What the deuce!" he exclaimed, surprised beyond measure,—“can you speak English! Well, damme, that is strange! Here's a French postalong talking English? They're queer people, certainly; I should like to hear an English postboy jabbering French!”

"Oh lord!" said miladi in a loud whisper, "he must have heard what I said of him. I hope he won't take any notice. I'm sure," she added, raising her voice, "I think he's a very *good-looking, civil* person, and *much* too young to be wicked. Pray, sir, do you think it will be any darker before we get to—to—this place?"

"There's no moon to-night, miladi," I answered, "but still in summer-time it's never very dark, and I'll drive as fast as I can."

"That's a good fellow," said Sir John, "and I'll give you something handsome to drink our healths with. So now jump up in your saddle, and get over the ground as quick as you please."

I did not require to be told twice, and being now more accustomed to the weight of my boots, I was soon mounted again, and the horses being well breathed, we got along merrily. The Croix de Berny was soon passed, we rattled through the village of Antony at a famous pace, and in about an hour we crossed the little bridge over the Ivette, and entered the bourg of Lonjumeau.

In this place a greater difficulty awaited the travellers than they had experienced at Bourg la Reine. Arrived at the post-house, not only was there no postillion to be had, but the horses were all out, and it was with difficulty I roused any body to give us even that information. A sleepy fellow who yawned dreadfully as he spoke from an open window, told us that it was very seldom any one arrived from Paris *en poste* at that hour of the night, and that we had nothing to do but to make the best of our way to Linas, the post station on the other side of Montlhéry.

"We are not going as far as Linas," said I, "Monsieur means to sleep at Montlhéry."

"So much the better," replied the man, "you will get to-bed the sooner. I wish you a very good night."

And with these words he closed the casement and disappeared.

Sir John who had listened to our brief colloquy with attention, but appeared to receive more enlightenment from the closed gates and the speaker's manner than from what was actually said, now called to me to explain matters.

"How much further is it?" he asked.

"Not quite two leagues," I replied; "it's a good pull for the horses,—I don't know what M. Bruneau will say."

"Never mind what any one says," said Sir John; "drive on to Mount-leary, and I'll make it all right."

"Pray, do, sir," exclaimed miladi,—and her entreaty was re-echoed by both the young ladies inside, and their maid in the rumble,—the soft, sweet voice adding, "Do, that's a good postillion."

I needed no further exhortation; indeed, I desired nothing better, for the novelty of my position made the whole affair extremely pleasant, so I stuck my spurs into the stout Norman on which I was mounted, and with much whip-cracking and hoof-clashing, we cantered out of Lonjumeau as quickly as we had cantered in.

THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.*

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, more generally known as Thomas Ingoldsby, was born on December 6th, 1788, in Canterbury, where his family had resided for several generations, the name being connected with different manors in the vicinity. In his love of antiquarian lore, Mr. Barham was wont to trace his descent from one Ursus or Urso, a knight of worship in the days of the Conqueror, from whom sprang the Fitzurses, whose patronymic was subsequently changed into that of Mac Mahon and De Berham, both having reference in different languages to the original *bearish* etymology.

Young Barham became heir to a small estate, alluded to as Tipton Wood in the "Ingoldsby Legends," when only five or six years of age, but as early as in the year 1802, he was nearly bereft even of this by an accident which mutilated his right arm for life. This occurred on his way to St. Paul's school, where in consequence of his youth and delicate constitution he remained two years as captain, before he entered as a gentleman commoner at Brazenose College. Already distinguished by his kindly spirit and happy genius, he was speedily elected a member of Phoenix Common Room, at that time one of the "crack" university clubs. Here he found kindred spirits, in Lord G. Grenville (now Lord Nugent), Cecil Tattersall, and Theodore Hook, the last of whom was well nigh refused matriculation by Dr. Parsons for professing an accommodating readiness to subscribe not only to thirty-nine, but to forty articles, if required.

It may naturally be imagined that in such company young Barham did not pass through the ordeal of college life unscathed. Being reproached on one occasion by his tutor, Mr. Hodson, for the late hours he kept and his absence from morning chapel.

"The fact is, sir," urged the pupil, "you are too late for me."

"Too late!" repeated the tutor in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning. I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

An impertinence which was more effectually rebuked by the sorrow it occasioned than by angry remonstrances. It was, however, a peculiarity in Mr. Barham's character to love late hours, and his talents for composition in after life are said never to have been so brilliant and so effective as when the chimes of midnight were approaching. A short but severe illness, not unopportunately sent, led Mr. Barham from his original design of preparing for the bar, to become a candidate for holy orders. The suicidal death of a young friend at college, had also apparently an influence in awakening his mind to serious and religious contemplation.

In due time Mr. Barham was admitted to the curacy of Ashford, in Kent, whence he was transferred to Westwell, a small parish some few miles distant. In 1814 he married Caroline, third daughter of Captain

* The "Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels," by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.; Third series. Memoir of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham.

Smart of the Royal Engineers, and shortly afterwards, on being presented to the living of Snargate, he removed to Wareham, the curacy of which was at the same time offered him. These parishes were about two miles apart, in Romney Marsh, a spot abounding with smugglers, who, however, were not only civil to their parson, but extended their familiarity so far as to make the church itself a depôt for contraband goods; and on one occasion when a large seizure of tobacco was made in the Snargate belfry, calumny contended for the discovery of a keg of hollands under the vestry table. A second accident, no less than the fracture of his leg, by the overturn of a gig, entailed a seclusion, the result of which was a novel entitled "Baldwin," which is said to have fallen still-born from the Minerva press. The illness of one of his children having shortly after this caused Mr. Barham to visit London, a friend recommended him to become a candidate for a minor canonry, then vacant at St. Paul's. Notwithstanding the blame and ridicule of his friends, attached to his giving up his living for a mere chance, where failure appeared certain, he was duly elected, and in 1821 received his first metropolitan preferment.

Literature, the pursuit of which in so uncongenial an atmosphere as that of Romney Marsh had received little development, proved a serviceable auxiliary to Mr. Barham, who was now obliged to reside in London, and that with an increasing family. Articles of the lighter sort were struck off in rapid succession for *Blackwood*, *John Bull*, and *the Globe*. And he further devoted much time to the completion of a book then in progress, called "*Gorton's Biographical Dictionary*."

In 1824, Mr. Barham received the appointment of a priest in ordinary of his majesty's Chapel Royal, and was shortly afterwards presented, "by one of those chances," says his son and biographer, "with which every man's life abounds, and which serve to show how slight and seemingly insignificant are the pivots on which the wheels of human fortune turn"—a philosophy which we should most unwillingly admit—to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul. Professional duties now excluded literary labours to any extent, and in the performance of these, it is universally admitted that Mr. Barham won the esteem and regard of all who knew him. He had, possibly from having no power in that line, a dislike to oratorical display in the pulpit, but the more stable qualities of his head and heart enabled him to discharge his duties with more earnestness and success than mere eloquence could have insured. He was ever most watchful over the welfare of his flock, temporal and eternal, and it has probably fallen to the lot of few in his station of life to have enjoyed so many and ample opportunities of tasting "the luxury of doing good."

Mr. Barham's appointment in the Chapel Royal, led to an acquaintance, which quickly ripened into a warm friendship, with the late Rev. Edward Cannon. The eccentricities of this singular being, who was one of the priests of the household, and the Godfrey Moss in Hook's celebrated novel of "Maxwell," were of a mixed humorous and painful character, and, as is usual in such cases, terminated as they began, inauspiciously. Victim of the slow poison to which he must have become a slave before Mr. Barham rescued him from his self-imposed exile at Twickenham, he died "deep sunk in childhood's night."

Mr. Barham had been but a few years a resident in the metropolis, when he was visited by the first of a series of domestic afflictions, the loss of his eldest daughter, in 1825. Fondly devoted to his children, he felt

most poignantly the chastening of that hand which was pleased to withdraw from him five of his children, at intervals, thus ever keeping open wounds as yet scarcely closed. Some touching lines, referring to the event, appeared at the time in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

About this period (1826) Mr. Barham commenced a diary, which was begun with a spirit that was not sustained, and a regularity that soon began to fail. This journal, however, contains some curious memoranda and anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Hook, Dr. Hughes, Mr. Cannon, Mr. T. Hill, Mr. Stephen Price, and other well-known names. Although Mr. Barham himself condemned practical jokes,* still he was, like others, irresistibly led away by the ludicrous positions brought about by Theodore Hook's humour.

He even preserved the memorandum of one of this lamented author's extraordinary displays as an improvisatore, in an imaginary burletta, supposed to have been produced at Sadler's Wells. Upon the occasion of the destruction of Maclise's portrait of Sir John Soane, which had become a bone of contention with the council of the Literary Fund, Mr. Barham transmitted a curious punning "Lament" to the *John Bull*. Under the date of January, 1830, the diary contains a most amusing account of Mr. John Frost, the celebrated director of the Medico-Botanical Society, who used to run about with a highly ornamented album to every distinguished person, British or Foreign, to whom he could by any possibility introduce himself, and inform them that they were elected "honorary members," for which he received from certain potentates the insignia of their minor orders, and which he lost no time in mounting upon his coat, much to the annoyance of Lord Stanhope, the president, and the rest of the body of nincompoops.

Among the cool stratagems which this gentleman made use of to obtain signatures, Mr. Barham relates one which he played off on the Duke of Wellington, which, he justly says, had the truth not been vouched for he should hardly have credited it.

Having failed in repeated attempts to get with his Quarto into Apsley House, he heard, by good luck, that his grace, then commander-in-chief, was about to hold a levee of General officers. Away posted Jacky to a masquerade warehouse, hired a lieutenant-general's uniform, under cover of which he succeeded in establishing himself fairly in the duke's ante-room, among thirteen or fourteen first-rate directors of strategics.

Every body stared at a general whom nobody knew, and at length an aide-de-camp, addressing him, politely requested to know his name.

"What general shall I have the honour of announcing to his grace?"

"My name is Frost, sir."

"Frost, General Frost! I beg your pardon, but I really do not recollect to have heard that name before"

"Oh, sir, I am no general, I have merely put on this costume, as I understood that I could not obtain access to his grace without it; I am the director

* The only thing of the kind in which Mr. B. is related to have been personally engaged, was, as a boy, at Canterbury, when, with a schoolfellow, now a gallant major "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quaker's meeting-house; looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly,

"Whoever speaks first shall have this pie."

"Go thy way," commended a drab-coloured gentleman, rising; "go thy way, and—"

"The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed B—, placing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

of the Medico-Botanico Society, and have come to inform his grace that he has been elected a member, and to get his signature."

"Then, sir, I must tell you that you have taken a most improper method and opportunity of so doing, and I insist upon your withdrawing immediately."

Jacky, however, was too good a general to capitulate on the first summons, and he stoutly kept his ground, notwithstanding a council of war at once began to deliberate on the comparative eligibility of kicking him into the street or giving him in charge to a constable. Luckily for him, this aide-de-camp thought his grace had a voice in the matter, as the offence was committed in his own house. On the business, however, being mentioned to him, the Hero of Waterloo not choosing, perhaps, to risk the laurels he had won from Napoleon in a domestic encounter with so redoubtable a champion, said, "Let the fellow in" cut short Jacky's oration by writing his name hastily in the book, and gave the sign to "show him out again."

The anecdotes related by Mr. Barham in his diary of his colleague, Mr. Sidney Smith, are exceedingly characteristic. A French gentleman dining at Holland House, had been indulging in a variety of free-thinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist.

"'Very good soup this,' said Mr. Smith.

"'Oui, monsieur, c'est excellente.'

"'Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?'"

Previous to the departure of the Bishop of New Zealand to his antipodal diocese, this unsparing joker recommended the prelate to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon rack, and a cold clergyman on the side-board.

"And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is, that when your new parishioners *do* eat you, I hope you will disagree with them."

In October, 1831, we have an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott relating to a placed minister, near Dundee, who in preaching on Jonah said,—

"Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark, nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin, nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin!"

Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, "Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter." (The vulgar name of a species of whale fish common to the Scotch coast.)

"Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch for tyking the word o' God out of my mouth," was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

We learn from the same diary, that the inveterate hoaxer, T. Hook, was himself made the victim of a practical joke, a packet of letters having been found after his death addressed to him, as the author of "The Doctor," and acknowledging presentation copies—one from Southey among the rest.

From the publication of "My Cousin Nicholas," in *Blackwood* to the establishment of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837, nothing worthy of note in the way of literature engaged Mr. Barham's attention, but Mr. Bentley, having engaged his services upon that magazine, "The Ingoldsby Legends" appeared in rapid succession in the pages of this new periodical, and attained a degree of popularity, which placed their author upon the pinnacle of fame. Mr. Barham was, it is well known, and by his own quaint acknowledgment—

To Mrs. Hughes who made me do 'em
Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum.

indebted to that estimable and highly-accomplished lady,* the widow of the canon residentiary of St. Paul's cathedral, and to her son, Mr. John Hughes, not only for a large proportion of the legendary lore, which forms the ground-work of these effusions, but also for the application of a stimulus that induced him to complete, what in many instances might otherwise have been left undone. Still, this does not in the slightest degree detract from what was Mr. Barham's own, his wit and humour, and an almost unparalleled flow and facility of versification. The *forte* of the Ingoldsby legends is not alone the unflagging spirit which animates those productions, but also the harmony that pervades the whole, the masterly command of verse, however complicated and exacting, and the total absence of harsh lines or faulty rhymes, which no inviting point or alluring pun would induce him to entertain for a moment.

The death of Theodore Hook, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1841, deeply affected Mr. Barham, and the grief he experienced upon the occasion is said to have been not unmingled with something of a sinister foreboding as regarded himself. He was, however, somewhat relieved of professional labour, by being permitted, in 1842, to exchange his living for the more valuable one of St. Faith's, the duties of which were far less onerous than those he had fulfilled during well-nigh twenty years. The parting with his old parishioners was not effected without effort, greater, perhaps than he was altogether prepared for. At the formation of the Archaeological Association in 1843-4, Mr. Barham became a zealous supporter of the new society, and continued to be so until his death, being of far too conscientious a turn of mind to abandon the president and officers of the original association for a faction in the society, which afterwards abrogated to itself the title of the association, until obliged to abandon it for that of "Institute."

On the day of the queen's visit to the city, October 28, 1844, Mr. Barham was seized with severe inflammation of the throat, brought on by exposure to a cutting east wind, which whistled through the open windows at which he stood with his wife and daughters. The affection was relieved for the time, but Mr. Barham's careless habits, his love of society, and indifference to exposure, brought on relapse after relapse, till on the morning of the 17th of June, 1845, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age, without a struggle, "in faith and hope, and in charity with all men," and beloved and regretted by all who knew him. In his last illness his cheerfulness never deserted him. Pain could not quell the ruling passion. And if his disease had terminated differently, his friends might have found matter for mirth in more than one unpublished effort of his poetic genius, acting almost spontaneously even in the midst of suffering.

Mr. Barham's *Memoirs* (from which the foregoing brief biographical sketch has been taken,) have been very agreeably and unaffectedly written by his son, Mr. Richard Dalton Barham—a young gentleman who inherits much of his father's genius.

* Mrs. Hughes, it need scarcely be stated, was the constant correspondent of Scott, Southey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, John Kemble, and a host of great departed, to say nothing of living authors and artists of celebrity. Her son, John Hughes, Esq., of Donnington Priory, Berks, is a ripe scholar and a ready wit. His poetical pleasantries, under the name of "Mr. Buller, of Brazennose," are well-known to the readers of *Blackwood's* and *Ainsworth's Magazines*.

LITERATURE.

AZETH: THE EGYPTIAN.*

THE wondrous life of the Egyptians of old has often struck us as a most fitting subject for Romance. The arts by which a municipal hierarchy rose and sustained itself in each great city, rivalling at times and arrogating to itself monarchical power; erecting vast edifices at once temples and palaces, the abode of learning, mystery, and intrigue; carving the sacred records of the state by means of figures of men, animals, plants, and other natural and artificial objects; treasuring up, not as with the Greeks the names and deeds of their early heroes by poetic fables, but by the bald realities of coloured drawings; all combine to present to the mind a scene without a parallel in the history of the world. Add to this, that as the same priestly arts were occupied in the inferior duties of transmitting to posterity the trades, manufactures, and games, indeed all the employments of life, characteristic of the people, upon the walls of their last resting places, the habits of this early people, singularly endowed, but held in far more singular mental subjection, are made known to us more familiarly than that of any of the co-existent races of men.

Miss Lynn, the authoress of "Azeth," has evidently been impressed with the sense of this marked peculiarity. The time adopted for picturing forth Egypt as it was in its palmy and greatest days, is well chosen. It is the period when priestly power had attained its height, so much so, indeed, that Sethos, described by the authoress as Pontiff King of Memphis, is by many considered only as high priest of the temple of Phtha, and general of the Egyptian forces at a time when Tirhakah was the third Ethiopian king—the contemporary of Hezekiah in Judea. When Sethos, abandoned by the army, marched to the relief of Pelusium, then besieged by the Assyrians, under Sennacherib, with such citizens and volunteers as would join him, it is also supposed, notwithstanding the legend of the Memphite rats commemorated by Herodotus, that the courage of such an undisciplined army was never really tried.

The views, however, taken by Miss Lynn of the historical part of the subject are as satisfactory as any hitherto given of a very obscure epoch, and of transactions extremely difficult to explain without some such ingenious resources as the novelist is licensed to avail himself of; and the love entertained by Psammetichus, the soldier and Saite, for Nitocris, the beautiful daughter of Sethos, offers an easy and agreeable solution of a problematic return of the soldiery to their duty to their country, if not to an Hierophant who had decidedly wronged them.

It is, however, in the life-like and effective manner that ancient Egypt is brought before us, that lies the chief merits of the story of Azeth, the type of spiritual weakness, joined to an intense longing for the true and the good. So great was the theme, so mysterious its resources, so wonderful its records, that the authoress filled with her subject, has poured forth her learning and her feeling in an heroic language, seldom met with, except when minds of vigorous conceptions and poetic endowments are exercised upon somewhat analogous themes, as in the wondrous tale of Alroi, or Salathiel. Take, for example, our introduction to the rival of Sethos.

* Azeth: the Egyptian. A Novel. 3 vols. Thomas Cautley Newby.

The evening sacrifice was over, and the worshippers had departed, when Amasis, High Priest of Amun, issued from the Adytum of the Grand Temple of Thebes. The leopard-skin mantle, in which he had just performed the sacred ceremony, still hung over his tall and majestic form; but its grim beauty seemed to adorn some proud warrior or daring huntsman, rather than a weak-lived priest. It seemed a trophy of victory over a fierce brute enemy, rather than the badge of the revealer of holy spiritual mysteries—the garb of the professor of an inactive, contemplative philosophy, the teacher of an abstruse religion. Yet Amasis was a perfect representative of the faith which he professed, in the strange union of its truth and falsehood, his own beauty and darkness.

The priest's path was perplexed and intricate, for the architecture of the ancient temples was intentionally obscure and mysterious, but he traced his way through dark passages to still more fearful vaults, the receptacle of the unembalmed inmates of the initiatory tombs, and thence to the low distant chamber occupied by Chebron, the scribe and the embalmer, a student of occult sciences, and a distiller of the secret poisons so much in vogue among the Egyptians. Amasis ascended a few steps from "the home of the immortals," and entered a wide but low chamber.

A man of mean and forbidding appearance, clothed in the dress of a sacred scribe, sat there intent on reading a lengthy roll of papyrus, with his case and materials for writing before him, and his tablets, blotted with ink, on his knee. Over the floor of the room, or rather cell, were scattered herbs, and minerals, and utensils of uncouth shapes, like goblin footballs cast at random; and mingled with them, lay human bones and skulls, and in the further corner, the yet warm bodies of several dead animals. Amongst them, were various fish, which gave out a pale, blueish light that formed a ghastly mirror in the widely-opened eyes of the beasts, dilating and contracting as if in life. The walls and roof were covered with figures and letters traced in burning fire; and a pan of charcoal, with a strange-looking vessel hanging over it, was set in the midst of the room. Of the herbs and minerals, some were fresh and unbroken, while others had been subjected to the several processes necessary for extracting their hidden properties. They were the aconite, hellebore, belladonna, henbane, and many others, which, together with peach-stones and laurel-boughs, were strewn over lumps of tin, copper, lead, silver, and a crust of unknown metal, similar in appearance, but not in identity, with steel.

Azeth, the beautiful boy, yearning after the good, was the disciple of the high priest of the Theban temple of Amunrà—the embodiment of spiritual temptation, and the fearful companion of the dark Chebron; and the boy had in the innocence of his heart, sworn to place his soul unreservedly in his keeping. The steps by which this is accomplished from the first spiritual trial, to the youth's introduction to the mysteries of the interior temple, are among the most poetical pictures in the work, and they attest on the part of the author, as much intimacy with the abstract doctrines of Egyptian theology, as is also shown in regard to the more palpable matters of daily life. The influence of the so-called mesmerism in this initiation of the mind to mystery, is not neglected.

The reader is next taken from these vivid revivals of a mystical religion, to the chamber in the royal palace of Memphis, where sat Nitocris, the beautiful and proud daughter of the pontiff king, "heavy and sad of heart; her mournful eyes, so large and dark, filled with large tears, and her sweet lips paled and parched." At the further end of the inter-columned room—removed out of hearing, though not out of sight—were the handmaids of the princess, "all talking among themselves in those low, laughing whispers which young, light-hearted maidens use when

they gather together to descant upon the mysteries of their dress, or the respective perfections of their lovers." Close by the side of the king's daughter sat a companion more favoured than the rest, Taia, her foster-sister and childhood playmate, whose laughing face was lit up by merry eyes that danced with irrepressible gaiety, and her rounded cheeks were broken into a perfect world of dimples, like a lake that the west wind kisses. Strange contrast! "The stately Nile queen—the moon-beloved lotus—and the dancing bud of the sweet acacia-tree, were not less alike than were those two maidens!"

The dress and the feminine occupations of the maidens are minutely and carefully described, nor is their conversation less characteristic of what we can imagine the fashionable tittle-tattle of the day to have been some seven centuries before the birth of Christ. We gather from this conversation, and that entertained with her grave father, the pontiff king, that the fair Nitocris has given her heart to the soldier Psammetichus, but her father's priestly policy had estranged the hearts of the soldiery. Actuated by the ambition to establish a sole priestly domination. Sethos had deprived the nobles and the soldiery of their lands and privileges, and now that the Assyrian was before the walls of Pelusium, Psammetichus, the bravest and noblest-hearted of his order and his day, was the only captain who had not dispersed his troops. Yet he refused their assistance to the king, and the struggle between his love for Nitocris and his duty to his country and to his followers, is ably portrayed.

Sethos hastened to the temple of Phtha, to seek for advice and consolation, and a glorious vision presented itself to his excited senses when wrapped in slumber; he was told to gather together the meanest and most despised of the land, and to go against the Assyrian, to smite and to be victorious. A stranger to the pure land, an Ishmaelite, called Osorchon, was elected to Psammetichus' vacant place of fan-bearer to the king. The account of the investiture of the second greatest officer in the kingdom, of the bigoted offerings to the bull Apis, of the processions of Isiac priestesses, astrologers, hieropsalti, hierophori, hierogrammatists, hierophants, and of a host of other sacred personages, is a scene essentially Egyptian in its vastness and magnificence; the picture of half a nation employed in one religious ceremonial! The new fan-bearer avowed his passion for Nitocris, but the self-reliance, pride, and austerity which made up the finest portion of the character of the children of Khemi, sustained her through her trials, in which she was further assisted by the wondrous dwarf of Memphis, Tathlyt, with his legions of demons ever about him, the souls of men whose crimes had been too heinous for brute metempsychosis.

As an interlude to the gathering of the people, we have a more domestic scene in the house of the Thebar dancing girls, with well-conceived sketches of the haughty Isenofra, the voluptuous Berenice, the buoyant bird like Eirene, and not less effective portraits of their admirers the soldier-boy Misaphris, the noble Bocchoris, and the Chinese mandarin; for the introduction of the latter as a traveller in Egypt, there is sufficiently satisfactory authority.

Azeth, during these stirring times, restless and dissatisfied at the oath of allegiance which he had taken, was wandering with weary heart through the still streets of the glorious abode of Amunra, when he found himself at the foot of the wonderful statue—the magic, the beautiful, the sun-beloved, vocal Memnon :—

Azeth looked long on the beautiful features of the Memnon,—so calm and still,—so full of thoughtful repose,—the idealisation of all that the Egyptians had of good and noble in their characters ;—their massiveness and strength,—their dignified gravity,—their manly severity,—their utter absence of all frivolity, that curse of later days ! He looked till an awe crept over him, cold and shuddering. He seemed to stand in the living presence of a supernatural being. Those large unturning eyes gazed into his very soul, and laid bare before himself and the whole world, the utter worthlessness of his heart. Yet their looks had the compassionate reproof of love mingled with the sternness of immaculate virtue. A feeling of entire sinfulness crushed the boy to the very dust. And he, the living, god-given, god-emanated Intelligence, trembled before the cold stone.

And still the eyes glare fixedly upon him, and the lips are parting to speak while the hand is uplifting in warning and censure. And he saw no more the mighty temples,—giant shrines of a giant creed,—nor the heaven-ward rising obelisks ; nor the countless towers and columns raising their noble majesty in the spring-tide air ; and he saw no more the thick-strewn lights of the sky,—the moon with her bright lobe,—the stars with their radiant hair ;—Earth and Heaven were alike shut out from his sight ; and nothing was before him but that Titanic statue in its calm gloriousness, looking down with a pitying rebuke.

* * * * *

Mute lay the world. The noise of men and the voices of nature were alike hushed. Not a sound went forth to break this deep stillness, to dispel this holy rest. A sleep and a quiet, like that of death, was spread over all, and the still Shape of Repose brooded over the universe. Even the very airs were asleep among the trees, and dreaming with the flowers ; and the grass blades did not stir, nor the buds pour out their scents.

One faint light of glory in the east,—quivering along the horizon like a thread of gold,—the stars clustered near, paling away, and the dusk-hued mist slowly heaping up a gorgeous throne of purple :—one faint line, widening and growing brighter—stealing over the mountain crests like a radiant messenger from the sky—touching the high branches of the trees—descending the temples' lofty pillars,—glowing on the obelisks,—circling the head of the statue with a crown of golden light,—beaming on the eye,—resting on the lip ;—and a voice of music, at first soft as the whispering of young buds in the noontide, then deepening into a wild, thrilling strain of spirit's melody, poured out from the statue. And it spread round and about its living waves, till it grew a sea, a very flood of harmony : a hymn of praise—the articulate thanksgiving of dumb nature,—the kindling into Life and Worship, by the Light of Love, the very stone of the ground.

The gathering, however, of the so-called “Memphite rats,” from their unsoldier-like and indigent origin, went on successfully. The love of Psammetichus triumphed over pride, and he became resolved to act, but apart from Sethos. Other strange interludes to the wars of the Egyptians and the Assyrians are presented to us in the mysterious history of the beautiful Arab maiden Lysinoë, held in bondage by the wicked hierophant of the temple of Amunra. Magic mirrors, acoustic instruments, poisons, and deadly weapons are brought into play. In vain the desolate Arcia sought for her persecuted daughter, she was in toils and nets, three-fold wove, from which Azeth alone could deliver the fair girl. A Druid of the Western Isles is brought in with the mandarin to console the discomfited hierophant ; but nought could save the miserable priest and his unfortunate maiden from punishment and an untimely end. With the defeat of the Assyrians, and the erection of the commemorative statue of Sethos' holding a rat in his hand, in return for the insulting epithet applied by Sennacherib, there is a sunset of bright and happy life to this

poetic story, and Azeth, like his wicked persecutor, when the form of his temptation had passed away, and the shape of his sin had fled, returned pure, beloved, repentant, and forgiven, to his star; while "loud songs and rejoicings filled the wide sky, and sank like a stream of life, through the whole soul of the universe."

The materials for such a work as we have described have not been long in existence before they have been seized upon by the genius of the day. And they could not have been used to more truthfully artistic, and, at the same time, to more poetical and philosophical purposes than by Miss Lynn in "Azeth, the Egyptian."

STRAWBERRY HILL.*

"GOING! going! gentlemen and ladies, for the last time of offering this lot. For the last time! No advance upon this bidding? Going—going—gone!"

Such was the speech which greeted the ears of the author of this agreeable tale, when, in the month of May, 1842, he made one of an eager curious crowd, whose only introduction to a once-envied distinction—an exploration of one of the most admired of modern structures—appeared in the shape of an auctioneer's catalogue. Among the treasures collected from every quarter in Europe, it was his good fortune to discover, on that memorable occasion, the portrait of a lady, by the side of whose attractions the beauties of the courts of England, France, and Italy, smiled in vain. This portrait, which was endorsed in a small Italian hand, *Rome, 1740, Arabella Falkland, to Horace Walpole*, revealed, according to the same ingenious historian, the solution of the mystery of the abrupt abandonment of Horace Walpole's political career, his seclusion at Strawberry Hill, and of the bitterness of spirit which subsequently so prominently pervaded his thoughts and feelings.

The one pure and perfect chrysolite of this story was the daughter of Viscount Falkland, a nobleman of ancient family and of the Catholic faith, and an expatriated Jacobite, known to be in the service of the Pretender. The last of an illustrious line, Arabella Falkland seemed to inherit, with all the beauty for which so many of her female ancestors had been famous—as witness the immortal labours of Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller—all the worth and talent which had distinguished the most famous of those churchmen, generals, and statesmen whose effigies, from the same eminent hands, also assisted in adorning the great picture-gallery in their abandoned home.

Horace Walpole made the acquaintance of the fair Jacobite at Rome; and although mutual admiration soon ripened into the most fervent attachment, still each was tacitly aware that there was an impassable gulf between them. They parted. Called to active employment and political struggles, Horace kept his attachment a profound secret, even from his nearest friends, and strove to consider it only as a brilliant dream, which had vanished without leaving the slightest tangible proof of its visitation. Arabella Falkland also regarded it as a dream—but it was a dream from which she had been disturbed without having been thoroughly awakened.

* Strawberry Hill; an Historical Novel. By the Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends," "Maid of Honour," &c. &c.

Her poetical imagination united with a peculiarly sensitive organisation, created in that ideal picture-gallery—her youthful mind—a vision, though a very remote one, of bringing over the son of the long-tried minister, to befriend him whom she considered to be his legitimate sovereign. She even ventured in her enthusiasm of loyalty and religion to touch upon so delicate a theme before Horace left the classic ruins of her native city; but like herself Horace Walpole was too much devoted to his parent, to entertain such a thought for a moment, and at his departure, the faint star that twinkled in her future—twinkled more faintly than ever.

Horace Walpole had, on his return from his continental tour, become the representative in parliament of a remote Cornish borough; he had driven a popular candidate from the field by rhapsodising to Cornish miners on Spartan liberties in scraps of mellifluous Greek. The companions of the minister's son were the wits of the day, Hanbury Williams, the choice but rakish spirit, the poet Gray, George Selwyn—"a drowsy phoenix slumbering on the ashes of his own jokes," and his soldier-cousin Conway, a young captain who possessed in an eminent degree the peculiarity of always looking on the bright side of things.

The society he moved in beyond this was such as the court of George II. presented, where the precedent had been before set of intense domestic hatreds, and homely yet various attachments; and among the number of Frederick Prince of Wales' favourites was the Lady Archibald Hamilton, whose connexion brought no good for the young Whig member. The prince, under the influence of her fascinations, chose to make her ladyship the depository of all his political secrets. And accordingly we are introduced at her house to full-length portraits of all the leaders of the opposition. Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Viscount Bolingbroke, and last, but not least, Bubb Doddington, with whom the prince was not only in the habit of being extremely confidential and familiar, but also of victimising at cards.

While Captain Conway was fighting at Dettingen, and Horace was scraping acquaintance with his father by communications in regard to the movements of this opposition, Lady Hamilton had removed her court into the vicinity of that of Beau Nash, at Bath, and Arabella Falkland had come over on a visit to a most fashionable and still more capricious aunt, the Dowager Lady Furbelow. Horace Walpole, with all his taste and abilities, was not a saint, and having permitted to himself an assignation with the beauty of the day, he by mischance got into the wrong house, and became the involuntary witness of a meeting of Jacobite conspirators, among whom was no less a person than the fair Arabella herself, at that time hostile to Horace from his unworthy connexion with Lady Hamilton, and whose horror and shame at discovering an imaginary spy in her former high-principled lover, can be imagined.

Any explanation at the time was rendered impossible by the hasty retreat of the discomfited conspirators from Bath, nor were the lovers brought nearer to reconciliation by meeting accidentally in a well told scene—a *soirée* given by Lady Furbelow, to commemorate the publication of the "Castle of Otranto," in which the younger son first met with a father's kindness, from a perplexed minister; for at this time the opposition was daily gaining in strength, and the all-formidable Sir Robert losing ground. He had quarrelled personally with his tried friend and coadjutor, Lord Townsend. The Duke of Newcastle was holding levees,

an account of which is most earnestly recommended to the lovers of empty pride and shallow pomp. Lord Bolingbroke had returned from his hermitage at Fontainebleau to the classic fields of Battersea, and every thing portended what soon took place, the downfall of the minister of twenty years, who retired as Earl of Orford, upon a pension of 4000*l.* a year.

The Jacobites were, in the meantime, thrown in the prosecution of their designs into strange company and equally strange situations. At one time we have Arabella rescued from a band of smugglers in a cove of the Kentish coast, by the bravery of the hero of Dettingen, Conway; at another it is Horace Walpole himself, and his curious and amusing valet, Fibbs, saving the fair Jacobite from the clutches of Captain Kite, the highwayman, a gallant act, which is followed by the extremely ungallant one, of a political squabble with his love, in the parlour of a wayside inn, where the ex-minister's son first learnt from the irate Arabella that the Pretender has actually effected his descent in Scotland.

The result of the story, after much bustling progress, is, that Lord Falkland and his daughter, after the retreat from Derby, are taken prisoners at Carlisle, but not till after the fair enthusiast has made a last attempt to win over her lover to the cause of the Stuarts, at a moment when that cause appeared most prosperous. Transferred to the Tower, and condemned by his peers to forfeit his head for treason to the Hanoverian dynasty, Lord Falkland is ultimately saved by Horace, assisted by the powerful influence of the Earl of Orford, granted, however, upon only one condition, that he should think no more of the fair follower of the Stuarts; and here we have the history of his subsequent retirement from public life, and the conversion of the theoretical young statesman into a practical castle-builder.

There are steps in this briefly-announced progress that are full of dramatic interest. It would be doing great injustice to the author of "Strawberry Hill," not to say that he has made the most of his subject. Indeed, for light and racy sketches of society in the last century, for accurate and vivid characteristics of the time, and for sparkling dialogue, "Strawberry Hill" as much surpasses many of its contemporaries as the modern romance excels the old Gothic story, which conferred in its day so much reputation on the mansion of Strawberry Hill.

THE RECOVERY OF H. M. S. GORGON.*

THE narrative of the difficulties surmounted by perseverance and ingenuity in rescuing the fine steam-frigate *Gorgon*, and of the labours carried on during a period of six months before they were attended with success, rises in interest with the progress of the details, to a point far beyond what would have been anticipated from such a subject. Such a narrative not only contains a noble example to others of what courage and skill can be made to effect under the most disadvantageous circumstances, but it also exhibits, in the most favourable point of those qualities of the British sailor in which we may justly take a national pride.

* A Narrative of the Recovery of H. M. S. *Gorgon* (Charles Hotham, Esq., Captain), stranded in the Bay of Monte Video, May 10th, 1844. By Astley Cooper Key, Commander, R.N. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

THE DAYS OF ADVERSITY.

CHAP. VI.

THE BRITISH LABOURER'S REWARD.

Two years and a half had passed, and time had swallowed up many things most precious : hope, happiness, enjoyment, energy, had fled from many, leaving disappointment, sorrow, and the apathy of despair. Spring was now in the place of autumn ; but it had been hitherto a cold and dreary spring, with rain and sharp winds and occasional snow ; and the moor looked even more brown and desolate than at the close of the year. The winter had exhausted all its wrath upon it, and there seemed no prospect of revival ; not a green blade of grass was to be seen springing up amongst the moss and heath, not a young rosy bud upon the bare branches of the trees, the very energies of nature seemed extinguished. Like the season was the fate of one of those persons to whom the reader was first introduced in this tale. Poor Ben Halliday trudged back over the moor, with bent head and frowning brow. His cheek was thin and pale, his eye hollow and dim ; his clothes, once so neat and trim, though plain and suited to his station, were now worn, soiled, and in some parts ragged. But it was not to the neat cottage, with its pleasant little garden, where we have formerly seen him, that Ben Halliday now took his way. He passed through the little wood, indeed ; he went beyond the turning which led to the spot where he had passed so many pleasant days ; he gazed towards it with a sad and sinking heart ; and a murmur rose to his lips, but did not find utterance ; " I ought not to grumble," he said, " I ought not to grumble. Those who should be better off are as bad as I am. God help us all ! I wonder what will become of us in the end. We poor people have no business in the world, I can't help thinking. At all events, others seem to think so." And he walked on.

The next moment coming up the road which led from the cottage to that which had been his cousin Jacob's, he saw a figure moving through the trees apparently heavy loaded, and yet it was not the figure of a labouring man. It was evening, but not dark ; and as the person

who approached was seen and lost every second or two, in passing along the hedge-row, there was that undefinable something in the ~~man's~~ walk which distinguishes the gentleman, totally independent of the clothing which, in this case, could not be seen. Ben Halliday, however, passed by the end of the road before the other pedestrian reached it, and ~~in the~~ sort of despairing mood of the moment, he did not even turn his head to see who it was that approached. As he was walking on, however, a clear, mellow voice sounded on his ear, exclaiming, "Stop, my fellow! Here! I want to speak to you!" And, looking down the lane, he saw, at about twenty yards distance, a tall, handsome, well-dressed young man, carrying a heavy portmanteau by one of the handles.

"I am looking for somebody," said the stranger, "to carry this thing for me a couple of miles; if you will do it, my good man, I will give you a half-crown for your pains."

"I'd carry it ten for that sum," said Ben Halliday, with his face brightening. "That will keep my poor girl in broth for a week."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the stranger, "why surely you are my old acquaintance, Ben Halliday! Do you not remember Mr. Fairfax?"

"Oh yes, sir, I remember you well enough," answered the labourer, mournfully; "but times are sadly changed with us down here; and I did not know whether you might remember me. I hardly remember myself as I was then."

"I know there have been sad reverses," answered Allan Fairfax, "but I did not think they had affected you, my poor fellow. I found your cottage shut up, and could not tell what to make of it; so I was going on to the village, where there is a public-house I hear."

"Ay, sir, and a bad place it is too," answered Ben Halliday, "not fit for such as you; if there is any thing valuable in your trunk, I would advise you not to go there."

"I am afraid I must," answered his young companion, "for I do not wish to go back to Brownswick just at present."

"You know, sir, I dare say, all about Mr. Graham," said Ben, looking in Fairfax's face, and taking up the portmanteau at the same time.

"I do," answered Fairfax, gravely; "and it has been a sad welcome back to my own country, Halliday, to hear all this. We won't talk any more about it just now. Where do you live now, my good fellow?"

"Oh, just up at the village, sir," answered Halliday, "about half a mile on this side the public-house. So, by your leave, I'll just stop for a minute and tell my poor wife that I am going on with your portmanteau. It will be glad news to her to hear that I have earned half-a-crown by a light job like this."

"Are you not in work then, Halliday?" asked Allan Fairfax, "I should have thought a good fellow like you would have always got employment."

"Oh, yes, sir, I got work enough," answered the labourer; "but people don't pay as Mr. Graham did, and they can do with us just what they like, for there are too many of us."

Allan Fairfax did not ask any further question, but walked on with his companion, sometimes speaking a few words to him, sometimes in silence; for to say the truth, the young gentleman seemed somewhat moody and strange, sometimes smiling gaily at what was passing in his own thoughts, occasionally plunged into a fit of deep and gloomy meditation. At length a village spire came in sight, and immediately afterwards a group of cot-

tages appeared at the corner of the road. They were all wretched in the extreme, mere hovels—ay, and hovels out of repair. The winter wind was kept from rushing through the broken windows by patches of paper and bundles of rags. The doors let in the rain, and the thatch protected not what it seemed to cover; the plaster was broken from the mud wall in a thousand places, and hung in loose tatters bagging and belling out all over each miserable tenement. At the doors of some were seen squalid and dirty children, but half clothed even with their rags; and at another, a gaunt pig was grubbing with its snout amongst a pile of rubbish. At the entrance of one of the poorest, stopped Ben Halliday; and after gazing at it sternly for a moment, he set down the portmanteau, and looked full in Allan Fairfax's face, saying, in a low tone, "It is here I live now, sir."

If he had spoke for an hour he could not have made a sadder comment on his changed condition; but when he added, "I will just go and tell my wife," Fairfax answered, "No, Ben, I will come in with you."

"Oh, don't sir," replied the labourer, "it will hurt you to see."

"It will grieve, but do me good," said Mr. Fairfax, in a firm tone; "I am an old friend you know, Halliday. Take in the portmanteau, my good fellow."

Ben Halliday did as he was directed, and walking slowly forward opened the door. There was no joy to welcome him; a faint smile, indeed, lighted the features of his wife as she saw him come in; but she was busy tending her daughter, who sat in a wooden chair on the other side of a hearth nearly vacant of fire, though the thin white ashes that strewed it showed that wood had been burning there not long before. The daughter's face was pale and emaciated, with a red spot in the centre of the cheek, and limbs apparently so powerless that she did not even try to approach her father. The eldest and the youngest boy were both absent, and Fairfax afterwards found, that the one was employed at low wages in a manufactory some fifty miles distant, the other gathering sticks in the neighbouring woods and fields. Poverty in the most abject form was evident amidst the once cheerful, laborious family, and the tattered shawl which Mrs. Halliday drew across her chest, when she saw a stranger follow her husband into the cottage, served to show rather than to hide the want of even necessary clothing.

To Fairfax, however, as soon as she recognised him, she was still the frank civil countrywoman whom he had before seen, and no word of complaint passed her lips. Patient endurance was in all her words and looks, and that one virtue—she had many beside—had been of more value to her husband than a thousand showy qualities could have been. Had she displayed all she suffered, had she made the worst of every thing instead of the best, had she complained and murmured, Ben Halliday would have given way long before; but she had supported, and strengthened, and cheered him, and though she could not lessen the evils which surrounded them, or hide from him the griefs still in store, she enabled him to bear them with fortitude, if not without repining.

Ben Halliday kissed her as tenderly as ever; but one of his first thoughts was for his daughter, to whose side he advanced as soon as he entered, asking, "Well, Lucy, how are you to-night, dear?"

"I am better, father," said the girl, in a husky tone broken by a cough; "I shall be quite well when the summer comes and I can get out to help you and mother."

"She is very bad, sir," said Mrs. Halliday, speaking to Fairfax in the plain and unreserved manner (which some people might think unfeeling) that is common amongst the peasantry; "she's in a decline, poor thing."

"I am sorry to see her so unwell," replied Fairfax; "but I think a little good nourishment might do her good.—Here, Halliday," he continued, taking out his purse; "I do not like the account you give me of the public-house; so I think I shall rest myself here for an hour or two, if you will let me, and then go down to Brownswick again for the night. Run up to the village, my good man; and bring me down something for supper. We'll all sup together to-night. There's a sovereign; bring down plenty of things—eggs and some beer, and probably you can get a pound of tea, and some milk and butter.—I dare say you would like some nice tea or milk, Susan, would not you?"

"Oh, that I would," cried the poor girl, eagerly; "I'm sure tea and milk would do me a great deal of good."

"I'll run up myself, sir," said Mrs. Halliday, "Ben is not good at marketing. I'll borrow a basket, and go in a minute."

Fairfax gave her the sovereign, adding, in a low voice; "Bring any thing you think will do her good, Mrs. Halliday."

But Ben heard him, and said, "God bless you, sir!" with a tear in his eyes.

Mrs. Halliday was hardly out of the door, when their cousin Jacob entered, gaunt as a wolf, with his coal-black hair floating wild and tangled about his haggard face.

"Well, Ben," he said at once, "have you been to old Stumps? I saw you come back—did you go?"

"Yes, I went, Jacob," replied Halliday, with a sigh; "but it is no good. I told him, I and Bella and the two children, could not live upon seven shillings a week do what we would, and he said he could not help it. If we did not like it, we might leave, for he would give no more. He said, too, that many a man is glad to get it (which is true enough), so why should he give more to me?"

"Hell seize him!" cried Jacob Halliday, vehemently; "who first brought down the wages here? But what did you answer, Ben?"

"I said that I must see if I could not get some help from the parish," replied his cousin; "but then he got very high and mighty, and said that I should not have one penny of outdoor relief; that I was an able-bodied labourer at full wages, and in employ, and it was contrary to the rules of the New Law. He made me a little angry, he did; and so I said, then I must come into the union; for it was earthly impossible for a man and his wife and two children unable to earn a penny, to live upon seven shillings a week and pay a shilling a week rent. But that would not do either; for he answered with a sort of laugh, 'You may come in if you like, but I'll answer for it you'll soon be out again, Master Ben. We take care to make it uncomfortable enough in order to keep all lazy fellows out, and the first thing we'll do with you is to part you and your wife and children. He knew he had me there, Jacob, and he is one of the guardians, you know.'"

"Ay, I know," answered Jacob Halliday, with a bitter curse; "they've given the sheep to be taken care of by the wolf in their New Law, that's what they've done; but they may find sheep, even, sometimes turn wolves

too, and that overdriven oxen will toss. But I've something to tell you, Ben, that may mend matters with you a bit—though 'tis a bad way of mending them too."

"What's that?" asked his cousin, eagerly; "it must be bad indeed, that I would not snap at."

"I would not at this if it were twice as much," said Jacob; "but, however, every man to his own thinking. You know old Grimly, who had the care of Tommy Hicks, is going into the union-house on account of his bad leg, and as his wife is dead there is no one to take charge of the idiot; so Mr. Golightly, who has the paying of the money weekly, came up to me to ask if I and my wife would do it. It's five shillings a week, and he's often absent wandering about for days at a time; but Mr. Golightly wants to keep him as far away from Brownswick as he can, for he's troublesome. I told him that if I were to take it, I should for certain break his neck before a week were over, but that you were a quieter sort of man, and might like it."

The proposal threw Halliday into a fit of deep thought, "Like it I don't," he answered, "like it I don't; but five shillings a week—that's a good sum. Where could I put him?"

"Why, there's that shed place at the back," said Jacob Halliday; "if you could get some timber, it would be easy made into a tidier room than he's ever had at Grimly's. I'll lend you a hand at nights, Ben, and they say the boy is quieter a bit now—dogged, but not so spiteful. Then he has got his own bed and clothes."

"But the timber," said Ben Halliday, "how am I to buy timber? Why it would cost fifteen shillings, what with boards and nails."

"Do not let that stand in the way, Halliday," said Fairfax, who had been talking to the sick girl. "I'm poor enough, Heaven knows; but you shall have the timber, my good fellow, for old acquaintance sake."

The poor man was very grateful; and though he made some scruple, yet the temptation of the five shillings a week was too great to be resisted by his poverty, and it was agreed that he was to go down to Brownswick on the following evening and close with Mr. Golightly's proposal.

About an hour passed before Mrs. Halliday returned, and when she came back, Jacob had gone; his husband at once told what had been offered, and his determination to accept it. The worthy woman was evidently ill at ease under the idea of having the idiot an inmate of her dwelling, even poor as they were; but the thought of the money, and the relief to her husband, reconciled her to it at last, and with her busy hands she prepared the meal which the bounty of Fairfax had supplied. The little boy, Charley, had by this time returned with a load of dry wood; and a degree of cheerfulness spread through the desolate cottage which it had never before known. The tea seemed to warm and revive the poor sick girl, and Ben Halliday himself felt comforted, less by the food, perhaps, than by the knowledge that there was still one on earth who showed him kindness and sympathy.

Fairfax himself ate and drank to encourage the others to do so; but still it was little that he took, and indeed he seemed thoughtful and uneasy. Sometimes he talked a good deal to the cottagers, told them he had been in India since last he saw them, and amused the little boy by a tale of a tiger hunt, and showed him some scars upon his hand where the beast had torn him in its last agony. He reverted, unwill-

lingly it appeared, to his former visit to Mr. Graham's house at Allerdale, and the very mention of the family threw him instantly into a deep reverie. At length, towards nine o'clock, he rose saying, "Now, Ben, I will walk back to Brownswick. I will leave my portmanteau here for the night, merely taking out what I want, and will send up for it to-morrow."

Ben Halliday offered to carry it down that very night, but Fairfax would not suffer him to quit his family after the long and ill-repaid labours of the day, and opening the portmanteau he disposed of some necessary articles about him and prepared to go.

"Here is the change, sir," said Mrs. Halliday, taking up a number of shillings and sixpences which she had laid down, at her return, on one corner of the table.

"No, no," answered Fairfax; "keep it to get Susan some milk or broth every day; and I had nearly forgotten the money for the timber, Halliday. You said fifteen shillings would do?"

At the same time he took out his purse, and though there was both gold and silver in it, Ben Halliday saw that it was very meagre. "I really do not like, sir," said the poor man; "I dare say I can manage somehow."

"Not a word, Halliday," replied Fairfax, "there is the amount. It was a bargain, you know, that you should take it. Good night to you all. I shall see you again before I leave this part of the country;" and with thanks and blessings he departed.

"Don't you think Mr. Fairfax very dull and sad, Ben?" asked his wife when their visitor had departed. "Every now and then he seemed to mope sadly."

"I'll tell you what it is, Bella," replied her husband, "I know as well as if I could see it all; he's sad about Mr. Graham and Miss Margaret, and well he may be. He would fain help them too, if he could; but it is clear that he is not rich, and though he can help such as us, he can't help such as them, and every now and then he goes casting about in his head how to do it, and does not find a way anyhow. That is it, I am sure, because he would not talk of them at all."

But it is time to turn and explain many circumstances that were in Ben Halliday's mind at that moment.

CHAP. VII.

THE RUIN AND THE SACRIFICE.

WHEN Allan Fairfax quitted Allerdale House two years and a half before, Mr. Graham lay upon a bed of sickness. The attack had been sudden and unexpected, for he was a man temperate in all his habits, placid and equable in disposition, of a strong and healthy constitution, and showing no tendency to the disease which had assailed him. But his illness was not without a cause. Some slight anxiety had induced him, on the day of the expedition to Brugh, to go at an earlier hour than usual to Brownswick and allow his guests to proceed without him upon an excursion which he would have willingly shared. The anxiety was, as I have said, slight, very slight. He had written nearly a week before to a great merchant in Liverpool, whom he had aided in an extensive specu-

lation, and in fact befriended through life, for some information regarding the result of the operation of which he, Mr. Graham, had furnished about one-third of the funds, and he had received no answer to his letter. The sum at stake was about fifty thousand pounds, but to a man of Mr. Graham's wealth it was not sufficient to cause any great uneasiness. Nevertheless, he was a man of business, and he was not satisfied. He therefore set out for Brownswick to see the letters at the bank, and take whatever steps might be necessary, rather than enjoy a ride with his daughter and his friends. The first news that met him was that Messrs. — and Co. had failed, already gathered from the newspapers by his chief clerk. "There must be considerable assets," thought Mr. Graham, "and I am very sorry for them. If they had dealt more frankly, and told me the difficulty, perhaps I might have been able to avert so unfortunate a result."

He was turning over his letters while these ideas passed through his mind, and at length he fixed upon one the hand-writing on which he knew, and opened it. As he read his brow grew dark, and well it might do so, for he found that there would not be paid a shilling in the pound, that the man in whose honour he had trusted had been actually insolvent at the time when the money was advanced, and had borrowed it, merely to retrieve, if possible, his fallen fortunes, by risking another's means in a rash speculation.

"This is gambling," said Mr. Graham, "and gambling with other people's money. It is dishonourable—it is ungrateful." He felt the ingratitude more than all. It was indeed the first considerable sum he had ever lost, and it mortified him the more because it was the first; but the ingratitude of a man whom he had so often served and assisted, his want of confidence and frankness, inflicted a severe pang upon him, and he brooded over it during the whole day. "The money," he said to his head clerk, in directing him to answer the letter, "is a trifle compared with the insincerity and the want of good faith. Pray make them feel that I am less pained at the loss than at the deceit and ingratitude of the conduct pursued towards me."

Nevertheless, he pursued his usual habits for several hours, read the rest of his letters, answered many of them with his own hand, looked at various accounts, and prepared to return home, when the result of all was as we have already seen, a terrific apoplectic stroke. His good constitution came to the aid of his friend the surgeon, and he recovered from the fit of apoplexy which had seized him, but not entirely. Mr. Graham was never the same man as before. He had a numbness of the right arm and leg, the clear enunciation was gone, he tripped over small obstructions in his way, and his mind was not so clear and firm. It was the same with his fortunes as with his health. That day was the turning point of his fate; that blow he never wholly recovered. The conduct of his affairs was feeble and uncertain; neglected during six weeks of sickness, they became complicated, and small obstructions proved too much for him. Besides, the failure of the house in which he had trusted so fully, entailed the failure of several others with which he was connected. Other speculations turned out unfortunate, there were two runs upon the bank in one month; he was obliged to realise at a great loss; the jealous and the envious began to triumph and to decry. But why need I pursue all the painful details? In one short year, which, let it be remarked, was a year of crisis and of panic, Mr. Graham was a ruined man. Amidst all that he lost there was one

thing Graham did not lose—his honour and his sense of right and justice. He did not, when he found fortune unfavourable, and one thing failing after another, either discharge servants or change his style of living, for he believed that to do so would only injure his credit and render recovery hopeless; but he kept his eye always vigilantly upon his accounts, and when he found that nothing was left but barely sufficient to pay all he owed, and leave a mere competence for himself and his family, he announced his intention of stopping payment the next day. The same night his head clerk absconded with ten thousand pounds. Mr. Graham was a bankrupt; but still his property paid twenty shillings in the pound, and left over and above for himself and daughter, the sum of thirty pounds per annum, an old annuity which he had bought up, and, in ready money, one hundred pounds. Strange to say, this sad reverse affected his health much less than might have been anticipated. It was Mrs. Graham who suffered. She had many acquaintances who had flattered her prosperity; but her haughty assumption had not left her one friend to console or assist in adversity. Every neighbour triumphed in her fall; those whom she had mortified now sought and found many an occasion to mortify her in return. Mrs. Graham could not brook adversity, and she died within three months after the failure of her husband's bank.

When the announcement was made that the bank would stop payment next day, Mr. Graham had calculated that after paying all, six hundred per annum would be left to him, and the robbery of his clerk did not of course amount to a deprivation of the whole of that sum. But the most moderate men will in some degree overrate the value of their own possessions, and Mr. Graham had done so. Besides, expenses were incurred to a greater extent than he had expected, so that the result was, as I have said, beggary, or something very like it. When he gave up his property, he had taken a small and comfortable house in Brownswick, but when he discovered how much he had over-estimated his resources, that house was far too expensive for him, and he removed to a little cottage belonging to good Doctor Kenmore at the village of Allenchurch, which his friend put at his disposal furnished as it was. But then the stunning effect began to work, and one morning all power left the side which had been previously affected. In this state he still continued with his general bodily health good, but no capability of moving except with the assistance of his daughter, from his bed to his chair by the fire-side, and with his mental faculties, especially his memory, sadly impaired. It was not indeed that the powers of thought and reason were gone, they were only inert, and from time to time by a great effort, he could rouse himself to argue or to judge as sanely as ever. As very often happens, too, the qualities of the heart seemed to have become more keen and sensible, as the powers of mind and body had decayed. Affection, friendship, compassion of others, sympathy with suffering, were all more easily, and yet more deeply excited than in former years when reason was strong and active to guide and control them. But there is another of whom we have as yet said little in her day of adversity, and to her we must now turn.

Margaret Graham had in no degree given way under the evils which blasted her own prospects in life, ruined her father's fortune and health, and deprived her of her mother. The high qualities of her mind and

heart seemed but to rise in energy as opportunity was afforded for their exertion. Not a murmur escaped her lips, and although the first shock was terrible, yet it was for her father she felt, not for herself. If she wept, it was in her own chamber. None saw a tear in her eyes, or its trace upon her cheek. She was as cheerful in the small house at Browns-
wick as she had been in the mansion by the lake, and in the cottage at Allenchurch she was cheerful still. She had tended her mother through the short illness which ended in Mrs. Graham's death, with unremitting care ; she bore the peevishness and complaints of a proud, irritable, and disappointed woman in the hours of sickness and despair, with unflinching meekness and patience, and now she was the guardian angel of her father's declining life. She sat by him, she read to him, she watched him, and in every interval she laboured eagerly to turn those accomplishments which he had bestowed upon her youth to some account for the purpose of supporting his old age. She felt grateful to God that instruction had been afforded to her early, and that she had not neglected the opportunity. Yet it was difficult to render her talents available. Lessons she could not give, so that her knowledge of music was of no service. She could not leave Mr. Graham alone during the whole day, while she was teaching, with an inexperienced servant girl of fifteen, the only person to attend him. But she drew and painted in water-colours very beautifully, and she passed a great part of each day in painting landscapes, which she sent into the town for sale. The sum that she obtained for each was a mere trifle, and after a while she devised the means of rendering her skill more profitable. Few people in Browns-
wick had taste to appreciate the productions of her pencil, or inclination to buy a mere drawing. But multitudes were fond of painted baskets, and boxes, and bags, and not half the time was required by her ready fingers to complete a dozen of them which she would have expended on a finished drawing. Nevertheless, the resource was a very poor one ; it enabled her to supply a few comforts for her father, but that was all. By the end of the first year after the bankruptcy, the hundred pounds which remained after the payment in full of all claims, was nearly expended and nothing was left but the small annuity of thirty pounds. Margaret saw that another step must be taken in the descent, that the servant girl must be discharged, that she must do all and every thing herself ; but still Margaret Graham did not murmur. Her great difficulty was, how she should speak to her father upon such a step. She knew it would cause him a deep and terrible pang, not for his own sake so much as for hers, and she shrank from the task. Even when it was accomplished, she thought their situation would be terrible with nothing but thirty pounds each year to supply her own wants and the still greater ones of her father. If by her own exertions she could add twenty pounds each year to that sum it was as much as she could do, and perhaps more. The first step, however, must be to discharge the servant, and she determined to ask their good old friend Doctor Kenmore, who came to see Mr. Graham almost every day, to break the necessity to him. She took an opportunity of speaking to the worthy old man when he appeared one morning earlier than usual, and before her father was up. She laid before him a complete view of the case, and the worthy doctor was moved almost to tears.

"You are an angel, Margaret," he said, looking in her face, "You are an angel ; that's clear to me ; and I will tell you what we must do, my dear, we must cheat your poor father. Now, don't look surprised, for the

matter is only this. It was with the greatest difficulty in the world I got Graham to accept the loan of this cottage and furniture. He never would be beholden to any man for a penny in his life, even when he was a lad ; and when I spoke to him the other day about helping him a little, he got so excited that I thought he would have done himself harm. Now, Margaret, I have neither wife nor child, kith nor kin, and am well to do in the world. I don't spend one-half of what I have got ; and you must just let me make up your little income to one hundred a year, and not say a word to your father about it."

The beautiful face of Margaret Graham deepened greatly in colour ; but she laid her hand kindly and tenderly on that of the good old man, while she answered, "I cannot ; I must not ; I never deceived my father in any thing. I promised him solemnly never to have any concealment from him, and I dare not break my word. I would do any thing, my dear good friend, to obtain comforts and necessities for him ; I would work all day at teaching ; I would go out as a governess, only that he cannot spare me ; I would do any thing except deceive him, but that I cannot do, even in such a matter as this."

"Well, Margaret, well," said the old doctor, with a rueful shake of his head ; "you are as bad as your father. I will talk to him, and see what impression I can make upon him. He is my earliest, my best, and dearest friend : we were boys at school together ; and I am sure, if at any time I had wanted a thousand pounds, he would have given it to me without a thought. I will see what can be done with him ; but you must not discharge the lass before we have spoken further."

To this condition Margaret willingly consented ; but unhappily all the skill and friendly zeal of Doctor Kenmore were exerted upon Mr. Graham in vain. He said he would not live upon charity, or sponge upon friendship. If he required any thing further than his limited means allowed, he would demand it of the parish, where he had a right to apply ; and he added much more in the same strain, in which early habits of thought were seen, only rendered more keen and vehement by age and infirmity. There are certain maladies which, as is well-known, render the patient obstinate and pertinacious to an exceeding degree, and such is, I believe, usually the case in affections of the brain similar to that under which Mr. Graham was suffering. Argument on a subject in regard to which he had long before made up his mind only irritated him, and rendered him more attached to his own opinion, so that Doctor Kenmore was obliged to give the matter up in despair, only beseeching Margaret to keep the servant on till the cold weather was past. He himself, in the meantime, was more frequently than ever at the cottage, and Margaret had often the pleasure of seeing some dish upon the table which she had not ordered, some little addition to their comfort which she herself would not have ventured to think of. Now it was a large salmon, now some fine trout, now game, now the Christmas turkey and chine. She divined easily where all these presents came from, but she took care to ask no questions, as they were sent to her father, not herself, and Mr. Graham, in his feeble state, did not remark the fact, or compare very nicely his own means and the expense which such delicacies would imply. But Margaret remarked also that various articles of consumption which might be classed under the head of necessities lasted amazingly long. It was wonderful to what an extent a ton of coals would protract themselves, and with lights it was the same. She saw through the friendly fraud, and was somewhat uneasy ;

but what could she do? Old Doctor Kenmore seemed utterly unconscious; he came and went every day, and sometimes twice, but he never spoke of coals or candles, or any thing of the kind. One day, on the 25th of March, he seemed a little uneasy when Mr. Graham directed his daughter to write to Sheffield for the usual certificate of the existence of the person on whose life his little annuity was granted; but he replied—

“Let me write for it, Graham. Margaret has plenty else to do.”

A terrible doubt instantly took possession of Margaret's mind; and her face turned very pale; but she dared ask no question at the time, and her father readily consented to his friend's proposal. The life on which the annuity was secured was better than her father's by twenty years; but yet there was something odd in Doctor Kenmore's manner, and it seemed certain to Margaret that their last prop was struck from under them. It was three days after that when she first had an opportunity of speaking to the old surgeon alone; but then she seized it immediately. Uncertainty, she thought, was worse than any reality, and stopping their kind friend as he was hurrying away through the little garden, she said—

“Stay, stay a moment. There is one question I have to ask you, dear doctor. What made you so anxious to write about the annuity?”

“Because I thought I could manage matters of business better than a girl,” replied Doctor Kenmore, abruptly, and was again hurrying away.

Margaret detained him, however, laying her hand upon his arm and saying—

“One question more; I must know the truth,—is Mr. Jones dead?”

The old man turned towards her and gazed in her face with a look of solemn earnestness, and then took her hand in his.

“Margaret,” he said, after a pause, “will you be my wife?—I say will you be my wife? for, on my soul, that is the only way that I see of helping you and your father.”

Margaret's surprise was very great. Such an idea had never crossed her mind—the possibility of such a thing had never struck her. But then came crowding upon her mind all the particulars of her father's situation; his and her utter destitution; his broken health; his hopeless prospects; his need of care and constant watchfulness; the utter impossibility of her supporting him without leaving him; his desolation and wretchedness if she did—all; all came rushing upon her like a torrent, carrying away every obstacle, every repugnance. One moment of terrible struggle took place within her; and then gazing in the old man's face, seriously and sadly she asked—

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, Margaret, I am,” he answered in a tone as grave as her own; “there is but a choice of evils, my dear young lady. I have done what I could; I have been anxious to do more, but I have been prevented, as you know. I have turned the matter over and over again in my own mind, and I see nothing on earth that I can propose but this. It is hard upon you, Margaret, I know; but as my wife you will have a home for your father with every sort of comfort which you could desire and which his situation needs. Neither will it be as if he went to the house of a stranger. He will sit down for the rest of his life by the fireside of his earliest friend. Consider of it, Margaret, my dear. I do not ask you to decide hastily, for I am only moved by one feeling in all this: affection and friendship for you and him. Consider of it.”

"No," said Margaret, warmly, taking his hand in hers, "I will not consider of it. I say yes, at once, with deep and heartfelt gratitude for all your kindness, and I will try to the very best of my power to repay it to the utmost."

The old surgeon pressed her hand, saying, "I know you, Margaret; I know you well, and although there is not another woman in England whom I would ask to be an old man's wife, yet I am sure you will love me as much as you can, and will leave nothing on earth undone to make my last years comfortable and happy. Of my own fate I have no fear, and in regard to yours, I will try hard to make you banish all regret. Now I had better go and tell your father."

"No," said Margaret Graham, "no, I will tell him myself; for he may ask questions which no one but myself can answer, and it is better that it should be all done at once."

She paused a moment, and then added, "I will tell him that you offer me as much happiness as I believe it is possible for me to know in life."

"You are a good girl, Margaret," said the old surgeon, with an almost sorrowful shake of the head; "you are a dear good girl."

"And you are the best and kindest of men," answered Margaret, with tears in her eyes; and turning away, she left him and went into the room where her father sat.

"You have been talking a long time in the garden with Kenmore, my love," said Mr. Graham; "now, remember, Margaret, I will have no borrowing money that we cannot pay, I would rather go into the work-house than do that."

"We have not been talking about that at all, my dear father," said Margaret, in a cheerful tone—a very cheerful tone. "He has just been proposing to me that which makes me as happy as any thing within the bounds of probability could, I believe, make me. He has been proposing that I should marry him."

"You, Margaret!" exclaimed Mr. Graham. "You marry Kenmore! Why he is two years older than I am."

"I do not think that matters," answered Margaret; "and of one thing I am very sure, that amongst all the younger men who were once our acquaintance and have now forgotten us, I should not find one more generous, good, and kind. Besides, these things depend a good deal upon taste, and I am quite certain, my dear father, that, take the country for forty miles round, there is no one I should prefer to himself."

"Indeed; indeed;" said Mr. Graham, "well, my love, well; but I did think——. However I will not try to control you. You always judge right, my Margaret; but you must let me live near you. I must see you every day."

"And all day long, my dear father," answered Margaret Graham. "I would not have consented to enter any house of which you were not to be an inhabitant; but Dr. Kenmore thought of that himself, as he does, indeed, of every thing that can make us comfortable."

"Well; it is very strange," said Mr. Graham, and fell into a deep fit of thought.

Cheerful smiles are very often paid for by bitter tears, and it was so in some degree with Margaret Graham. When she had retired to rest, and her door was locked, she wept for more than an hour; but the next

morning she rose again, apparently as cheerful as ever. But scenes are coming on, the details of which we must dwell upon somewhat more minutely.

CHAP. VIII.

THE INAUSPICIOUS MARRIAGE.

THE matter of the marriage was talked over between Mr. Graham and his old friend; but Doctor Kenmore saw clearly that Margaret knew best how to reconcile her father to an arrangement by no means consonant to his own views, and he therefore followed as she led. The worthy doctor, too, became smarter in his appearance. He had his long grey hair cut by the most fashionable barber in Brownswick. He no longer affected the modes of thirty years before, but came out in a brand new suit of black, with trousers upon his legs; but his buckles—the beloved buckles in his shoes, which had belonged to his father, perhaps his grandfather—those he would not part with. His house was hastily put in order; and all the people of Brownswick began to ask, “What is going to happen to Doctor Kenmore?” It was soon buzzed about that he was going to marry Miss Graham, and some laughed, and some said “Poor thing,” and some declared that they detested mercenary matches; but all agreed in the story that it was to take place immediately, and on this point they were right. Margaret did not seek for any delay; her mind was made up, her fate was sealed, and she thought it would be wrong and insulting to a benefactor to show the slightest appearance of reluctance.

March had passed away into April, the marriage was to take place in a week; and Doctor Kenmore had just left Mr. Graham and his daughter, when a note was brought up to Margaret in her room, with information that the messenger waited for an answer. She did not know the hand, but she opened it hastily. It contained the following words, and was dated from the “White Lion,” the great inn at Brownswick:—

“Dear Miss Graham,” the writer said, “I have just come back from India, in which distant land I was ordered to join my regiment immediately after I last saw you. On my return I found much melancholy intelligence awaiting me; but my first journey has been to Cumberland, where clearer tidings of all that has befallen you and yours reached me last night. I know that Mr. Graham is ill and does not receive any visitors, but allow me to plead the privilege of an old friend, and beg of you to let me have the pleasure of seeing you for a few minutes, even if your excellent father is himself too unwell to give me admission. I would not venture to come in person without asking your permission, but I do trust and hope that you have not yet entirely forgotten

“Yours faithfully and ever,

“ALLAN FAIRFAX.”

Margaret laid down the note upon the table, and trembled violently. “Yours faithfully and ever,” she repeated in a low, sad tone; but the very next instant she added,

“This is weak, this is wrong,” and opening her writing-desk she sat down to answer the letter. For a moment she felt sick and giddy; the

paper seemed to move to and fro under her eyes ; her hand would hardly hold the pen ; but Margaret had learned the hard lesson of making the high purpose of the soul command the thoughts of the mind and support the body in its weakness ; and, after a struggle, she wrote words that almost broke her heart to trace.

"My dear sir," she said, "we have not forgotten you, believe me ; and under any other circumstances I should be extremely happy to see you, and thank you for your kind interest. My father is somewhat better in health than he was, but still our situation is such that I must, with great regret, decline the pleasure of your visit. At some future time I trust I shall be better able than now to express the thanks of

"Your old acquaintance

"MARGARET GRAHAM."

She would not read it over when she had written it, but sealed it hastily, and calling the maid, directed her to give it to the messenger. When that was done and she was alone, she sat and gazed at the paper which bore the handwriting of Fairfax, and it was several minutes before she moved. She then only uttered the words "madness and folly !" and taking up the note she put it in the fire. It burned slowly away, a small spark lingered and wandered here and there, and then went out, leaving all black.

"Such has been my fate !" said Margaret, to herself ; "I will think of it no more—no, no, not for a moment."

During the evening she was very grave, but the next morning she resumed her ordinary demeanour, and nothing occurred for two days that could shake it. Then, indeed, old Doctor Kenmore told her, in an ordinary tone, that in going his usual round of visits he had seen a young gentleman whom he recollected having once met in the grounds at Allerdale with Mr. Graham.

"I have not told your father, my dear," he continued, "because I thought it might vex him to hear the lad was wandering about down here, without ever trying to see his old friend."

Margaret was agitated ; but she would not hear a charge against Allan Fairfax unrefuted, and she replied,

"No, my dear doctor, he did try to see my father. He wrote a note to me expressing a wish to come, but I declined, as indeed I have done with every one."

"You did right, Margaret," replied Doctor Kenmore, "Graham should be kept free from all agitation that can be avoided, and the very name of Allerdale moves him a good deal still."

There ended the conversation ; and the wedding-day came rapidly. I will not attempt to pry into the secrets of Margaret's heart ; I will not inquire what the passing moments brought to her ; I will not dwell upon the thoughts of the day or of the night, as one after the other went by hurrying on the moment of her fate. She grew somewhat pale and thin in that last week ; but she gave no one cause to say that she seemed melancholy. A little graver than usual she might be ; but what woman can prepare to change the whole relations of her life, to enter upon a new and all-important task, and not be thoughtful. In all else but that light shade of meditation, her demeanour was to every eye the same as

usual. She smiled sweetly upon her father, kindly upon the good old surgeon was pleased with all he did to please her, and approved and confirmed all the arrangements he had made. She preferred only one request, that the marriage might be as private as possible, and to that Doctor Kenmore readily agreed.

"We will have nobody there, Margaret, but our ourselves and the lawyer, and your old acquaintance, Miss Harding. The people who came would only very mistakenly call us two fools, me an old one and you a young one; but we will not mind what they say—a nine days' wonder never lasts ten."

Mr. Graham did not meet matters quite so calmly as his daughter. He seemed ill at ease, and often sighed heavily, and though Margaret, whenever she saw his spirits depressed, talked cheerfully of coming years, yet it seemed to have little effect. He had watched her mind and character from the cradle; and perhaps even though stricken with severe infirmity and enfeebled in body and mind, the parent's eye saw the daughter's heart.

His corporeal health, however, did not seem to suffer; on the contrary, leaning on Margaret's arm, he walked slowly out into the garden. He went the next day, in his good old friend's little phaeton, to see the room prepared for him at Dr. Kenmore's house, and he showed himself pleased with all the arrangements made for his comfort, and still more with the attention paid to Margaret's tastes and habits. He approved, too, of the plan which Margaret proposed, namely, that after the ceremony he should remain for the rest of the day at the cottage, while she went to take possession of her new dwelling, and that early the next morning the doctor's phaeton should come to bring him to Brownswick, Margaret took care that an old and faithful servant of her future husband should be ordered to stay at the cottage to watch and assist him during that day, and he seemed so well that she had no fears.

The day preceding the marriage was a busy one for Dr. Kenmore; he had a thousand things to do besides seeing all his most important patients. The good doctor himself was fatigued, though he was a hale, active little man, and his handsome, short-legged cob was completely knocked up. But that day went by, and the sun rose upon another.

The little church of Allenchurch was, luckily, some way out of the village; there was no crowd, no gazers, and Margaret Graham stood before the altar with her father's old schoolfellow. It was a fine, clear Spring day, one of the first which had visited the world that year, and Margaret Graham wanted yet three months and a day of being two-and-twenty—Doctor Kenmore was sixty-eight. She had dressed herself very plainly, and in a manner to make her look older than she was, but nothing could conceal that she was very young, and very, very beautiful. Her whole demeanour through the service was what any one who knew her well would have expected of Margaret Graham—a graceful, quiet, grave; but it was very calm also. The trial was not then—it was over.

The words were spoken, and she said "I will" distinctly; the ring was upon her finger—she was Doctor Kenmore's wife. The curtain fell between her and the past; the prospect of the future was clear before her—clear and cold!

It was impossible for Mr. Graham to be present; the vicar of his former parish gave Margaret away, and she and her husband drove at once to the cottage where her father waited to see them before they went to

their home. They stayed with him about an hour, and then immediately turned to Brownswick. Doctor Kenmore had gone to the church in a pair of tied shoes, but as soon as he got home he resumed his large silver buckles, declaring that his feet felt cold without them.

There were a great many things to be seen to and arranged about the house, so that there was plenty of occupation till dinner-time, for the good surgeon's habits were like his clothes, in an old fashion, and he dined at four exactly. A few minutes before that time, he pointed out to Margaret a large iron safe in his own little study, saying,

"In there, my dear, are all my papers of importance; and they are valuable, for God has prospered my handiwork, and there are several mortgages and deeds; but, above all, my will, which I made a week ago in such terms as to render it effectual if I died before or after my marriage."

Before Margaret could answer, the good doctor's footman came in to inform him that one Mr. Lifrid was there to pay his bill. The surgeon was inclined to send him away again, but the bill was a heavy one, amounting to nearly a hundred pounds. Mr. Lifrid was going away to London, and Doctor Kenmore went out to receive him. When he returned he had a roll of notes and some gold in his hand, but it was announced at the same time that dinner was upon the table, and thrusting the money into his pocket he led his bride to the table. Hardly, however, were the soup and fish gone when the bell rang violently, and Doctor Kenmore said to the servant, in a very imperative tone,

"I will go out to see no one, let them go to Mr. M'Swine's, he's as good a doctor as I am, and thinks himself better."

The man returned in a moment, but his face was very grave, and he whispered a word or two in Doctor Kenmore's ear. The old surgeon's countenance fell.

"Order round the phaeton directly," he replied; and Margaret gazing at him inquiringly, said,

"My father?"

The old surgeon rose and took her hand, answering,

"I will go and see him, my dear, and come back and let you know how he is going on."

But Margaret answered,

"I must go with you," and he made no objection.

They were both clad for going forth, and standing in the passage with the door half-open, waiting for the phaeton, when a poor woman, dressed as the wife of a labourer of the lowest class, looked in, laying her hand at the same time upon the bell; but Doctor Kenmore stopped her, saying,

"What do you want, Mrs. Halliday? I cannot see any body to-night—I am going out, Mr. Graham has fallen down in another fit."

"Ah, poor gentleman!" said Mrs. Halliday; "I don't want to stop you, sir, and indeed I have no right; but Ben is very bad, poor fellow; he came home yesterday with a stitch in his side, and to-day he cannot fetch his breath at all, and is terrible red in the face and restless. I went over this morning to the Union to get an order for the doctor to see him, that is seven miles, and then I had to come here for Mr. M'Swine, and that is nine more, and Mr. M'Swine is out, and his shop-boy says he won't be home till ten or eleven, and poor Ben says he is sure he will die, and I am ready to drop."

"And seven miles more to walk home," said Doctor Kenmore; "I

will see your husband—he is a good man—I will see him. Here, come in and take a glass of wine; M'Swine is in, but he does not choose to go," continued the surgeon, muttering to himself, "this comes of farming out the poor to the lowest contractor—I will see your husband before I sleep, Mrs. Halliday," and he poured the woman out a large glass of wine, adding, however, some water, to prevent it from getting into her head.

By the time this was all done the phaeton was at the door, and hurrying away with his wife and the servant (not without a regret that there was no place in the small vehicle for Mrs. Halliday), the good old man drove to Allenchurch, and arrived at the door of Mr. Graham's residence just as night fell.

The door was opened as soon as the sound of wheels were heard, and Margaret ran in, inquiring eagerly for her father. The woman replied that he seemed a little better, and she instantly hurried to his room. In the meanwhile, Doctor Kenmore had ordered his servant calmly to drive the horse back to Brownswick, but not to go to bed before twelve unless he heard from him, and having given these orders he also entered the house and went to the room where Mr. Graham lay. As soon as he saw him and heard his breathing, he said, •

"Margaret, my dear, we must remain here all night; this is a case in which I cannot bleed him, for though it might produce temporary relief it would be followed by more serious evils. We must proceed more slowly but more safely, and I trust we shall succeed. He must be raised up and the head sponged with cold water; bottles of hot water to the feet directly, and if we can get some *sal volatile* down so much the better."

All was done which the good old surgeon recommended; the stertorous breathing ceased in about an hour; Mr. Graham moved his right arm and put his hand to his head, and a moment or two after opened his eyes and looked round confusedly. The next instant he closed them again, and fell into a quiet and gentle sleep with easy breathing, and a face, which had previously been very pale and covered with profuse perspiration, but which now resumed its natural hue.

"Now every thing must be kept quite quiet," said the good old doctor, in a whisper, to Margaret; "reaction will take place in a few hours, and then he must lose a little blood, after which I trust he will be quite safe. You sit by him, my dear, till I return; for I must not forget poor Ben Halliday, and there is nothing to be done here for six hours at least."

"But you have sent away the phaeton, have you not?" asked Margaret, somewhat anxiously; and going to the window she looked out.

"Never mind, my dear, I will walk," said Doctor Kenmore; "it is a beautiful evening, and the quarter moon there, just rising over the trees round the church will light me better than the sun. I shan't be long, for I know what is the matter with Halliday already. He has got inflammation of the lungs, and I must bleed him largely. To-morrow it will be too late, and M'Swine would let the poor fellow die,—so good night, my dear, for the present."

Thus saying, good Doctor Kenmore departed, and Margaret sat down to watch by her father's bed-side, falling into a long, sad fit of meditation, which lasted for a considerable time. Hour went by on hour, eight, nine, ten o'clock came, eleven ~~and~~ twelve approached, and Doctor Kenmore did not come.

THE NORWEGIAN LOVERS.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

O'er the drift snows the wild wind blows,
Whitely lash the seas ashore ;
Dimly and dark rocks the lone bark
That shall carry my lady o'er.

Fear not the deep, nor wild winds' sweep,
Our keel is good, our oars are long :
Though gulfs profound no line may sound,
Hearts are true and Love is strong.

Fly to the strand of another land,
Brighter than this, and safer too ;
None shall molest our island nest,
Far in the depths of morning blue !

By earth I swear, and by the air,
By this black sky and yonder sea,
Vain is breath, and life's but death,
While my heart's away from thee.

No suns may shine with light divine,
No needle point my passage true,
Nor favouring gales impel my sails,
While my heart's away from you.

Thou tyrant sea, I summon thee !
Speak my bearing when away ?
Though eyes like mine may show no brine,
Souls will pine in deep decay.

Where'er we go 'tis peaks of snow
Rage the most with secret fire ;
So ice and cloud but serve to shroud
Burning hearts that ne'er expire.

This silent shore that hears no more
Echoes of our nightly hymn,
Too well attests that voiceless breasts,
Clasp the love that ne'er grows dim.

My life is fraught with one sole thought :
Thine it is, and thine alone ;—
By day or night, in dark or light,
Heart and soul are all thy own.

Fear not, my Flower ! this murky hour,
Love in love may all believe.
Towards only cheat the lonely,
Noble hearts can ne'er deceive !

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

CHAP. I.

Richard Cumberland -- Commencement of our Acquaintance -- The Bill of Exchange and Conversation Sharpe -- The Pic-Nic Newspaper, its Editor and Contributors, Mr. Bedford, Colonel Greville, Sir James Bland Burges, Mr. John Wilson Croker, Mr. C. J. Herries, the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' and Mr. Combe -- Whimsical Jeu d'Esprit.

THE Parthian shot his arrows backwards, as he fled from Death ;—it is my present purpose to do the same as I speed towards it, for at my advanced time of life the beneficent power that “ rocks the cradle of declining age,” must soon hush me into the long and calm sleep that knows no dreams, and fears not a disturbance. Recollections there are, fond and trivial though they may prove, which I would fain rescue from the grave ere it closes around me. Many literary men have I known slightly, and some few intimately ; but, alas ! out of the whole galaxy, how many have gone to join the lost Pleiad ! My memory can only exercise itself by walking through a cemetery. It must subsist, like the ghouls of oriental fable, by preying upon the dead : such is the penalty that we Graybeards pay for prolonged existence. Penalty ?—I should have said privilege. What ! Shall we regret the loss of literary friends, when we ought rather to rejoice that we once enjoyed their possession ? The privation we share with the whole world ; the acquaintanceship was an honour and a delight wherein we find but a few select participants. Oh ! if men would but fairly measure their gains against their losses, and adapt their gratitude to the graciousness of Heaven, how rare would be their discontent, how general and how cordial their thanksgivings !

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

says one of our poets, and if this be true, even of a material object, how immeasurably more joyous must be the recollection of any mental beauty that has once charmed us. As we grow older, this retrospective gratification becomes spread over a longer and more prolific period, while the prospective term for which we may have to endure vexations and annoyances is continually diminishing. So many, indeed, and so various are the advantages of senility, that I have ever considered life as a sort of Tontine for the benefit of survivors.

“ How then ! ” methinks I hear the reader exclaim, “ is it your purpose to present to us a prose ‘ Elegy in a country churchyard ? ’ ” No, most excusable remonstrant ! We are not about to deal with the illustrious obscure, either rural or metropolitan, but with men who have attained literary celebrity in their day, although a portion of them, unentitled to the name of master spirits, may, perhaps, be classed among the *Dii Minores* in the auctorial Pantheon. Others, we may incidentally notice who have never figured as writers, but have been so closely associated with the candidates for literary renown, as to warrant some passing allu-

sion. Horace tells us but little about Mæcenas, and the friends to whom his Odes are addressed ; but even that modicum we " would not willingly let die," for however slight may have been their collision with the magnet, it has imparted to them a portion of its own attractive power. " Before I was kiss'd by thee," said the scented clay to the rose, in the Persian tale, " I was but a piece of common earth, whereas I am now endow'd with a delicious and enduring perfume."

System and chronological order, in these discursive notices, I do not profess to observe with any rigour. When the drunken man was asked why he reeled from one foot-pavement to another, he replied, " Because I have business to do on both sides of the street." Such be my excuse, if, in the garrulity produced by having drained life's cup nearly to the bottom, I sometimes stagger, with an apparent tipsiness, from one subject to another. Such also be my extenuating plea, if in relating occurrences *quorum pars minima fui*, I am compelled to use the personal pronoun more frequently than may seem becoming to the fastidious. No pains shall I take to substitute the third for the first person. There is a degree of egotism even in disclaiming it, for conceit often wears the mask of humility.

First in eminence, and nearly the first in point of time, among the writers whom I have had the honour and the pleasure of knowing, was the celebrated Richard Cumberland ; and the circumstances that led to our acquaintance remain vividly impressed upon my recollection, although nearly half a century has elapsed since their occurrence. At that period I was a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, more attentive, I fear, to light literature and the drama, than to bills of exchange, invoices, and charterparties ; but, young as I was, I felt much annoyed at the spectacles and gorgeous shows which then began to be so frequently substituted for the legitimate drama. As I had bought a ticket of admission to one of the two principal theatres, and was a very frequent visitant, the nightly repetition of pieces that would not bear being seen more than once or twice, was sorely trying to my patience, which at last fairly gave way before the continued exhibition of a worthless popular spectacle, the success of which arose from the novel introduction of real water on the stage, and the apparent saving of a child's life by the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog.

In this discontented mood, I sat down one night, indignation being my muse, and composed a short poem, lamenting the decay of public taste, and the encouragement given to dumb shows, to the neglect of such sterling productions as the " West Indian," " The Jew," " First Love," " The Wheel of Fortune," &c., to the author of which comedies I respectfully dedicated my effusion, and after having subscribed my name and address, forwarded it to him by the post. That so distinguished a writer as Mr. Cumberland would seek out, or even take any notice of a scribbler so utterly unknown as myself, never entered into my contemplation ; but my complimentary tribute most unexpectedly laid the basis of a friendship with which he honoured me up to the time of his death in 1811.

Oh, how distinctly does memory conjure up, even out of the old world shadows of the last century, the scene of our first interview ! In a large counting-house, exhibiting all the strict formality of the civic *ancien régime*, sat my employer, a stern, anxious-looking merchant, ensconced in

a detached bureau, which opened into a small inner room for confidential parleys; opposite to him, at an elevated pulpit-desk, stood the grey-headed book-keeper, turning over the leaves of a gigantic ledger with as little noise as possible; at a large square desk below, surmounted by a brass rail, sat several powder-headed clerks, mostly in black; and upon high stools, against a mahogany slope, might be seen two youngsters, with long flowing locks, myself being one of the pair. All were busily occupied; not a sound was heard except the incessant scratching of quill pens upon coarse paper, when the door opened, and a person entered, whose appearance gave instant assurance that he belonged not to the skippers, brokers, and agents, nor even to any of the higher commercial classes of the city. It was an old gentleman of distinguished appearance, whose somewhat large and profusely powdered head was flanked with cannon curls, and endorsed with a substantial pig-tail; his corbeau-coloured suit was of antique cut, and he bore a gold-headed cane. The grey brows gave a dullish expression to his eyes, the nose prominent and well-shaped, was more than usually distant from the somewhat compressed mouth, which relaxed into a smile of the blandest courtesy as he peered round the room, and said, in a voice of winning suavity—

"Is Mr. — at home?"

"We have two of that name," replied the nearest clerk, "which of them do you want?"

With a strange deficiency of tact which, as I afterwards discovered, formed one of his characteristics, the visitant answered,

"I want Mr. —, the poet."

So totally unprecedented was the demand for such an article in that locality, that all the clerks gazed at the speaker with looks of a slightly contemptuous surprise, while the grave merchant, widening the aperture of the narrow curtain that fringed his tabernacle, frowned grimly out, and petulantly pronouncing the words—"We have no *Poet* here, sir," again drew the curtain, and resumed his writing.

Now was it that the name and the object of the visitant, as well as the ridicule, and perhaps obloquy to which his disclosure would expose me, rushing suddenly upon my mind, I felt my cheeks burn with shame, and stooping close to my paper, I shook my profuse locks over my face, as if I would conceal myself, and deny my identity. A moment's reflection convincing me that this was impossible, I jumped from my tall stool, hurried my unwelcome visitant into the ante-room, and carefully shut the door behind me, when he announced himself as Mr. Cumberland, and inquired my name.

"What!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment which, if not really felt, was exceedingly well feigned, "so young, and yet the writer of those beautiful verses!"

On my owning the soft impeachment, he overwhelmed me with a profusion of embraces, compliments, and thanks, concluding a glowing eulogium, to which I listened in blushing silence, by expressing a wish to be introduced to my father, at whose residence he had called, and had been referred to that of the merchant.

Here was a fresh source of embarrassment, for I knew that my parent, although he himself indulged in occasional dalliance with the Muse, was anxious to check such tendencies in his son, more especially when they assumed a theatrical turn. However, he kindly suppressed all feeling of

dissatisfaction, and was so much flattered by the encomiastic expressions of his visitant, whose manner was singularly polished and ingratiating, that he pressed him to stay dinner, an invitation which was accepted with renewed acknowledgments.

Such was the origin of an acquaintance, which eventually ripening into an enduring friendship, procured me the honour of being associated with this distinguished writer in more than one literary undertaking. Of the stanzas which first won his regard, I cannot recollect a single line, and as this may appear inconsistent with my vivid impression of all the accompanying circumstances, it may be right to state, that although my memory easily retains poetic passages from other writers, I quickly forget every thing of my own, an exercise of judgment which might deserve credit, were it not involuntary. That I encountered much ridicule, not unmingled with contempt, from my fellow clerks, may be easily imagined; and upon one occasion, when I had made an error in calculating the exchange upon an Irish bill, I was sneeringly asked by the merchant whether I had been thinking of poetry instead of arithmetic. Utterly disproportioned as must have been the laudations I received to the effusion by which they were elicited, they served to confirm my predilection for literature, and thus had a marked effect upon my subsequent career.

As our intimacy increased, my new friend always called upon me when he visited the city. Upon one occasion I accompanied him to the counting-house of Messrs. Boddingtons and Sharpe, with the latter of whom (the well-known conversation Sharpe) Mr. Cumberland was well acquainted. As his object was to borrow money upon a Bill of Exchange, I did not accompany him into the house, but awaited his return in Fenchurch-street, where he presently joined me, evidently in high dudgeon, buttoning up his coat with a nervous irritation, and muttering between his clenched teeth, "Shabby Sharpe!"—"Stingy Sharpe!"—"Close-fisted Sharpe!" winding up his abusive epithets with the loud and vehement execration of the words, "*Hatter Sharpe!*" As in this latter phrase a considerable portion of his anger seemed to have evaporated, I ventured to ask him, after a little delay, why the term had been so emphatically applied, when he informed me that his friend had refused the accommodation for which he had applied, and that he had originally been a hatter! At any other time he would have perceived that any man's elevation, by his own talents and exertions, is an honour rather than a reproach; but the dramatist was irritable, and at the moment in question, was disappointed of assistance which he had confidently anticipated.

The first literary work in which I had the distinction of being connected, *longissimo intervallo*, with Mr. Cumberland, was the "*Pic-Nic*" weekly newspaper, established in 1802 by Colonel Greville, for the double purpose of vindicating the theatrical entertainments which he had given, in conjunction with M. Texier, and of checking the scandalous personalities with which some of the newspapers were in the habit of assailing the aristocracy. The principal contributors, in addition to Mr. Cumberland, were Colonel Greville, Sir James Bland Burges, Monsieur Peltier, Mr. Croker, Mr. J. C. Herries, Mr. Bedford, James and Horace Smith, and Mr. Combe; all of them writing *gratuitously*, except the last-mentioned gentleman, who was the editor, and who had long been living in the Rules of the King's Bench. As he could not safely emerge

from that sanctuary during the daytime, our weekly meetings, for the arrangement of the paper, were held every Thursday night, at the residence of Hatchard, the publisher, in Piccadilly, opposite to York House, then beginning to rejoice in its new name of the Albany. Of the party thus assembled in an obscure back room, for the conduct of an insignificant and short-lived periodical, several attained a subsequent eminence which at that time none could have anticipated. Mr. Herries, then a clerk in the Treasury, and contributing ponderous financial articles, little in accordance with the fashionable character of the newspaper, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Croker, after attaining and holding for many years the important post of Secretary to the Admiralty, also distinguished himself as a writer. The two Smiths jumped into sudden and easy celebrity by their lucky hit of the "Rejected Addresses," the younger brother becoming further known as a successful novelist, and living (a rare piece of good fortune) to see the *twenty-first* edition of the little work which originally made him known. In the biographical memoir prefixed to his deceased brother's "Comic Miscellanies," he has made brief allusion to those "Pic-Nic" meetings, as well as to the strange history of the editor, and has given extracts from some of James Smith's contributions, under the title of "Enelymion the Exile."

Of Mr. Bedford I retain not the smallest recollection; the unfathomable vortex of London life whirled him out of my sight, when the newspaper was consigned to the great oblivion wallet of Time; but should he still be a dweller on this "visible diurnal sphere," I hereby waft to him in his abiding place, a friendly, albeit an anonymous reminiscence.

Colonel Greville, once the handsomest and most successful of the gay Lotharios about town, though no longer young when I thus became acquainted with him, used so many appliances of art to conceal the ravages of time, that it would still seem to require many years to make a regular Sir Peter Teazle of him. When his constitution and his fortune were both shattered, he married a well-dowered dame of title, and took a handsome house in Manchester Square, where I occasionally dined, and still recollect the fashionable free and easy, but always urbane, manners which, although he did not possess any social qualities of high order, made him a pleasant companion, and imparted a grace to his hospitable board. At a subsequent period, owing, I believe, to a return of his old complaint,—impecuniosity—he accepted an appointment in one of our colonies, where the gay and handsome Harry, the admired of all beholders, found himself so completely out of his element, that he soon sank into the grave. To my young eyes, unaccustomed to contemplate any specimens of the *beau monde*, he then presented himself as a modification of the Sir Harry Wildairs, and similar rakes, who formed the life of our old comedies.

Sir James Bland Burges, who had once, I believe, occupied a subordinate government appointment, was a stiff, formal, gentlemanly person, whose principal contributions were a series of papers under the title of "The Man in the Moon," meant to be satirical and smart, but which, like himself, were respectable and dull. At his house in Westminster, close to the Birdcage Walk, I occasionally met Cumberland at dinner, but our meetings were partially chilled by the frigid and somewhat stately fashion in which our host dispensed his hospitalities. When Sir James attempted to be playful, he suggested the idea of a Quaker on the tight rope, but the following *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the "Cabinet," may,

perhaps, be thought worthy of republication, as an exercise for the youngsters who are just beginning their Greek grammar.

"Sir, I am but an ignorant girl myself, but my sister Winnifred, who was brought up by my uncle, the parson in Worcestershire, has learning enough to puzzle all the curates in the county. I got a letter from her by the last post, which I can make neither head nor tail of, so I send it to you, and beg you to print it, that somebody who can make out these pot-hooks and hangers, may be so good-humoured as to turn it into plain English, which will much oblige your dutiful servant to command.

"MARGERY DAW."

"A number of engagements have prevented me from writing to you sooner, and I had nothing N to send. I dined yesterday with Doctor T liel P lips, where we had a B A maged by keeping, a carp whose P was excellent, and A U. The wine, as usual, was A bout, and the men drank whenever they H B meat. But as ill-luck would have it, the cat came in and began to M. I was afraid she would have flown in my face, or torn my Ks, she leaped upon Oble. This made a r I way I ran, but tumbled down the stEG lay senseless, but soon revived, and roared out O. I know you will say P to all this, and therefore will conclude, for fear of Tology. Your loving sister,—

"WINNIFRED DAW.

"P.S. You have not sent me the gaz a long while."

Sir James became subsequently associated with Cumberland in an epic poem entitled the Exodiad, which not even the unction of religion could embalm. Of Sir James's own exody, which could not have been long delayed after this joint publication, my mind retains no trace, whether as to time or circumstance. *Requiescat in pace!*

To the late James Smith I need not make allusion, as his memoirs have been so recently published by his brother. Peltier, whose trial in 1803 for a libel on the First Consul Buonaparte, and whose defence, by Mackintosh, excited so much public attention, hath long since passed away. The grim serjeant *pallida mors* hath shielded him from the *consularis Lictor*.

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus,

can disturb him more, and we may now address him in the words of Arviragus,—

Fear no more the frown of the great
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.

Combe long since obtained his legitimate discharge from the rules of the Bench by paying the debt—of Nature. To the others whom I have enumerated among the principal contributors to the "Pic-Nic," I may not thus freely refer. *Vivunt et vivant!*

Their respective contributions, however, will be briefly noticed in a following paper, and I shall then continue my reminiscences of Cumberland.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

BY ANDREW WINTER, ESQ.

With dancing plumes they brought me up here dead;
 Dead, and to lie until the end of time.
 They cursed me ere the priest had shut his book,
 And cast a stone down for the clod of earth—
 And here they left me on this hill side bleak,
 Face unto face with my offended God.

Here must I lie within my narrow bed,
 And over gazing upwards must I read
 The sneering lies they've graven on my tomb
 Touching the merits of the rich deceased;
 Whilst texts of Scripture, garnished round with clouds,
 And gilded angels at the corners set,
 Mask with a smile my dark and utter woe.

Welcome to me each little sound that breaks
 The hideous vigil that I'm forced to keep.
 The sheep's short bite upon a neighbouring grave—
 The stranger's tread in summer evenings calm,
 Wand'ring from stone to stone with pace subdued,
 Of epitaphs and ancient dates in search.
 And, more than all, the Sabbath's simple bell,
 My only measure for the passing time,
 Quickly my darken'd ear doth catch each sound,
 The old rope fraying 'gainst the belfry beam,
 The pathway swarming with quick children's feet,
 As flies along the punctual village school.
 From every side, the people as they pour,
 Some from across the scented fields of bean,
 Some through the breast-deep, popped, waving corn,
 The village spire a central point to all.

A hundred knees soon meekly bend them down,
 So still in prayer, the little bees' clear hum
 Entering the porch fills all the listening aisle
 (For none might hear the angels' rustling wing
 Who at God's altar ever humbly tends).
 Oh, Christ! for one short hour of living breath,
 One little hour, the meanest listener there,
 The meanest hind who at my scutcheon stares
 With awe and wonder at its bloody hand,
 That palm to palm thy pardon I might crave,
 To lift away my heavy load of sin.
 The preacher's voice into my prison sinks,
 "As falls the tree so ever must it lie."
 My prayers they stop, my supplicating hands
 Dismay'd, fall down beside the damned dead.

Too late, too late religion's tender dew
 Falls but to mock upon my house of clay.
 Fool that I was, the faintest word of trust,
 Late as the dying thief upon the cross,
 Tremblingly breathed into his Saviour's ear,
 Pure as the morn had sent my soul to God.

The smiling people pass out through the porch,
 And thread the green graves to their happy homes;
 The meagre sexton shuffles down the path,
 The hatchway shuts, and all's again at rest
 Within the circle of the churchyard wall,
 Death's dismal pound, upon the lonely hill.
 Here must I lie until the end of time,
 A faithless servant trembling at the door,
 Who waits in fear his angry master's call,
 And the inevitable doom to come.

A CHAPTER ON ANTIPATHIES.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

“—Omnis res habet aliquid timendum
Et horribile, inimicum et destructionum.”

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, *de Occult. Philosoph.* Lib. 1, cap. xvii.

~~This doctrine of sympathy has in all times obtained many proselytes,~~ and has exercised a powerful influence over the minds, not only of the credulous and ignorant, but of the learned and highly gifted. It was a current belief in the early part of the seventeenth century,—the most familiar instance being Sir Kenelm Digby's mode of healing a wound by anointing the weapon that inflicted the hurt,—and at the close of the eighteenth it revived under the auspices of Cagliostro and Mesmer, whose disciples at the present day are “legion.”

Conjunct with this occult sensation, but subsidiary to it, was the repulsive power of Antipathy, whose reign, however, flourished principally under the dynasty of the sorcerers and witches of the middle ages, whose charms, potions, periapts, and spells, were composed and concocted for the avowed purpose of producing this violent result. The curious reader in works of Demonology, may consult with advantage the productions of the alchemists and magicians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where the rules for attaining the desired object are carefully laid down. Cornelius Agrippa, whose reputation as a wizard is exceeded by none, has given us a particular receipt for exciting antipathy in the following terms:

“The ashes of the *left* claw of a hyena, mixed with eagles' blood and rubbed on any person, causes him to be hated by all the world.”

This process, however, seems only attainable by the keepers of menageries and a few highly-favoured naturalists, and is scarcely within the reach of general practitioners.

The wise Cornelius had another method which, in the Dog days, is more get-at-able, provided always the first part of the proposition be true:—

“A stone that is bit by a madd dogge, if it be put in drinke, hath power to cause discorde.”

And something worse, or hydrophobia is only a name.

For the credit of the learned magician, it is only fair to say, that his works furnish us with many a set-off to these experiments. For instance, in order to procure love, after swallowing a “hyena pill,” he says,—“Take a redd frogge and bury him in a hillock. Then take the bones and lay them on a tile-stone redd-hot, till he lift over himself on the other side. So let it lie till she is so likewise. Then make a powder thereof and strew them on her clothes whom thou lovest, and she shall love thee.” Here is another receipt:—“Take a batt (no very easy matter, by the way, unless you catch him asleep), let him bloud with a glass or flint, and with the bloud write this letter, D, and touch a man or woman, and they shall follow thee. For triall, touch a dogge, and he will follow thee.”

The gentlemen who sell dogs in Regent-street, appear to have discovered this secret, though it may be questioned whether any of them have studied the occult philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa.

The advantages which were possessed in the olden time by those who studied the magic art, seem to have been great, and doubtlessly, in an age when every other science is improving, "gramarye" is not altogether neglected. In modern days it has become more generally practised under the name of "Advertisements," but I have reason to think that the power of throwing the glamour of the mind over particular individuals and things is still possessed by many, nor can I believe, that an effect, which, to me, is so evident, exists without a cause.

Wherefore is it else that we entertain a sense of antipathy to certain persons and objects without being able to assign a particular motive for doing so? Who is there that has not experienced this feeling—yet who can explain its origin or the reason of its continuance?

To illustrate this subject I purpose giving a few passages from the diary of my "Experiences," which will place the matter in its proper light.

Aversion to animals is of various kinds. The late celebrated artist and astrologer, John Varley, used to ascribe this feeling (as he did every other) to sidereal influence and, unlike Edmund, in "King Lear," attributed the cause to the predominant star which twinkled at our birth, and the position of the sun in the Zodiac at the natal hour. On this principle he averred, that a lady who was afraid of bulls and dogs (and it would be difficult to find many not included in either of these categories), was born when the sun was in Sagittarius, and, therefore, by nature, hostile to these animals!

But we are not all Sagittarians, and still we all have our dislikes.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Others are mad if they behold a cat.

There are many who appear to be intuitively aware of the proximity of the antipathetic object which leaves, like musk and other subtle essences, an odour that nothing can subdue. Our old friend Cornelius exhibits his knowledge of the existence of the sentiments amongst animals, when he tells us, that "to make that a horse may not go through a street," you must, take the entrails of a wolfe (he does not say how you are to get them), and "lay them overthwarte the street, and cover them withe earth or sand, and he will not goe that way so long as the entrails doe lye there."

A wheelbarrow very often acts as potently as the preceding charm, but a turnpike is, after all, the most effectual preventive.

Antipathy is a species of second sight; it heralds the unwelcome guest, and casts a shadow before it. It is universal, like light, pervading space, and equally intangible, though seen and felt, it applies itself to every sense; through all our faculties we are made aware of its noxious presence. It is, to my thinking, a general representation of the Evil One, whose image

Like to a broken mirror, multiplied,

is diffused over an infinite variety of objects. Not content with exciting our bad passions through the grand media of ambition, avarice, envy, revenge, and all the host of wicked thoughts, the Principle of Evil, the Universal Arimanes, the "Böser Geist," roams up and down the world, touching all things, and leaving a blight on all with which he comes in contact, and the aspect which he wears is Antipathy!

I speak not of deformity of person or of feature, for in such matters

we have our reason to guide us in our admiration or dislike, and can assign the cause. Antipathy in its absolute sense implies a dislike *without a cause*.

In a city like London, the antipathist must daily meet with a thousand circumstances to excite his spleen, without numbering the many stationary objects which in his progress he knows he must encounter. I have numerous permanent antipathies whom all the world may know, and towards whom some may feel as antipathetic as I ;—others may run into the opposite extreme.

A few years ago there was a man who used to excite my unmitigated aversion. I was at that time obliged almost every day to pass along the Strand, going from and returning to Charing-cross. Let me pass when I would, while daylight lasted or shops were open, there was one man whom I invariably saw in the same position at his own door,

Rearing himself thereat,

like the proud porter at the Soldan's gate in the old ballad.

Alike to him were tide or time;

if it rained, and the door was closed, there he stood behind the pane, his shoulders squared, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and his eyes intently fixed on the street; if the weather was fine, the door was opened, and *Ecce Homo!* His appearance was sufficiently remarkable to attract attention, without being antipathetic. He was of good height, sturdily built, and not ill-looking if you except that *something* which is my aversion, a sort of a curl *somewhere* in his nose or his mouth, or in the corners of his twinkling grey eyes; but he was distinguishable from the ordinary herd of mortals by a flourishing head of grey hairs, large furzy eyebrows, and an overwhelming pair of bushy whiskers of the same hue, which exaggerated his expansive physiognomy. His garments were of that description which was formerly termed "buckish,"—a character of costume I have always detested. He wore a dark frock, a sprigged waistcoat, an ample neckcloth of coloured muslin, loose breeches of sage or drab-colour, with a large gold seal dangling in front, and leaving a black mark on that part of the convexity against which it bumped, and an enormous pair of white, wrinkled spatterdashes, which rather attracted attention (and, indeed, his whole person), he used to parade in the full ostentation of conscious pride. I know not whether there was really any thing abstractedly objectionable in this personage, but *I hated the man!*

I may be asked who he was? I answer, to me a hateful mystery.

By the fleecy embellishments in his window, and a golden inscription over his door, I had a right to consider him a tradesman; but what in common with that calling had his pursuits to do? There was a counter within, which was unoccupied; there were piles of gloves and stockings untended; as if these objects were totally beneath his consideration, he never seemed to pay them the slightest attention, but gloriously displayed himself at his shop-door, alternating in attitudes between the Antinous and Farnesian Hercules, as he leant against the door-posts.

Perhaps the reason why I disliked this individual arose from his enjoyment of the "*dolce far niente*" in such unrestrained indulgence; perhaps from a vague idea that he thought to set himself off in the eyes of the fair sex; perhaps from his over display of conscious affluence. But why speculate upon the cause?

"Oh, reason not the need!" The hosier and myself were antipathies, and I feel convinced that I was as much disliked by him as he by me.

If ever I attempted to avoid that part of the Strand—a very great trouble and inconvenience, as Somerset House was the witness of my dismal incarceration—I fell from Seylla into Charybdis. I was then obliged to cross the street from Northumberland House to the Post Office opposite and even then I ran the risk of getting the glimpse of my sturdy aversion, for an irresistible impulse compelled me always to turn my head in the direction where he stood in spite of my previous, firm resolve. Suppose, however, that I effected that crossing without the annoyance, I could not ascend the Strand on that side, but was obliged to make a *détour* to re-enter it at a higher point. In doing so there was a sweeper, whom it was my inevitable destiny to meet; the villain was ubiquitous, or one of a joint-stock company of sweepers, who shifted their stations at irregular intervals, for I found him ever like a lion in my path.

I have never had any objection to give eleemosynary pence to the industrious worthies who, with birchen broom, smooth the pathway of life in London; on the contrary, there are some of the fraternity whom, in a very small way, I regularly pension; but this man, I could not have given him a half-penny were I to have died for it. And yet his crossing was one of the longest and dirtiest in London, was well swept, and the fellow's circumstances appeared, like Jaffier's and Jeremy Diddler's, in most forlorn condition. But no, I could not disburse unto him! He was the very reverse of my hosier; "hosier's ghost," in fact! He was pale, thin, seedy, and bleary-eyed. He wore garments of rusty, muddy black, his hat was indented by much pressure; boots he eschewed, and his pantaloons were a slippered one. He was unequivocally of the order of the unwashed, save by a shower of rain, the needful accompaniment of his vocation. It seemed as if he occasionally indulged in potations both of Barclay and Cream of the Valley, which in the classical regions of Long Acre and Drury Lane, used to be then translated, "Flare-up gin three-pence a quarten." He was endowed with a most compass-like stride, an unwearying agility of limb, and an undying volubility of tongue. He would appeal to my "Honour's benevolence," address me as "noble captain," declare that the times was hard, and that he was "werry bad off." He asked "ony one apenny," as if you must of necessity have that valuable coin concealed somewhere about your person; he wanted "a noo broom;" he had got a "wife and twelve small children;" and had not eaten a morsel of food for six weeks. He would project a murky paw; would doff his crushed hat, would supplicate, whine, pursue. He did so for years. Me he appeared especially to haunt, but I never gave him a sou, and the worst of it was, he always said as I cleared the kerb-stone, "Thank yer honour all the same." Need I state that he was one of my antipathies.

About the period of which I speak, I went abroad for a time, and when I returned to town, it was with a feeling of indescribable dread, that I resumed my daily walk along the Strand. But, to my surprise, neither of the objects of my dislike were visible; my Messieurs Tonson had both disappeared. The hosier's shop was converted into a silversmith's, and a native Indian, shivering in dirty muslin, had succeeded the sweeper. The Strand became a pleasant place again, and I thought I had got rid of standing

antipathies. But I was deceived ; they existed for me in a different shape.

I was at that time in the habit of dining in coffee-houses of various degrees of excellence or its opposite. Sometimes I enjoyed a *salmi de perdreaux*, more frequently a mutton-chop, or a slice off the round. This was owing to the state of my exchequer where, by a departure from one of Nature's laws, the ebb was greater than the flow—or rather the stream entered gently by one small rill, and disappeared by a hundred minuter channels.

On the days of economical gastronomy—which were probably five out of the seven,—I preferred “taking mine ease” at a noted house of culinary attraction in the vicinity of the Haymarket. I never objected to the best dinner I could get for my money, and this place suited my purpose exactly.

Here, therefore, I dined in preference, and yet I never entered the room without dread, and invariably devoured my dinner with the bitterest feelings of an antipathist. There was a person who frequented that haunt, more regularly perhaps than I, for he was never absent when I went. I used to dine at various hours, from the early suburban three to the politer seven ; but whatever oscillation I might practise between those periods, my man was always in the field. The fact was, he dined from three o'clock until seven—a reasonable length of time, and within the pale of a dinner's duration as prescribed by the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which specifies five hours as the proper term of mensal devotion. I do not mean to say that this person was as great an eater as the famous Sultan Solyman ben Abd-el-Melek, of whom D'Herbelot tells such marvellous stories ; on the contrary, I imagined him to be moderate both in his meat and his drink offerings, for if he ate much he would not have had time to talk, and if he drank freely his conversation would have shown some fire, some life occasionally in its delivery.

But this man's utterance was invariably the same ; it was like Grattiano's discourse, “an infinite deal of nothing ;” the nothing of politics, the nothing of public occurrences, the nothing of the weather—the indescribable nothing which passes so often for an expression of ideas. He it was who regularly discussed the novelties of the bill of fare, or dwelt upon its perpetual sameness. For him the advertisements in the *Times* were numbered, the accidents in all the papers invented. He had always two or three cronies near him, to whom he addressed his conversation ; but it was I who endured its weight. There was not a syllable of that cracked, bell-metal tone that reverberated not in my tympanum, not a *niaiserie* uttered by him that did not reach my ear. His voice was a perpetually whining grindstone, as unceasing and monotonous in its sound as that of the insect called “the rope-maker” in the West Indies. Like ancient Pistol, I ate and eke I swore, but it availed not !

It may be asked, why did I dine at a place where such a nuisance existed ? Why voluntarily expose myself to such an annoyance ? I answer thus : I did it in ignorance, I did not know the man by sight. I had never seen him to my knowledge ; besides, he was a crafty tormentor. When a new guest entered the room he was silent. The unsuspecting victim incontinently ordered his dinner, but long before it was brought the tormentor was again in motion.

Some men there are whose nerve would have enabled them to bear the

lion in his den, who would have gone up to him and have satisfied their eyes at once; but I was not one of those. I would rather have been selected by my best friend at six paces, sure in that case of being hit. No! It was enough for me to feel that I hated this individual, though ~~me~~ he had perhaps never intentionally harmed. He sometimes even went the length of proffering me a sort of kindness, indirectly through the waiter, by sending the paper to "the gentleman in the next box," my unhappy self, yet did I loathe him still. I have some justification in this particular, or can at least account for the act being disagreeable to me, for if there is one thing I dislike more than another—unless it is being officiously told in the street that my handkerchief is sticking out of my pocket, and that I shall lose it—it is being offered a newspaper. As if those daily nuisances did not follow us into every possible retreat, without our taking the pains expressly to seek them!

The annoyance caused by this coffee-house frequenter at length ceased, from the fact of my eschewing those places of public resort, and taking the desperate resolve of incorporating myself in a respectable club. It is a question with me if the move has been for the better, for though in the well-ordered and genteel establishment to which I belong, I run no risk of being bored to death by one person, yet there are not a few who come under the decided head of "Antipathies."

Of this number is a man whose name I do know—indeed I have unfortunately met him in private life, and am therefore specially honoured by his acquaintance, without that, my misery at the sight of him would scarce have been so complete. His personal appearance is neither for nor against him,—for if he has on the one hand a complexion as sallow as a parsnip and a head as bald as a turnip, the balance is made even on the other by eyes that gleam like Spanish liquorice, and a pair of grey whiskers that curl like the tendrils of a vine, and make a curve which reaches to the corners of his mouth. What I dislike in this man is that there is such an unmistakeable air about him of being "all right." No trivet, to use the figurative language of the kitchen, was ever more so. It is impossible to catch him napping. "Wide awake" is the phrase which expresses the condition of his mind. He is not only master of all subjects, but doggedly resolved to make you aware of it; it is all the same to him, literature, politics, or the arts and sciences in all their branches. He is loaded up to the muzzle with knowledge, and, like all overcharged guns, causes an immensity of mischief when he goes off, exciting in his hearers not merely disgust and *ennui* of an ordinary kind, but that species of loathing which for a time induces them to think of desperate remedies to get rid of it, either by a direct outrage on the person of the speaker, or an inward resolve to go home and take a dose of Prussic acid. There is only one thing which redeems him in my estimation, and that is, that the aversion which he inspires has penetrated to the souls of every member of the club—I see it in the workings of their features when he addresses them. As far then as this consolation extends I have the benefit of it.

It would be a marvellously singular club, if the person whom I have alluded to were the only bore or annoyance in it. I could describe a score, but as I am more or less aware whom the originals are, the sketches would savour of personality. I prefer, therefore, to seek for another antipathy out of doors.

There is no end to the number of people whom I am in the habit of meeting about town who, from their constant apparition have made themselves antipathetic. They are probably the best persons in the world,—excellent fathers, devoted sons, exemplary husbands, useful citizens!—but, how ardently do I desire that their course was run! How I shudder at the very sight of them!

There is one, a gentlemanlike well-dressed man, with a red face and an Anglesey hat, whom I have known for years. I never went to any public place without meeting him. In Paris, in Brussels, in Milan, in Berlin—wherever I have gone I have encountered him.

He is a very serpent in my path,
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before it.

He appears to be a good-natured, affable personage, and possesses, I dare say, every qualification to make a man beloved; but such is the perversity of some natures, or the waywardness of fate, that I confess I cannot choose but hate him. I often reproach myself for entertaining this sentiment, but what can I do? Whenever I meet him the feeling arises in spite of me.

There are certain plants known in hot climates which many people are unable to approach without experiencing a sudden and violent eruption on the skin. So it is with me in a moral sense. How are we to account for it but by the doctrine of antipathy,—inherent and uncontrollable?

The occult author, already quoted, thus speaks on the subject:—

“There is also enmity between foxes and swans, bulls and daws; also among water animals there is enmity, as between dolphins and *whispoons*. The lobster and conger tear one another. The little bird called a linnet, living in thistles, hates asses, because they eat the flowers of thistles. A horse fears a camel, so that he cannot endure to see *so much as his picture*. A snake is afraid of a man that is naked, but pursueth one that is clothed.”

If these animals, then, have their various antipathies, it is but rational that man should have his share, for he has only too many passions in common with the brute creation.

It must be for this cause that, as Dame Quickly says, “I can’t abide” a very tall, stout man, whom I constantly encounter in my various peregrinations. He is very largely and loosely built, and his clothes seem made on the same principle; he wears an acre of broad cloth in the skirts of his body-coat, and in the wrinkles of his voluminous breeches and gaiters a farmer might fancy he saw the furrows in his potato-fields. His features are as massive as his frame is ponderous; his cheeks and double-chin hang like dew-laps over his white neckcloth, and as he moves slowly along, with his hands behind his back, grasping a thick heavy stick, he seems to trust entirely to the *vis inertia* of his immense weight to clear the way before him. He has a cold, cruel eye, and a settled sternness has depressed the angles of his closed lips. Yet I am told by those who know him, that this misanthropical giant—as I hold him to be—was once the gayest and wittiest man in every society, and was everywhere courted and admired for his intellectual attainments. Perhaps, if I had seen him when his star was in the zenith, I should have avoided him as sedulously as I do now, for antipathy is no respecter of circumstances.

’Twere long to tell and sad to trace

the minor antipathies which surround me. I shall briefly pass over a few of the most prominent :

I dislike angular, long-bodied men and women, straight sandy hair, and black beady eyes ; and persons with parrot-noses and small nostrils. I abominate boiled mackarel, roasted heart, and ripe Stilton cheese. I detest bagpipes, street-organs, parsnips, parsley, fennel, kirschwasser, roast pig, white cats, metal buttons, gray pantaloons, Scotch love-songs, roan horses, poodle dogs, one-horse flies, and penny publications. I hate to hear an Englishman speak French, or a timid young lady sing to entreaty. The oratory of trenchers and glasses is wormwood to me.

There is an umbrella-shop in St. Martin's Court, just as you get into St. Martin's Lane, on the right-hand side, which causes me a pang every time I go past it, on account of a huge walking-stick, with a human face carved and painted on the top. It is an extravagant likeness of Lord Melbourne, and the more disagreeable in my eyes for being consequently good-looking.

In Pall-Mall, too, I am exposed to a perpetual annoyance. In a book-seller's-shop, just beyond the United Service Club, is a portrait of one of the bishops set in a window-pane. His lordship is seated at a table, writing, and is in the act of looking up with the pen in his hand, as if to catch some happy thought, which, from the smile on his features, he seems just to have accomplished. As a pillar of the church I am bound to reverence the original, but I must say I intensely hate his picture.

There is scarcely any thing which excites my antipathy more than the long, ugly, black, brick screen which hides the Duke of Portland's house in Cavendish Square, but I will not attempt to penetrate beyond its portals, lest I should betray my political bias ; and if I were once to trench in politics there would be no end to my antipathies.

" I WEEP NOT, DEAR MOTHER."

IRISH BALLAD.

By J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

I weep not, dear mother, because he's away,
When I gaze on you star in the sky,
For he said he would watch it where'er he should stray,
So I think that my Dermot is nigh ;
There is hope in its ray, for by starlight they say,
Are ships guided over the main,
And I know by the beam that it sheds o'er the stream,
He'll come back to his Norah again.

II.

I weep not, dear mother, because he's away,
For he said when he left me behind,
The songs that I loved he would sing all the day,
And mingle the strains with the wind ;
So I fancy I hear the sweet voice of my dear,
In each breeze that blows over the main,
As across the broad bay the soft winds seem to say,
He'll come back to his Norah again.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. IX.

Absence of Mind—Count Santa Rosa—Cheltenham—Dr. Badham's Journal—Campbell's forgetfulness of Engagements—Return to Town—Publication of "Theodoric"—Remarks—Borrowed Simile—Fondness for the Naval Service—Concealed love of Fame.

FROM a close observation of the poet's mental constitution, as it was continually exhibiting for a succession of years, there seemed to an observer like myself, some deficiency in his memory in relation to ordinary matters met with even when in connexion with important facts. In such instances the best were retained, while the accessories went unobserved. There are persons whose memories ever retain the remembrance of a face they have beheld but once, while they cannot recall the proper name of those they have often seen. Campbell's memory was admirably stored with passages from ancient and modern writers. He could quote and repeat without a halt thirty and forty Greek verses applicable to a present subject of discourse, and follow them up with others from the English and Italian writers, in a way few other men could do. Latin was less a favourite with him than Greek. Though he spoke French fluently, I scarcely ever remember hearing him quote a writer in that tongue. It was not a common deficiency in memory, therefore, that occasioned certain trivial and rather obvious errors and inaccuracies in regard to facts to escape him. Perhaps it was an anxiety to be over-correct, that often generates similar defects, or it may be applied to some peculiar lapse in technical recollection. Pains-taking he certainly was, and would never suffer a critical error to pass, like Hume did, for want of energy to arise from his chair and refer to his books in order to settle a date or place, a fact beyond doubt; he rather passed over the error from inattention to small things, his mind being occupied with the main object he had in hand.

He would sometimes misspell words in his manuscript, and, as if in thorough carelessness, permit the error to pass in the proof. As I scrupulously made it a rule never to alter a word of his manuscript, if obviously wrong, but to desire a revise to be sent to him, pointing out the defect, he sometimes explained it by saying, that when he wrote it he had his doubts and intended to refer, but had sent the proof back forgetting to do so. Once when he was at Glasgow he sent a corrected proof of his own to the printer by post, leaving the proper name, "Erastothernes," in place of "Eratosthenes." I ordered the printer to send a second proof to him, and wrote him why. He returned the proof unaltered, but the next post after my letter, brought me the following too late:

"In my half state of blindness I did not attend to one part of your letter before I sent off the sheet. The name is 'Eratosthenes' and not Erastothernes."

I had altered it of course, and sent the proof to the printer because time pressed, but I made a point of never doing so, if it was possible to be

avoided, however obvious the error, because it was a matter upon which he was, I had early perceived, exceedingly sensitive. It was evident he disliked that any one should shed ink upon his manuscript or proofs but himself.

The inattention of the poet to collateral things, already noticed, was a part of his nature, and pervaded his social intercourse. It seemed difficult for him to abandon the leading idea of the moment to consider any thing subsidiary to the immediate purpose, in which he had become absorbed, and whatever he did besides seemed the result of instinct rather than reflection. The following very trivial incidents exhibit this peculiarity.

I had promised to be in Upper Seymour Street on a Friday evening. After the engagement was made I saw the poet, and mentioned to him that Count Santorre de Santa Rosa, who had once been war-minister to the King of Piedmont, and was now an exile, would be glad to be introduced to him at the house of a friend, whom he did not know. That I would be there in consequence, and that the Friday fixed for a meeting at his own house it would, perhaps, be better to alter to another day. The very next morning, I heard from him to this effect,

"On Friday I have promised to meet the Marquis of Santa Rosa, so on that day I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you."

I replied—

"I *shall* have the pleasure of meeting *you* because I bore you the invitation to meet Count Santa Rosa, at a house where I believe I am to introduce you to the host."

Another instance, trivial in itself, but equally exemplifying the abstraction of mind into which Campbell continually fell, was on his receiving a brace of partridges, sending them both to me for breakfast. Early in the morning, a servant came to me with a note, of which the following characteristic passage is an extract:—

"By mistake two small birds have been sent to you instead of one. You will call me the shabbiest fellow in the world to ask one small bird back, and remind me that to give a thing and take a thing is like the devil's gold ring;—but I shall acquit myself to be a real gentleman and not a devil's gold ring, on the first arrival of my expected Glenlivet from Scotland."

This was a double piece of forgetfulness. We met so often at dinner and at supper, a moment's recollection must have reminded him that I never took Glenlivet nor any kind of whiskey.

Sometimes this mental abstraction would appear in another form, namely, in utter forgetfulness of the effect of something he did upon the mind of another in the way of slight, when he never intended any thing of the kind, and would have been deeply hurt at such an interpretation being put upon his conduct. I remember his inviting a gentleman to dinner, saying he had just one vacant place for him on the day fixed. Soon afterwards he found he had not a vacant place, and then he wrote to annul his previous invitation on the ground of his mistake.

Count Santa Rosa was, in many respects, a very remarkable man, and Campbell contracted a great friendship for him. He was possessed of considerable attainments; an acute understanding, and great goodness of

disposition. In person he was below the middle height, short-sighted, and stammered in his speech. He despaired of mastering the English tongue, although he spoke it as well as most foreigners. This notion, and the small prospect afforded him of a return to his country where he was esteemed even by his enemies, with the pain of a separation from his family, which seemed to him to be final, contributed to strengthen his resolution of proceeding to Greece, and seeking in the service of that country, either the due reward of his services, or an honourable death. He was eminently fitted to benefit the cause he had undertaken. He had been war-minister to the King of Piedmont; he had great experience in state affairs, and wrote well. On arriving in Greece he soon perceived, that from the ill-regulated conduct of the different parties he could be of no use but in the field. He purchased an Albanian dress, and hastened to meet the enemy in command of a few Greek soldiers, under his countryman Major Collegno. Opposing the landing of Ibrahim Pacha, in the dress of a simple Pallikar, Count Santa Rosa fell at Old Navarino. He had a presentiment of his fate, and before the battle was seen to kiss a miniature picture of his wife and fling it into the waves. Ibrahim gave permission that a search among the slain should be made for his body, but as it could not be found it was supposed to have been thrown into the sea. On the news of his death an affected sorrow was displayed by the king and court of Piedmont, which was, notwithstanding its hollowness, an evidence of the estimation which his ungrateful countrymen were conscious he merited. Campbell delighted in the count's society and unaffected manners, finding in his varied stores of information a solution of many of the apparent contradictions in the conduct of the southern liberals in Europe, for which he could not before account. He would listen attentively to the Machiavelisms of the governments in their dealings with each other, and express astonishment at the meanness of the conduct of the rulers of states, and the shallowness of their diplomatic resources. "If business between man and man," said the poet, "were to be conducted like that between diplomatists, in what a state of scoundrelism would society exist!"

I went down by night mail to Cheltenham. The poet was in a cottage called Alpha Cottage, Suffolk Parade. I found him in excellent spirits, and his health better than I had noted it for some time before. He began to talk at once of beautiful walks in the vicinity of the town in anticipation of their enjoyment. Mrs. Campbell, on the other hand, had prepared me for some disappointment in this respect, when I read to her the poet's letter, on the receipt of which I had immediately called in Seymour Street. When I had concluded, she said, with her slight Scotch accent, "Don't believe all that—you will get him out once or twice; he will then be tired and go out no more. He does not mind fine prospects if he is to walk some distance to get to them." We were in Scotland at the Duke of Argyll's, and one of the Ladies Campbell was desirous of showing him a very fine view a good way up a steep hill. We set out on foot, and my husband had walked enough for his liking the day before. On we went, he grumbling softly to me all the way, to where we saw a very fine view indeed. He showed no admiration for it as the ladies expected, but whispered me, "What the devil did they bring us up all this way for?" He will quickly get tired of walking out at Cheltenham."

Breakfast was soon ready after my arrival. From the house there was

then a pleasant but partial peep at the Malvern Hills that appeared deeply blue in the distance. As air and exercise after a sleepless night are better than remaining heavy within doors, I proposed a walk. Campbell at once assented. I agreed to pilot him to Birdlip Hill, an old haunt, from whence there is one of the finest prospects imaginable. We set off accordingly. The day was clear and warm for the season. We clambered to the summit which overlooked a vast extent of country of every description, cultivated and wild, woodland and waste.

From a proud elevation the eye glanced over the rich vale of Gloucester, over wood, villa, pasture, and stream. The deep blue hills of Malvern brought to recollection the south of Europe, from their intensity of colour. Some of the hills of Wales were visible in the distant border of the picture. The effect of the whole was beautiful, perhaps grand.

"Those hills are like the hills of Italy in pictures," said Campbell, "I have never seen any in England so rich; we seldom see the atmosphere so clear; it makes my heart leap as it did when I was a boy in the Highlands."

"But you have seldom such a climate there," I remarked, "you are all mist."

"Yes, there is enough of that to make us value the fine days, we have the more, our noble mountains are too often like St. Paul's on a smoky day, but our Highland people do not love them the less."

"I think Burns made less of the Scotch mountains than might be expected; he scarcely touches upon them in all his beautiful poetry, so pestering to an Englishman with his local words."

"But he has noticed mine," said the poet, "in a favourite song—mine by the Clyde—

Yon wild mossy mountains so lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde.

These are *my* mountains; to me the most impressive I ever saw."

"When you can see them for the mist," I observed, jokingly.

"Yes," said Campbell, "when the 'Scotch' mists, as you call them in England permit a view of them, but that characteristic only endears their recollection, just as the mistiness of memory enhances our regard for by-gone things—you have not been in Scotland?"

I replied in the negative, that I had ever gone south, like his countrymen, whom people joked with a prejudice against travelling northwards, to which the poet replied, "We will go together some day, and I will show you the Clyde and my own mountains." I replied I should be most happy, but that if we were both out of London and so far away together, the Magazine might miss its appearance for a month.

"True," said Campbell, "the devil take the Magazine; I should like such an excursion. I would show you all my boyish scenes in Glasgow,—then we should visit Edinburgh and Professor Wilson; but no, we must not be away together; I should like to see Mr. Colburn's consternation at our absence!"

The poet was delighted, and evidently drank in rich draughts of pleasure from the unexpected scene. He remarked how much the diversity and irregularity of the scenery contributed to its attraction. Were the earth all as smooth as a bowling-green, how rapid would it be in landscape, how fatiguing to the vision, the upheaving and disjunction of the hill masses and the various eminences, which many use as an argument for the

imperfect state of the material world, were in reality contributions to its beauty as well as essentials to the law of its formation, which the most unpractised eye discovers. Our notion of material, as of all perfection, was a vague imagining, a conventional term for what did not exist, and was never designed to do so. Man might improve to certain uses a portion of the earth's surface, but he could not change for the better the face of Nature; let him level the hills and turn the water-courses, they would not be nearer perfection than they are now, nor contribute so well to the symmetry, harmony, and well-being of the universe. He then travelled again to the Scotch hills, of which he spoke with enthusiasm, but expressed his distaste at the climate. "Did you ever see Wapping," he said, "on a drizzling wet spring day? that is just the appearance of Glasgow for three parts of the year."

But though Campbell did not spare the disadvantages of his country's climate, nor at times the foibles of the Lowlanders, for he would not admit that the Highlanders had any defects worth naming; he would never tolerate an attack upon his native land by another, where even a jest upon it was unmerited. A couple of papers of the class that it was absolutely necessary he should see, were shown to him. Not having, I knew, any objection to one, which was a review of "Cowper's Correspondence," I sent it to him only because some portion I hardly thought up to the mark; the other, entitled "Modern Athens," came with a pressing desire for its imprimatur from Mr. Colburn, and I saw would never do. He wrote me that he was indifferent about the first; the second, which to a certain extent was personal, drew the reply I had anticipated. He wrote,—

"Pray reject it, with no ordinary indignation on my part. I am perfectly ready to allow that the paper displays abilities in the writer which would render him a valuable contributor, if he chose to write like a gentleman. I am also persuaded that Mr. Colbourn* was seduced by the agreeable introductory pages of the article, and had not examined the whole when he proposed that I should publish it. But I would ask the author himself if he would dare to come forward with his own name and affix it to such a vituperation of the Scottish capital—*suo periculo*, I venture to say that he would not dare to do so—I even defy him to the proof."

To return to Cheltenham—we walked back to the cottage; the poet was much pleased with his excursion. We dined, and rarely was Campbell more pleasant. He was not a story-teller frequently, but at times he related well.

The hilarity emanating from his own excitement was delightful, in that the hearer could not help partaking deeply of its spirit himself. Unfortunately this story-telling was only occasionally witnessed. He threw something of the same kind of vivacity into his recital of poetry, not indeed productive of mirth, because the subject would not generally admit of it, but of a species of enthusiasm that cheered and elevated those who heard him. He would sometimes attempt an improvisatore parody upon what he had previously delivered, but he was not very successful. To be vivacious and comic are different things. Vivacity is not necessarily comic, and may not even exist in the comic temperament. The first

* Thus he often spelled the name.

cannot be simulated ; comedy may be as it is continually with those theatrical performers whose general cast of mind is at the moment of performance essentially sombre. There never was a man who had less of the comic in his character than Campbell, yet at times he would put on all the cheerfulness and vivacious spirits of boyhood.

To return to Cheltenham—the next morning another country walk was unsuccessfully proposed, the poet wishing to go into the town and call upon one or two persons with whom he was acquainted. While this matter was discussing, a gentleman of a thick-set make called, whom he introduced as Dr. Badham. The poet disliked the doctor ; and, indeed, he had nothing prepossessing about his personal appearance. He had married a relative of Campbell's or an intimate acquaintance, I forget which he told me, who was no more, and whom he much deplored. The doctor was of that class of persons whom one does not like at first sight, one cannot tell why—a “ Dr. Fell ” kind of personage. He published a translation of the satires of Juvenal, as if those of Dryden, Staphylton, and Gifford, were not enough, in fact, already too many, considering the filthy lubricity of Roman vice displayed in them, which no affectation of scholarship in the mind of any individual now really regardful of morality, would select for multiplication in society. There was no accounting for tastes, the poet observed one day, while speaking of the translation. The doctor inscribed his “ Juvenal ” to Sir Henry Hallford, and obtained the professorship of medicine at the College of Glasgow subsequently to this meeting at Cheltenham, which he held till his decease. The *Quarterly Review* criticised the “ Juvenal ” admirably, but not much to the taste of Dr. Badham, in return for which, when Gifford was no more, but not till then, he had the presumption to censure that scholar's translation in a preface to a second edition in Valpy's classics, opposing his own medical transcendentalism to the labour of an accomplished scholar.

After the doctor went away, we were walking into the town, and in the avenue to the Montpellier Spa, met Lady F——, who, at that time, was much distinguished in the society of Cheltenham. An invitation to dinner followed for the next day. Campbell would not promise. “ Come and take a family dinner to-day, then ; we shall expect you.” The poet assented, because the next day he wished to keep open for an excursion to Malvern, whither I had been trying to tempt him. These minutiae are mentioned because they exhibit the personal character of the poet ; and none more so than another instance of his absence of mind in the present case.

We were on the point of returning to the cottage, having made several calls, when Campbell said,

“ There is one call I must make alone—I must call upon a widow with two lovely children ; she has been treated with great unkindness by ——, who was on the point of marrying her. If you will go towards home I will quickly follow you—I will not remain long.”

I went home and waited some time, but no Campbell appeared. I took up a book, and whiled away the time until it was necessary to dress for dinner. I then began to be fidgetty about what had become of him. I had looked out of the window at the Malvern hills, thinking of some of my family that reposed in dust in the vale beneath—I had looked until I was tired, but darkness came on and covered all, increasing with my increasing wonder, no Campbell appeared. At length the clock struck six,

then a half hour more passed away, which was the time of dinner. Keeping the appointment was now out of the question. I ordered something for myself at our quarters, and opening a bottle of sherry, had nearly demolished its contents by the time Campbell returned.

"A pretty joke you have played Lady F——," I observed; "I have been waiting for you on thorns for hours."

"We dine there to-morrow, my good friend," he replied.

"I beg your pardon, it was to-day; did you not engage in the Montpellier-walk?"

"Did I? then I forgot all about how we were situated, nor did I think of your waiting; why did you not go alone?"

"Because of course I waited for you."

"The truth is," answered the poet, "that I called on Mrs. ——, got into agreeable chat, and forgot all about it. She had with her a very sensible lady, who conversed remarkably well, and they dined early; they pressed me to stay; it was difficult to resist the solicitations of a couple of pretty women to remain longer in their company, one of them the sweetest creature in the world. I don't know how to apologise for leaving you alone."

"Never mind me, think of Lady F——, with whom you engaged to dine. I have consoled myself with that which wise men say makes glad the heart of man," pointing to the sherry.

The next day was to enact wonders. The morning came, and brought no proof of "Theodoric" from town. The poet became restless and fidgetty, though a day or two of delay could not really be of any moment; he walked up and down the room troubled and uneasy; nothing reconciled him to the absence of the proof, and he got so excited at last that the same evening he started for town by the mail. The next day the proof arrived, having crossed him on the road. He assured me he would be back to Cheltenham in a couple of days. I visited Great Malvern, came back, and found a letter from him, saying he was indisposed, and felt quite unable to return. Thus his self-promised agreeabilities all vanished. I put together his papers and a few books, and added them to my own luggage. When I left Cheltenham I found he had laid in a store of good things sufficient for both of us for some weeks longer, which I could only present to the people of the house.

Thus terminated what Mrs. Campbell called the "Cheltenham expedition," adding, whenever she spoke of it to me,

"Did I not tell you how your country walks would end, and the stories of pedestrian rambles, roasted fowls, and old sherry?"

It was characteristic of that restlessness so often displayed in the poetical character. Some image of a better aspect than that which is within the grasp of the present, tricks itself out in the guise of the illusive future, and destroys the worth of all that is within reach. Less developed in some than in others of the sons of the muses, it is evident that something of the kind generally marks the poetic temperament. At a later period there was a tinge of the same hue discoverable in the poet's continual changes of residence and alterations of his dinner and breakfast hours. It was a feeling like that of sickly childhood, which fancies it shall feel better or happier in some new position.

To return to "Theodoric:" there is much of the author's character of mind in the poem. It commences with an energy and elegance which

diminish as the poem proceeds, and soon become exhausted. At starting, the poet is lavish of the power that his strength will not retain beyond a certain point; it then degenerates, and yet further declines almost to inertness. The poet succeeded in his shorter pieces and inimitable lyrics, the spirit of which, like that of the war-horse, answers to the sound of the lordly hoof, rejoicing in its strength, because the energy primarily kindled, concentrated in a shorter task, gets no over-fatigue by protracted exertion. Hence the beauty, strength, and simplicity of the lyrics, which seem to image the poet's peculiar constitutional temperament, equally visible in the commonest things. Still there are fine lines in "Theodoric," which call Campbell's better works forcibly to recollection, though the inequality of the poem is so great. He avails himself, too, of "alliteration's artful aid" more than was his previous custom. The opening line,

Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm
is like himself, though

Heights browsed by the bounding bouquettin
is artificial.

So lucid is Campbell's poetry, that it is at once comprehended by every order of mind. To attain this crowning advantage, he has sacrificed no grace of art, no elegance of style. He has never become common-place and vulgar in phrase or verbiage, as too many writers have become for that purpose. This is the very keystone of excellence; the secret which links the labours of the poet with every memory. Hence, such productions are most quoted by the orator, as illustrations or as stirring appeals to the passions of an auditory. The poet whose works have to be considered and reconsidered in order to extract his meaning, who seeks the sublime in obscurity, or, to exhibit a pearl, obliges the reader to grope through a bushel of chaff, can neither expect nor merit popularity, notwithstanding the efforts of admirers, and every extrinsic aid from art directed to force that admiration, which, to be honest and effective, must be spontaneous. For many long years before his decease, Campbell had the pleasure, so flattering to one to whom fame was never ungrateful, and few had to boast of that which was more merited or more honest in its nature—he had the pleasure of hearing his verses quoted oftener than any contemporary writer, in the senate, on public occasions, and in the social circle, wherever a patriotic appeal, a philosophical truth, or a tender sentiment, required illustration. The "meteor flag of England," that had "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," so dear to the memory of our all-glorious navy—the "Coming events, that cast their shadows before"—or, "Life's morning march, when the bosom was young," will continue to hang upon every tongue while the language to which they belong shall endure. The poet aimed at being as simple and faultless as possible, without impoverishing the stores of a rich imagination in their embodyings. He restrains the exuberance of his muse only when she becomes diffusè, or, in the prodigality of her wealth, is inclined to exceed the limit of the polished and tasteful. He purchases brilliancy and variety at the expense of verisimilitude, but only on one or two rare occasions, the consequences of too great attention to his main object. Much more frequently he tames down his lines, from an anxiety for correctness, which deprives them of their sharpness. That author

stands unpardonable in the public view, who falls short in his latest works, of the excellence, in every point, of that work which preceded it. The merciless despotism of the public, like all despotisms, taking every thing upon trust, nothing on the footing of merit, considered in relation to circumstance, prefers the best production of a writer of mediocrity, to a far worthier work if it be the second-best of a writer of first-rate excellence. Had "Theodoric" been a far better poem, unless it outshone the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude," it would not have succeeded better.

There is a simile in "Theodoric," the origin of which I well remember. We were sitting at coffee, when two volumes of "Las Casas' Account of Buonaparte" were brought in. Campbell opened one of them in a careless way, and hit upon the passage in which the emperor, speaking of Corsica, said, "That if he were taken blindfold to Corsica, he should know where he was by the smell of the earth, which haunted him from his youthful recollections." This passage struck the poet very forcibly. He recurred to it again and again. When "Theodoric" was completed, I found he had introduced the thought in the lines—

Where, by the very smell of dairy farms
And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known.

The thought is not mended, nor does the note attached to the text give Napoleon's expression, which is to be found in volume ii., p. 343, of *Las Casas*—"He," Buonaparte, "thought that the *very smell of the earth* would enable *him* to distinguish his native land, even were he conducted *blindfolded* to her shores."

The poet had a sincere love for his country, as may be judged from his unrivalled lyrics, and he felt this affection strongly when he wrote "Theodoric." He was particularly partial to the navy, and fond of hearing about the exploits of seamen. Several years I had spent in the height of the war in a locality where its bustle and energetic actors surrounded me, and I knew many brave men, and was acquainted with many of their exploits never blazoned in official records. The poet was fond of such recitals, and would listen with eagerness to the most trivial, sometimes originating the subject of conversation purposely. He had been to see the launch of a line-of-battle ship somewhere down the river, only two or three years before he left London for Boulogne. He told me the circumstance, and told it with delight, though at the moment when his bodily frame was evidently yielding to Time's pressure. "As the vessel went off the stocks," he said, "I felt myself in a state of mental transport." His patriotic feelings are renewed in the lines of "Theodoric."

A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where nature, freedom, art, smile hand in hand;
Her women fair; her men robust for toil,
Her vigorous souls high cultured as her soil;
Her towns where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;
Her works of art resembling magic's powers,
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers.

That Campbell was alive to every phase of public opinion regarding his works, there is not the smallest doubt, at the same time that he was

aware of the lasting character of that popularity which he had already secured. His existing literary reputation, therefore, consoled him under the severity of ill or well-founded criticism upon his later and feebler productions. He had the reflection ever recurring that in this sense his fortune was made. The stability of his reputation could not be shaken. Though he had achieved little, that little was transcendent. He did not suffer his gratification to be visible to the world, for it would have wounded his self-respect; yet he did not the less enjoy his reputation in silence nor credit its solidity the less. Accidental circumstances alone unmasked the real aspect of this feeling. Being alone one day we were conversing about the ambition of some men for renown. I remarked that it was as much a vanity as any other passion philosophically considered—what was a great name “to him that died yesterday!” Falstaff’s trim reckoning and no more. Campbell observed, “this may be true, but you would like such a renown as Napoleon’s, for example.”

“The infirmity of noble minds,” I replied, “would not move me to exchange my obscurity for a tombstone. I would not give life for unconscious reputation.”

“I would die to-morrow,” said Campbell, “for such renown as that of Napoleon.”

THE MALARIA.

BY CYRUS PEDDING, ESQ.

DELICIOUS death, when messengers so sweet
Herald thy coming—when the rose’s breath
Wafts new delight, and night’s calm glories greet
In this bright clime thy path! Delicious death,
Coming with stealth mysterious, like a thought
Of joy that kills with very height of bliss
Upon a bed of odours, making nought
Of the bright dream we weave too much amiss!
Thus, stealing in a garb of loveliness
On the repose that weaves in hollow trust
The chaplet for the dead, as if to bless
With all delight the change from flesh to dust
Elsewhere so dreaded—thus of sweetness full
Comes gentle death—the soft—the beautiful!*

* “L’influence maligne ne se fait sentir par aucun signe extérieure. Vous respirez un air qui semble pur, et qui est très agréable; la terre est riante et fertile; une fraîcheur délicieuse vous repare le soir des chaleurs brûlantes du jour;—et tout cela—c’est la mort!”—*Corinne*.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC MEN, INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &c. &c.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. III.

London, March 22, 1816.

THERE is a rumour in circulation of much *import*. It is this—that Lady —, yeleft the *eternal flame* (though she may prove a frost), has turned her eyes towards the Magdalen, there to atone for her past offences. As a step towards this desirable object, some of her *cheap bought* jewels were lately put up for auction. Some ladies found fault with the high price bid for some of the articles.

“No doubt,” said Madame C—, “there is not one among you but would like to purchase them at the seller’s *prime cost*.”

Shrewd, very shrewd! and ten to one no less true!

In none of the papers laid before parliament is there any account of the diplomatic presents made to Lord Castlereagh. If the generosity of foreign courts in any degree approaches our own, his lordship must have realised a pretty penny on the continent.

The amount of the home secret service money is 10,000*l.*; there appears to have been a ready demand and prompt payment in this quarter. There was not a penny of it undisposed of on the 5th of January. A gratuity of 520*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* to Edward Michael Ward, Esq., for having brought from Vienna the general treaty of congress, is one of the items of the civil list accounts. Among the items too of the civil list accounts are sums of 3093*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* for equipage to the Hon. C. Bagot, our minister to America, and of 4011*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* to the Hon. Frederick Lambe, our minister to the court of Bavaria.

The ministers from France, Austria, Bavaria, Holland, Brussels, Russia, and Portugal, were the parties who were presented with snuff-boxes, which cost the nation 15,310*l.* 11*s.* The Dutch court thus appears to have received a double share.

The funds continue to decline, although the loan is not expected to exceed five or six millions, and even this amount might be greatly reduced by a prudent economy and just retrenchment. The Opposition papers are loud in their outcries against ministers for having arranged so expensive an establishment for keeping Buonaparte at St. Helena. They say, “Why is a quarter of a million of money to be expended for the safe keeping of one solitary prisoner?”

The Queen’s Drawing-room.—The public were much disappointed yesterday in not seeing the intended spouse for the P. C. Indisposition was assigned as the cause, but the fact is H. R. II. the P. R. wishes her to accompany him when he himself goes, being apprehensive of a brutal reception from John Bull. Notwithstanding the announcement of the distinguished foreigner the court was very thinly attended, although the town is full of fashionables.

News from the Pavilion.—A gentleman who saw the Earl of Arran this morning, says, that the P. was enabled to take exercise in the

stables at B. yesterday for two hours on horseback, and that he expressed his determination to come to C. House on Thursday next. My informant adds, that his highness is considerably thinner. the effect of the disorder—the gout; it was confined for some time about the ancles, but when the prince relaxed in his regimen it flew to the knees—the inflammation and pain were very great. His only beverage now is punch, except a glass of brandy in the morning when he arises, without which, he says, he should die. Sir Henry Hallford told Lord G. that they (the physicians) were under the most fearful apprehensions that his highness will not again have the use of his limbs; that they are so much reduced as to render them incapable of supporting the body. The other day, before the P. Ch. was admitted to an interview, he put on six pairs of stockings.

The following placard appeared yesterday in different parts of the town:—

“Our noble chancellor of the exchequer must be at his wits’ end for the substitution of a tax in lieu of the late one on property. It may afford him some relief by directing his attention to the various sinecures, and to those persons who hold more situations under the crown than one!!!

(Signed)

“TOM THORNE.”

Three very considerable houses stopped payment yesterday in the city; they were general merchants, one of them a great wine and spirit importer.

No change will take place in the administration unless petitions pour in from every quarter praying the P. R. to dismiss his present ministers. It is said that the R. will not have nerve enough to resist should that be the case.

L—— has undertaken, at the express desire of the Regent, to investigate the expenditure of the royal household preparatory to adopting a system of retrenchment. By-the-by, the new chancellor is not a little alarmed at the appearance of things; the political weathercock points at change! if so, what has Mr. L—— been doing? Desert your party, oh fie!

Four o’clock, p.m.—The town continues in a bustle quite unusual! The streets are crowded with all ranks and descriptions; one would really suppose that the emperors and kings were returning. John Bull has certainly some object which at present is quite unfathomable. Certainly the report cannot be true that the town will be illuminated to-night.

A gentleman who saw Lord Grenville this morning says, “When he left his lordship he was greatly agitated.”

Five o’clock.—Nothing new.

The 11th is the last letter received from you. I wrote on Tuesday last, also yesterday. I have dated my letter number five, but I believe it ought to have been six.

• London, March 26th, 1816.

The Prince R. still continues in a very debilitated state, he rode on horseback again on Saturday. An eye-witness gives the following account of his ascent:—

“An inclined plane was constructed, rising to the height of two feet and a half, at the upper end of which was a platform. His R. H. was placed in a chair on rollers, and so moved up the ascent and placed on the platform, which was then raised by screws, high enough to pass the horse under, and finally his R. H. was let down gently into the saddle.”

Sir Henry Hallford says "his stamina is still good, but that nothing can restore the muscular powers in the legs but a rigid attention to diet and regimen for many months."

Ministers, I hear, are secretly assisting the insurgents in South America, 4000 stand of arms and other military stores were sent from Jamaica in January last.

Consternation pervades every commercial body: three houses stopped on Friday last; among them the firm of S—— and B——, Oporto merchants. S—— was lately connected with I—— of the Adelphi, in the wine trade; he took out of the concern 200,000*l.*, and has lost the whole in his speculations with B——.

Parliamentary.—In the Committee of Ways and Means last night the chancellor of the exchequer proposed his financial expedient in lieu of the property-tax. It is, that the war customs and excise duties be continued, except so much of the latter as will expire with the malt tax; the customs he averaged at 2,850,000*l.*, which are to be voted for five years, and to be paid into the consolidated fund to meet the interest of the loan, to which he must resort. The excise duties are to remain for general application to the exigencies of the state. The chancellor of the exchequer distinctly stated to the House, that no reduction, in point of amount, would take place in the general estimates, except such as would have arisen had the property-tax been continued: this drew forth the animadversion of Mr. Ponsonby, who warmly contended that it was a mere alteration of form to proceed on the same plan, as if the property-tax had been carried. Mr. Tierney maintained, that the chancellor of the exchequer ought to meet the existing dangers in the face of the country, and refer the whole to a select committee; he ridiculed the idea, that the customs could, in defiance of the system of smuggling which must continue, be operative for five years, to the extent which the right honourable gentleman supposed. The proposition of the chancellor of the exchequer was then carried without a division. On the question of referring the navy estimates to the committee of supply, Mr. Tierney drew a comparison between the civil part of the estimates of 1814 and those of the present year, and showed that the latter exceeded the former by at least 20,000*l.* Mr. Croker opposed the statement of Mr. Tierney. The latter gentleman rose to answer Mr. Croker, when he was assailed by cries of "*spoke! spoke!*" he, in consequence, sat down. Mr. Freemantle immediately rose, and moved the question of adjournment. Mr. Tierney took advantage of the new question, and argued in support of his original statement. After a reply from Mr. Croker, the original question, "That the estimates should be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means," was carried; but on the suggestion of Lord Castlereagh, the committee was postponed till Wednesday.

On Sunday night, yesterday, and again to-day, a meeting of the cabinet ministers took place at Fife House, where they continued in deliberation a considerable time. The discussion, it is whispered, related to the peculiar situation in which this country stands as to its continental policy, *et cetera!*

"What a rancorous feeling there is about the Duchess of Y—— against England and Englishmen," said a military man, a *courtier* too, yesterday. This, I am told, is in unison with that of the whole nation (Prussia): is this true?

You will excuse my letters being at times almost unintelligible, but really at this time of the year I find it difficult to devote the necessary time to any other pursuit than the one I am usually engaged in; you will, therefore, allow as much latitude as possible; at the same time, you may rely on my exertions.

Certainly! I will endeavour to procure one of O——'s packets, if it is possible! To-morrow, if I can learn any thing, you may expect to hear from me again.

Five o'clock.—Nothing new; letters delivered.

CHAP. IV.

London, March 28th, 1816.

*Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris aut carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis; probitas laudatur et alget.*—JUVENAL.

THIS was a lamentable truth in and before the time of Juvenal, and is, unfortunately, no less unquestionable at present. I will not say that men are worse in this age than they were at any other period; I verily believe that human nature has undergone little or no alteration in the sum of virtues and vices which were at first allotted to mankind. Every age, every country, has produced its villains. Rome had its traitors; have we not one in each of those base politicians who privately fight under false colours, and wrapt in the cloak of godlike patriotism, impose on the multitude, alienate the hearts of their countrymen from every good purpose, and are, by the credulous and fascinated part of the nation, hailed with that awe which virtue alone should inspire? Hey day! what a train of moralising am I got into!

“Opportunity makes the thief;” that proverb is my plea, as I have to speak of a man who to a tittle verifies the truth of the Roman satirist's observation, a man who “can smile, and smile, and be a villain,” a man (if so noble an appellation is due to so vile a thing) whose jarring soul never felt the unison of harmony! a sower of division, a bird of prey, who thrives best in the midst of slaughter, a wretch who has kindled between England and France a flame which may perhaps consume his own unfortunate country! In short, I need not name the individual, in future ages it may go for synonymous with every thing that is horrible and wicked. But I have been too prolix; my next will better explain the object I have in view.

You ask me, “Are ministers to go out?” Affairs stand thus:—The queen has come to town expressly to head a party; she came yesterday afternoon, and the Regent the same night. This evening there will be a meeting at Buckingham House. Her Majesty has openly expressed her determination to remove the Marchioness of ———; she, the queen, is supported by the Lord Chancellor Eldon, Earl of Liverpool, Duke of Montrose, and the whole of the *saints* (the Addingtons, &c.); they detest Castlereagh, and will join any *junta* to turn him out. The latter laughs at these threats as long as he is backed by the marchioness, who says she will make the prince inaccessible to them all. At the Pavilion she actually performed her promise. The Regent is certainly entirely controlled by her; that is, he is actually terrified into any measure she thinks proper to propose. Finding her power upon the decline, she got the better of his weak intellects a short time since, and now imperiously sways the sceptre! The most powerful advocates for Castlereagh

are the Gowers (Staffords); they are a host—of course the Baths, Salisburys, Wellesleys, Finches (Winchelsea), and, indeed, all the old court are of the Queen's party. So it appears that Castlereagh is mustering all the strength he can to turn Liverpool out, also Eldon, and *vice versa*. Both parties are tampering with the Grenvilles and Wellesleys; the end will be that one or other of the ins must bite the bridle.

There is also said to be a secret confederacy at present unfathomable. A gentleman, who has a very singular talent in discovering the most hidden secrets, thus expressed himself yesterday:—

"Lord Castlereagh has many enemies, who are all united to ruin him; he places too much dependance upon the ascendancy he has over the prince regent; H. R. H. begins to listen to the complaints."

The premier totters! Thus stand things, while poor L——, the intended chaneellor, shakes with apprehension. Camelford House being let for the accommodation of the P. C—— and her husband looks amazingly like a job. It is one of the worst constructed mansions in the United Kingdom; there is not a good room in it, and the situation far from desirable, being in Oxford-street, near Park-lane, overlooked on the principal side by a long range of tenements inhabited by poor people. But "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" Lord Grenville gets rid of it for seven years at the rent of a furnished house. The prince has appointed his cook (Watier) to be the architect of the improvements!!

The ceremonial of the marriage will be solemnised at Carlton House by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 16th of April. The Duke of Kent has lent the royal pair Castlebar, his villa near Ealing, for three years.

Flowers of Rhetoric.—Lord Castlereagh being dubbed by his scribes the most splendid orator of the age, the rising generation naturally regard him as a model of eloquence, and nightly crowd the gallery of the House of Commons for instruction. All the beautiful flights of fancy in which his lordship occasionally indulges, all the flowers with which he embellishes his speeches are, of course, eagerly sought and carefully collected by the youthful aspirant to oratorical fame; he hears him in high and lofty strain sing the praises of himself and the *other sovereigns* of Europe, till descending from this awful height, he with just and delicate irony rebukes the "ignorant impatience" of the people for relief from taxation. In one figure of his speech, particularly, he rises above himself, and "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art," he exhibits the "fundamental feature"—a phrase, which by its frequent repetition, his lordship feels can never tire. It is, however, the fate of merit to induce envy, and accordingly we find that the originality of this delicate idea is disputed by some persons, who cite the following anecdote in support of their position:—

About the time when the present fashion first came up, a fat, puffy lady, with her shoulders pinioned back, took her station in the pit of the Opera House. The attention of Lord W——m——land, who sat at a short distance behind, was strongly attracted by the strange appearance of her back, and after viewing it attentively for some time, he took out his opera-glass for a more accurate survey. Unable to satisfy his doubts, he applied to a companion, who informed him that the object of attention was the back of Mrs. Billington.

"And pray, sir," said his lordship, "is she upon her heels or her head?"

But the people of England turning their backs upon themselves, a case so solemnly deprecated by Lord Castlereagh, is a perfectly NEW idea, and has no relation to the above anecdote.

Friday Noon.—Public credit continues to sink ; many great houses in the city are, it is said, going. What think you of Sir T—→ S—, the banker, who moved for the committal of Burdett to the Tower, being *done up*? He had the Newport and Abërgavenny banks! Still no money received from Ireland. The stewards of the different domains have acquainted their lords *resident here*, that if they wish to preserve any thing but the soil, they must come over and live there!* You can form no conception of the situation of the mother country. For my part, I think the game will soon be up!!

But however severe the sufferings of the people, happen what will, the present ministers flatter themselves *they* will never *break* as they can *bend* to any thing! Mr. Vansittart complained, at the opening of the session, that he had never spent a more unpleasant *summer* than the last; what does he think of his present *spring*? A morning paper, [mentioning the case of a woman who was delivered of three children, observes, and what adds to the singularity of the case, they were *all* illegitimate. At an auction at Norwich, a few days since, seventeen horses were sold for 20*l*. Lord Burghersh for Lyme Regis, his two brothers for West Cowes, and about twenty others, have vacated their seats to make room for those who can attend their duty. In my next you shall hear more about O— and K—. I have been disappointed to-day.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Commons last night, Mr. Western's resolution upon the subject of the agricultural distress and the remedies which it may be prudent to adopt, was submitted to a committee. After some discussion the debate was adjourned to Tuesday next. The chancellor of the exchequer abstained from giving any opinion upon the subject, reserving himself until he shall have heard the sentiments of the country gentlemen.

The Prince Regent gave long gaudiences yesterday to the Lord Chancellor, Earl of Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh. At six his R. H. went to dine with the Queen and the Princesses, attended by Sir B. Bloomfield. Private report states, that his royal highness is *outrageous* at being brought to town. At the Pavilion he could more conveniently see his *friends* than at C. H. What think you of the bettings at the Cocoa-Tree? Lord Y— has betted Major Staples sixty pounds to five, that Louis is on the throne of France on the 30th of May; he has multiplied this *ad infinitum*, that is, with any one disposed to bet thus—with Major Staples alone it stands six times. Sir Charles Bunbury has offered to stake 100*l*. that the king is in Paris on the 30th of December. You may form an idea of the politics of the great house from this. Adieu.

London, April 1st, 1816.

The reason why the Regent is outrageous at being brought to town is the situation of the unhappy culprits under sentence of death in Newgate. He soundly rated the recorder. "My God! your R. H. cannot

* There seems to have been true prophetic wisdom in the advice here tendered to the absentees, as the present crisis, resulting from centuries of misrule and the spoliation of Ireland's resources, by landlords and companies, unhappily testifies.—*Ed.*

be serious. Is there not a statute law against making the report out of the county of Middlesex?" I have heard of a country, either in Asia or Africa, where the king thinks it an honour to hang his subjects with his own hands, and holds the office so inseparable from his crown that whoever infringed it would be punished as a traitor. When the holy fathers called Attila, Saladin, and so many princes the *executioners of divine justice*, they spoke of them with the greatest respect.

The medical report respecting the state of the Regent's health continues unfavourable; the muscular powers are gone! still the stamina remains good. During the last paroxysm of the gout, his knees were swelled to that degree that they measured thirty-five inches in circumference.

"How is the Regent?" said Y—— to the Marquis of Headford, on Thursday last.

"Much better."

"How is he in temper?"

"I cannot say much for that."

It is a fact that Y. is *out* there. He voted against the Corn Bill, which gave great offence, and this his lordship did in spite of the entreaties of his *mamma* and *papa*! Since that he refused to support the income-tax. Speaking of the noble lord the other day at dinner, his R. H. said (when one of the visitants mentioned Y——'s having picked up 500*l.* at the hall lately opened at the corner of Bennett-street, St. James's),

"Oh, that's like him."

The *play* this season has been confined to the Cocoa-Tree. Y—— is said to have *won* 30,000*l.*; the principal dupe has been F——, a young man lately come of age. Amid all unfavourable appearances in the *privileged school for libertinism*, it is still called the *centre of elegance*, the *nursery of delicate pleasures*, and the *tomb of melancholy*—three egregious nuisances, I assure you.

Keep your eye upon a Captain H——; he left London about a fortnight ago for Paris by way of Calais, taking with him 100 pamphlets of K——'s in French. He has other commissions, probably communications for the Orleans faction. He is about fifty-four; he married a daughter of the celebrated *wit*, Lady B—— T——, well known in the *old court*. The captain was once a stage-struck hero of the Blenheim theatricals, and he cut a conspicuous figure. There is an anecdote related of him and his wife. Throwing himself into an appropriate attitude, at a *dilettante* meeting, he exclaimed,

"If I love thee not, Chaos is come again."

"Chaos, chaos!" exclaimed Lady J——, "who was *he*?"

Not a line have I picked up since I wrote respecting Jamaica—every thing is kept quiet. I believe I mentioned the receipt of your communication of the 25th.

Tuesday, April 2nd.—The whole of the convicts under sentence of death have been respited. More failures among commercial men! A gloom pervades every feature. High and low life equally affected! A crisis is approaching!!!

A compromise is said to have taken place between the contending interests of the *ins* to keep out the *outs*! The queen's party mean only to prevent Castlereagh assuming the premiership—as long as they can maintain the influence no division will take place; upon all questions wherein the Opposition are likely to *make way*, they will join heart and

hand ! Canning's return is still uncertain. The ministers have tendered him the late Marquis of Buckingham's situation, &c. He has replied to these offers. In a letter to a friend he says, "That he waits for an answer to certain propositions ; if they are not satisfactory, he shall make a tour."

London, April 2nd, 1816.

Noon.—The post has just brought your letters of the 28th and 30th. I will try what can be done in the quarter you recommend. I have a personal acquaintance with the Duke of Kent ; I have had, some years since, interviews with him of three hours in length, particularly at the period of his return from Gibraltar.

Our government have just sent off, with great privacy, 10,000 stand of arms for the use of the insurgents in Spanish America. I have seen Dr. Black, the friend of the captain who carried out Miranda, who is employed to conduct the operations; he also tells me that 4000 Spaniards collected from the mother country left Jamaica in the month of February to join the insurgents. A very extraordinary trial is about to come into court relating to a large consignment of *Or-monlu* from Paris, addressed to the P. R., which coming of course duty free was a great object in favour of the mercantile house for which the goods were intended. As the P. could not be expected to lend his name for *nothing*, he was allowed to take out of the twelve packages whatever PROPORTION H. R. H. chose !!! Need it be wondered at that this "wheel within a wheel" should have too many *spokes*—such was the case ! The bills of parcels not agreeing with the invoice, the citizens demurred. The Parisian factor finding recovery hopeless, as a *dernier ressort*, commences an action. Counsel are retained, and probably Westminster Hall will witness a novel procedure, unless H. R. II. pays the whole of the bill.

John Bull is not aware that since the opening of the sessions of Parliament a great portion of the offices attached to the newly-built streets in the vicinity of Grosvenor-place, between Hyde Park Corner and the King's-road, have been filled with military, and that the accommodation is provided for four months to come.

Some further papers relating to the Excise prosecutions have been laid before the House of Commons. They are deeply interesting, as demonstrative of the manner in which the Lords of the Treasury have exercised a discretionary power in staying prosecutions or remitting fines, vested in them by a late Act of Parliament.

The return of the P. R. to the Pavilion will certainly take place immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, which will be early ! Orders have also been given to expedite the cleaning of the apartments, in case of an emergency.

The Marquis of Anglesea has been decorated with the Order of the Grand Cross of the Guelphs. The Prince gives a dinner to-day to the Marquis and the Earl of Barrymore. I shall see the latter to-morrow, when I probably may pick up something.

Admiral Malcolm is appointed to succeed Sir G. Cockburn ; he hoists his flag to-morrow on board the *Newcastle*, of fifty guns, and will sail in ten days. All the allied powers, except Russia, intend sending out commissioners. Why this ? Report says that a reduction is to take place immediately in the establishment at St. Helena.

London, the 3rd of April, 1816.

Every body here knows that the ministers had not the support of one morning paper upon the question of the Income-tax. That it was a Carlton House question, is incontrovertibly proved to those who are on terms of intimacy with the Prince: Lord B——, for instance, who has passed more hours *tête-à-tête* with H. R. H. than any other person, assured me of the same being an absolute fact.

The contending interests of the Court are greatly agitated in consequence of the state of the Regent's health; it may be considered in so doubtful a state, as to fill them with the most profound melancholy; they all admit that the late attack may be considered as a *break up*! Still, in despite of entreaties, he continues his usual *libations*—viz. punch, or, as H. R. Highness calls it, skull-cap, made with champagne instead of water! What augments the affliction, is the decided spirit evinced by *England's future Queen*, against the policies of both Buckingham and Carlton Houses. "Never mind trifles," said Lady De C——, the other day, to a tradesman, who had been regularly appointed to the office of purveyor to the Princess, and paid a considerable sum in fees to the Board of Green Cloth, at St. James's, but had been disappointed by the P. Regent's cook, who is not only *major domo*, but *surveyor* of the apartments at Camelford House; "never mind," rejoined Her Ladyship (who was *gouvernante* to H. R. H.), "depend upon what I now say: when the Princess becomes independent of her father, she will turn every one out of the house, and prefer her own people."

The ministers certainly are in an awkward situation—they have nothing to divert their chagrin. So ruinous are appearances, that they would gladly resign could they retire with decency; the last shock has hurt the pride and ambition of Castlereagh more than any one has any idea of. The Opposition declare (whether true or false) that they would not accept the seals of office in the present state of the country. Certainly, the *Pittite* system now appears in all its ramifications. The *sagacious* reflections of my Lord Grenville are worthy of observation. He actually intends to quit the country, at the close of the session, to reside, as he says, for the *remainder of his days*, on the Continent, screened from the perils of the times, instead of re-embarking upon a sea, the shoals of which he is so well acquainted with.

You have on your coast (at Calais) a person of the name of C——, a few years since a Treasury clerk. This bold defaulter said, that the 84,000*l.* he was *minus* was too insignificant a trifle for him to search his accounts to justify; that, if the defect had been half a million, he would then, and then only, think it worth his while to rectify the mistake; dead men tell no tales, and the principal evidence was no more. These horrid deeds, in the Court language are called "useful crimes," and, from their utility, are looked upon as 'nothing more than the effect of a wise *precaution* and a "*pardonable* act of self-defence!" Such foul offences would, by a jury of courtiers, be returned *se defendendo*; so true is Dryden's remark, that

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a Court.

And, to use the same poet's language, no one knows better than

C—— that pernicious art of “gilding a face with smiles, and leading a man to ruin.”

As an additional proof that ministers dread some convulsion, they have shut the gates leading into the King's Mews *every evening*, as early as six o'clock. Ever since the meeting of parliament some precautionary measure has been in agitation daily.

I saw the gentleman belonging to the Transport Board yesterday, who gave me the information forwarded a short time since relative to the state of Jamaica. He said “ministers kept the affair quiet.” I read an extract of a letter just received by the same person, it contained the following paragraph: “What government may do with the Register Bill, I know not; but I hope and trust it will not pass—if it should, this country will be in a similar situation to St. Domingo. The slaves are 280 to one European. They will rise some night and cut all our throats, when we are asleep.” I alluded to an expected convulsion in my last—the circumstances are as follows: “The negroes of three estates went up in a peaceable manner to their masters, and asked, ‘If the government of England had not made them free, and whether the House of Assembly was not then sitting to oppose it; and at the same time demanded wages.’”

Parliamentary.—The Marquis of Buckingham last night introduced his motion in the House of Lords, for an inquiry into the state of Ireland. The Earl of Liverpool objected to the motion; but admitted that if some of the evils of Ireland were distinctly submitted for inquiry in a practical shape, a beneficial result might possibly arise. On the subject of Catholic Emancipation, the noble earl distinctly stated, that in his opinion it was one quite unconnected with the real grievances of the people; it was one, however, entitled to dispassionate consideration, and he was one of those who would frankly admit that if the principle of the question were conceded by parliament, the arrangement of its details, either in the shape of securities or otherwise, would be matter of quite minor and unimportant consideration.

A further instance of economy was announced by the chancellor of the exchequer in the House of Commons last night, namely, the discontinuance of the officers' mess at St. James's, which has been supported at the public expense.

A new proof of the extravagance of ministers transpired in the House of Commons last night. It appears that Mr. H——, the assistant-secretary to the Treasury, has received, in addition to his increased salary of 3500*l.* a year, a gratuity of 5000*l.*

One of the morning papers states, “We are assured, that notwithstanding the flattering accounts given in the papers of the convalescence of H. H. the P. R.—that no expectation was entertained yesterday of his being able to attend the drawing-room at the queen's palace to-morrow.”

American papers to the 26th of February have arrived, “the Speaker Clay, in the House of Representatives, declared it to be his belief, that the present peace with England *could not and would not* be of long continuance!!!”

Captain Nicholls, from the Havannah, who left there on the 4th of February, brought an account to New York, that there had been an insurrection amongst the blacks at Nassau, New Providence, and that at first the negroes got possession of the fort, but were ultimately subdued.

Income-tax.—Mr. Vansittart was so confident of carrying this measure by the “book of numbers,” that he would listen to no advice. To one friend he observed,

“Nos numeri sumus.”

“Ay,” said his friend, “and you may finish the line,

“Et fruges consumere nati.”

Your letter of the 17th is not yet come to hand! How is this?

London, the 5th of April, 1816.

Daily conferences are held in the Cabinet upon the subject of continental affairs; and I calculated upon being enabled to communicate some information possessing interest in this letter. I have been disappointed! However, I do not despair.

“The Scots’ appeal to the House of Lords, which involves the internal economy of a female boarding-house, has excited considerable curiosity. The Lord Chancellor has directed counsel to send their arguments in writing to his lordship, who will then deliberate on them, and give his decision also in writing.”—*Vide Morning Chronicle, April 4.*

What think you of our morality now, Master Brook? “I could a tale unfold.” Talk of General Pillet’s book!!!

Real Patriotism.—John Bull will be extremely glad to learn, notwithstanding the rejection of the income-tax, that Lord Lascelles, M.P. for Yorkshire, Mr. Holme Sumner, M.P. for Surrey, and Mr. Ellison for Leicester, are so convinced of its propriety and popularity, that they are resolved to pay their proportion, and to maintain as far as in them lies, the large public expenditure of the country. When Lord Liverpool was applied to upon the subject, he frankly declared, “that nothing could be more patriotic than the intention of these gentlemen—but as he was minister, he thought himself obliged to submit to the decision of the House, and that in regard to his salary, his allowance for plate, cabinet dinners, douceurs, perquisites, and patronage, would not exceed forty or fifty thousand a year at the utmost. No one could tell what he had to go through.”—Copy of a placard!

Agriculture.—An agricultural report was made yesterday at Sir Joseph Banks’ *conversazione*. Agreeably to the request of the ministers, the baronet had convened a meeting at his house. The information derived from this source is of a nature, truly alarming. “We have not wheat sufficient in the United Kingdom to supply the markets beyond the Autumn; and that, as *numberless* farms are now lying waste, a *famine* must inevitably take place, unless corn be immediately imported.”

Parliamentary.—In the House of Commons, last night, an interesting and animated discussion took place, in consequence of a complaint made by Lord Milton, that he had been stopped by a life-guardsmen, while driving through Pall-mall yesterday, and threatened with personal violence if he persevered in passing along the space kept open for the carriages going to the queen’s drawing-room (the life-guardsmen struck his horse, and said he would strike him if necessary). Lord Castlereagh and the chancellor of the exchequer expressed the necessity and convenience of having the aid of the military on those occasions, but admitted that if an unnecessary exercise of restriction arose it ought to be

remedied, which of course would be done without the intervention of a formal proceeding in that House. Mr. Wynne and Mr. Ponsonby ably ridiculed the plea of convenience, or of necessity, in this method of employing a military force. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Bennett pointed out that it was quite of modern growth; duties of this kind having been performed by peace-officers early in the present reign. After a long conversation, Lord Nugent moved for a copy of the instructions under which the Life Guards acted yesterday in Westminster. The motion was, however, negatived upon a division. In time of peace, the constable's staff is the only army which the constitution knows or requires. It was so as late as the time of Lord North. We had the household troops in London then, as now, but so little use was made of them even for show, his lordship observed, "that they did nothing but drink the children's milk in St. James's Park, and debauch the nurses."

The *Times* is uncommonly severe upon the ministers lately. Walter has a new editor, of the name of Frazer, who writes uncommonly well on the subject of courtly extravagance; his attack upon the Marquis of Camden this day is only the commencement of a series. He says that the noble lord derives from his income, as one of the tellers of the exchequer, as much as would support 500 poor families at 50*l.* annually. They have not found out the new office for the management of the *crown droits*, to which a friend of mine is appointed, with a salary of 1200*l.*, as inspector only.

Sir John Newport last night, in consequence of the thin attendance in the House, postponed his motion for an "Inquiry into the state of Ireland," until the 26th instant. A long conversation arose in consequence of the postponement, in the course of which the paramount importance of the subject, and the necessity of a full attendance during its discussion, was admitted by the leading men on both sides of the House. Lord George Cavendish last night gave notice in the House of Commons of his intention, after the recess, to submit a motion, upon the public expenditure and the existence of a large army, which was in direct opposition to the principles of the constitution of this country, and subversive of our liberties.

The *Morning Herald* of this day says,—“The public will no doubt eventually feel themselves indebted to the members who urged in the House of Commons the necessity of a reformation in the police, which has so long continued to endanger and disgrace the metropolis.”

Yesterday there was a foolish story in the city that Napoleon had made his escape. No tidings of the letter of the 17th ult.

Three o'clock, p.m.—Not a sentence worth recording has been uttered in any circle to-day—every thing “flat, stale, and unprofitable!” The drawing-room splendidly brilliant, but not extremely crowded. The Regent was not there, of course. No letter to-day. The mess for the officers of the guards at St. James's, ceases in a few days, the estimated expense is 12,000*l.* per annum.

London, April 7th.

In the House of Commons last night, Mr. Douglas submitted a motion similar to that made in the House of Lords on Friday, for an account of the sums received by government from France previous to the signing of the treaty of peace. Lord Castlereagh expressed his readiness to meet

the wishes of the hon. gentleman, but said he had already given a full explanation upon this subject to the house. This assertion was, however, denied by the Opposition, who contended that his lordship's explanation on a former night only referred to sums received after the signing of the treaty. Mr. Douglas gave notice that he should, after the recess, submit a motion to the house upon the subject. In the course of the discussion Mr. Baring stated that at this moment the princes of Germany were offering their shares of the contribution of France for next year, at a discount of fifty per cent. In the conversation which took place upon this subject, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Horner alluded particularly to the sum of 880,000*l.* which had been received by his majesty's government from France anterior to the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris, which had been applied, without any concurrence of parliament, to the support of the English army for the maintenance of the government of France.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated his intention of proposing a continuance of the restrictions on the cash payments of the Bank of England for two years longer. He, however, observed, that in protracting them for so long a period, he in some measure meant to pledge himself and the house that they would ultimately cease on the expiration of that time. His promise would, perhaps, have been received with more confidence were not the pledge of the duration of the income-tax for one year *and no longer* fresh in the recollection of John Bull.

Mr. Ward said last night in the House of Commons that the large amount of the first Ordinance Estimates he presented was to be attributed not to the wish of ministers to depart from a spirit of economy, but to their eagerness to satisfy, by a rough and imperfect outline the *proper* impatience of the country. Lord Castlereagh sat next his right honourable colleague when he uttered this expression.

The cabinet ministers met yesterday afternoon at the Foreign Office, and continued in deliberation until four o'clock; the object of the meeting related principally to the mode of proceeding in the House of Peers relative to Buonaparte's "Detention Bill." The second reading took place last night. In the course of the debate Lord Holland wished to know whether the policy of this country might not change? and why did we come under an obligation to deal with Buonaparte as the allies wished without any valuable consideration or particular advantage to ourselves? In order to illustrate his argument he would put an extreme case.—Suppose such a *change* in the views of Austria with respect to France as that the Austrian government might be inclined to place the son of Napoleon on the throne of France, and suppose a revolution in France which would render this an easy matter. Then suppose we might find it necessary to court the alliance of Austria and France against other powers of the continent. The son of Napoleon might insist on the release of his father as a preliminary condition, and the inconvenience would arise from our engagements with Russia and Prussia on this head. Some such change might take place in the policy of the country, not only under other ministers, but even under the present ministers; and why were the councils of this country thus shackled without any valuable consideration?

Lord Bathurst, who moved the reading of the Bill, said, "He again stated that we had no exclusive right over Napoleon, and that it was reasonable our allies should ask some security for this detention beyond the existing policy of this country."

London, the 9th of April.

"It is with much regret we learn from the Exeter papers, that several genteel families were shortly about to emigrate from that neighbourhood to France; among the rest a gentleman who is a magistrate of the county, of very considerable landed property. The annual value of his estates will consequently be laid out among Frenchmen. We are sorry that this unpatriotic custom is so prevalent; it is a serious and a growing evil, and it is much to be wished that the legislature would attach some weighty taxation on British capital thus transferred into the hands of foreigners."

What will the editor of the *Post* say when he learns that at least half of the fashionable world (his patrons) are making preparations to depart from "the fast anchored island." In addition to the whole of the Grenvilles, the Lansdownes, Derbys, Cavendishes, Lydells, are all likely to be on the wing at the close of the Parliamentary Session *for more genial climes*.

Three o'clock, p.m.—R. has just brought in from the press 1000 copies in French and English of the indictment from the Procureur General of France relative to the charges against Sir R. W., &c. They are going to Calais, by order of Mr. Bruce, Senior.

To such a state of distress are the commercial men in the city reduced that they exist only upon the discounts from the bank. Even their travellers in the habit of collecting large sums of money in the provincial towns are uniformly obliged to write for money to carry them through the journey.

The Regent continues in the same state! The royal nuptials are, it is reported, to take place on the 18th.

The town continues enveloped in despondence; the fashionable lounge, Bond Street, dull, spiritless, penniless; half-pay officers crowd every street, at the West-end, particularly. The prisoners in the different gaols for debt exceed belief.

London, the 10th of April, 1816.

Never was a strolling company of players so bandied about as our state pilots; they are, however, sinking fast; "*Chaos has come again.*" Castlereagh no longer has the weight he once possessed in the House of Commons, he is less patiently attended to. It is true that the ministers have a majority in almost every question since their late discomfiture; but from what does this arise? Not certainly from respect for their able administration of public affairs; not exactly from secret influence; but from the indiscreet zeal of Brougham in his undisguised attacks upon the House of Brunswick in the person of the Regent. This line of conduct has detached the independent interest (the landholders who meddle not with party) who consider Mr. B. to be the champion of a revolutionary system, and as he is a leader of the Opposition the whole are implicated.

Order, to be sure, is a very fine thing, *à la bonne heure!* But there are people who see in it such a sameness and monotony, that they are never better pleased than when they can act contrary to its rules, and our Regent is one of those eccentrics.

Manchester Square is again honoured with the presence of the illustrious person at the head of the state; he daily goes there about three o'clock, and although it is rather a narcotic draught, it is a necessary one. "*What boots me being made a squire,*" (may H. R. H. say in the true style of Mydas), "If I am compelled to hanker after a woman who treats

me with scorn ; but who is so necessary to my social as well as my political existence, that I cannot dispense for a single day with her presence." So much for the continual influence of this *fair liceness* ; but death and destiny are equally irresistible.

A member of the House of Commons lamenting that Mr. Vansittart from his lip and want of language, could not defend his own measures, was answered, "that it must be a consolation for him to know *that nobody could defend them.*"

While our ministers are holding forth economical plans, they are pursuing the direct contrary, and while they are really loading the country with charges for unnecessary places, they forget that the publication of the *Livre Rouge* (the Red Book of the court of France) was a principal means of bringing about the French REVOLUTION. From that source the people first learned what was paid from the "sweat of their brows" to persons who did nothing but take their money.

The chancellor of the exchequer declared in the House of Commons that he had had a very unpleasant summer ; John Bull is sure that he has had a very unpleasant winter, and we suspect he will have a very unpleasant spring. For his own comfort (I trust) and that of the public, this great financier will pass the next summer quietly in retirement.

The emigrations to America seem now to keep a steady balance with the *Vaccine Inoculation*, a case which Dr. Jenner had not foreseen when he made the discovery.

Agriculture.—There cannot be a more convincing or effective proof of the state of the country at present than the total absence of all bills for enclosures before parliament.

What think you of my plan of calling upon the Duke of K., and stating to him that I have reason to believe I can procure the support of the M. P. *to the cause* ? I can then ask the duke for an introduction by letter—all distrust will thus be removed !

Ministers have, within the last week, intimated to Orleans the propriety of his being seen in France ; they say, if you have not nerve enough to go through don't make the attempt.

Parliamentary.—Last night, in the House of Commons, an animated discussion took place on the subject of the Princess Charlotte's annuity of 60,000*l.* In this her R. H. relinquishes more than 30,000*l.* a year, with which she has been charged upon the civil list. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Tierney contended, that this dropped sum should be more effectually secured to the public, which was likely to be spent in the balances of the civil list. The proposition was objected to, on the ground that it was unnecessary, as the money would go to meet any excess of the civil list to which the public might be liable. The Opposition are unanimously of opinion that her R. H.'s income was too great in the event of her not supporting her rank by means of drawing-rooms, and other ceremonies. Lord Castlereagh declined giving an answer to the question relative to her R. H.'s future intentions, and it seemed for some time threatened that the house should move on the grant, with the view to its postponement, until more sufficient information could be obtained. The discussion, however, terminated without a division, and her R. H.'s annuity bill was then carried through all its stages in the House of Commons, and sent to the Peers for their lordships' concurrence.

April 11, 1816.

Nothing new, except that an unusual air of mystery appears to envelop the court. The marriage of the Princess Charlotte is again postponed. There is said to be cause for this of more importance than most people think. If I can elucidate it, I will again write to-morrow—perhaps I may elicit something from a quarter likely to be in the secret. The ministers I again hear mean to send off Orleans. The House of Commons will, at its rising this day, adjourn till Wednesday se'nnight.

The Present Ministry.—It seems now generally allowed that no administration ever had less weight with the public than the present. They have no supporters, no families of hereditary power, rank, or opulence in the country. Their own talents, either as statesmen or speakers, are certainly rather a specific disqualification. The first Lord of the Treasury was the son of a person in a very humble situation in life.

The marriage of P. of C. to the Princess C. is postponed until the 25th!!! General Drouot's trial and acquittal have excited great interest here—there is scarcely a paper that does not exult!

London, the 12th of April, 1816.

Attack my Lord Castlereagh on his treaties of peace, and they are the most durable and excellent that ever were negotiated by mortal man. Demur a little about granting government the extravagant sums of money which they demand, and immediately it is found that we exist in that *intermediate* state which has attached to it all the expences and hardships of war, without any of the comforts of peace. This is the case given to the Treasury journals.

It has been repeatedly stated, that the wedding-day of the P. Charlotte with P. L. had been finally determined upon. Some of the papers, pretending to be better informed than others, originally fixed it for the 16th instant—having discovered that the 16th would be Easter Tuesday, they postponed it to the 18th; and, changing the time again, they now fix it for Thursday the 25th, the birthday of the Princess Mary, but on no better authority than before. However, if they continue to guess on, I have no doubt they will be right at last.

Should Mr. Rose carry his bill against quack surgeons, he would do well to follow it up with a bill to prohibit quack ministers and politicians, when they make such wanton experiments upon the national health.

Parliamentary.—The attention of the House of Commons was last night called to the evils which arise to the industrious tradesman, in consequence of the extended rules allowed to prisoners for debt, in the custody of the marshal of the King's Bench, and the warden of the Fleet. The subject was embraced in a petition from the inhabitants, tradesmen, of Westminster, and from the sense expressed by the House, will, no doubt, undergo a serious investigation. Mr. Brougham stated, that the objects of the bill respecting the liberty of the press, of which he has given notice, are threefold. First, he intends to propose, that matters of truth shall be given in evidence, in cases of libel, although they shall not be admitted as justification; secondly, that the power of issuing *ex-officio* informations shall be limited and restrained; and, thirdly, that the plan respecting special juries on trials for libels shall be altered.

Mr. Serjeant Onslow gave notice of his intention, after the Easter recess, to move for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the acts respecting

the interest of money, with the view of leaving money to find its own level, otherwise to permit people to get money upon the best terms they can.

The solicitor-general also gave notice of a motion for the 8th of May, respecting the charges exhibited against the lord chief justice by Lord Cochrane. Speaking of motions, I cannot learn that the Opposition have any thing of interest coming forward.

Dr. Duigenan.—Died yesterday, at his lodging in Parliament-street, the Right Hon. Patrick Duigenan, L.L.D. He was taken ill on Wednesday, and a physician was called in, who did not consider him in any very immediate danger, and shortly after he rose and breakfasted. Yesterday his illness increased rapidly, and he died in the act of sucking an orange. By his death many places and offices are become vacant in Ireland, in which he was Judge of the Prerogative Court, Dublin,—Vicar-General of the Metropolitan Court, Armagh, and of several other sees,—Surrogate in the Court of Admiralty,—Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin,—and representative in Parliament for the city of Armagh. Although descended from a Roman Catholic family, his political life has been remarkable for his ardent opposition to the Catholic claims. He was a very robust man, and at the time of his death upwards of eighty years of age.

Prince Esterhazy, since the departure of the Archdukes of Austria, has been inclined to be unreserved in his observations upon the probable changes in the disposition of the house of Austria. So much I have heard from one of the Opposition who occasionally dines with his Highness.

London, April 16, 1816.

A conversation arose yesterday, at the Cocoa-Tree, upon continental affairs. "Apropos," said Mr. Morton, "here comes C—— B—— from Carlton-house." "Right! it is he himself! Let's hear him." "Well, B——; now for your opinion. Is Louis firmly seated on the throne of France or not?" "If you wish *simply* for my opinion, I'll tell you, I consider the dynasty of the Bourbons immoveable." "Right," said Yarmouth. "Did not I tell you that was B.'s opinion?" C. B. left the house a short time after, taking with him the Hon. B. K——. "Did you understand the nudge I gave you when the French government was on the tapis?" "Not exactly," replied K. "Why, then, I will explain myself. To all questions put to me upon the subject, I uniformly return the same answer. It is proper I should do so. But with you I will be more candid. I will tell you the real state of things. The present government cannot last two months!"

Although C—— B—— may not be a profound politician, yet he is deserving of attention for many reasons:—the first, his close connexion with the concerns of the Regent's household, his daily interviews with the great personage himself; secondly, his alliance with the Mount Norris family having introduced him into the circles of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Stuart. You will of course draw your own conclusion from these hints. I cannot instruct you.

"Pray," said I to Mr. K——, yesterday, "tell me how K—— comes on in his efforts for the Orleans' cause; is he as indefatigable as ever?" "Oh, no! K—— has failed entirely with all the leading Oppositionists. They have *laughed him out* of the subject. He confines his exertions

to the college of princes; and there his labours have been better rewarded."

The royal nuptials are, report states, to take place on the 2nd of May. The Prince of Saxe Coburg seems, very unfortunately, to have been much indisposed since his arrival in this country. All that can be hoped for is, that though sick he is not sorry.

How useful it is for people to come forward and express their wishes, may be seen by the number of members who have gone back to the ministers after voting against them on the subject of the income-tax.

Emigration.—A clerk to an eminent tailor, applying for a certificate to remove to America, was told that he could not procure one if he was carrying over any secret manufacture, or art, as there were objections to granting one. The poor fellow, however, removed the difficulty by saying, "He never was acquainted with any art, but that of making out a bill, which was of no use now, as nobody could pay one."

The Fable of the Oyster realised.—The following whimsical case happened lately:—A farmer in the north of England, becoming a bankrupt, had a very large flock of sheep and a very extensive rabbit warren. In consequence of disputes among the creditors, the matter was referred to the Court of Chancery, and while the chancellor was duly and deliberately weighing all that could be urged on both sides, and with proper affidavits from each party, the sheep fell into the sea and the rabbits were all taken by poachers; so the oyster being gone, there was a shell left for each claimant.

Lord Melville, accompanied by other Lords of the Admiralty, will proceed to-morrow morning on a visit to Portsmouth dockyard, to inspect the state of the first and second-rates. They have already visited Chatham and other places. The noble lords may inspect!!! It requires no extraordinary depth of penetration to perceive that in the event of a new maritime war suddenly bursting upon us, the navy will never again exist in its former splendour.

Four regiments of horse are ordered home from France, and more may daily be expected. Perry ascribes this measure to the French government not paying the stipulated sums for the maintenance of the troops, and adds, "the rest will be withdrawn for the same reason." The *Courier* contradicts this statement as far as relates to the non-payment of the troops.

There are very few places that have given greater proof of the distress of the times than the drawing-room itself, when the gentlemen in waiting declare, with reference to the ladies, "they never saw *so poor a show* in their lives." Certainly London never cut so sombre an appearance as at present. All internal commerce is destroyed, and it requires not the gift of divination to discover that the genius of unconstitutional extortion, waving his sable wings over the dome of St. Paul's, may eventually have to exclaim, "Here once stood London!!!"

The demand for passports exceeds belief. The Marquis D'O's. has been obliged to refuse all applicants who do not give a previous notice. Many thousands have been issued within the last month.

The necessities of this country demand economy,—a wide and sweeping economy—the voice of the country has proclaimed it from one part of the empire to the other. It has been re-echoed by its representatives in the House of Commons—the minister dares not set that voice at open

defiance ; the country, if true to itself, will take care that he does not evade it. Why are a few humble, meritorious clerks brought forward as victims to appease the stern demands of justice and necessity ? Why not some of the fatted calves, the huge leviathans of office, the overgrown pluralists of places and sinecures ? One of these whales would swallow 5000 of the poor sprats in office. But if these giants be held sacred and invulnerable, why spare the less formidable squires of a secondary degree ? There are now twelve lords of the bedchamber at 1000*l.* a year doing nothing, and twelve grooms at 500*l.* a year doing nothing ! The reason Combermere's staff is to be broken up is, that ministers calculate upon a saving of 10,000*l.* per annum.

The Regent dined with the Marquis of Anglesey on Saturday. He continues in the same state.

Lord Byron has published a poem entitled "Fare Thee Well," addressed to his wife ; it is the theme of general conversation in the higher circles ; the *Times* calls them whining stanzas. Another copy of verses by the same noble author contains an attack upon —, formerly governess to Lady Byron, which the *Times* calls "miserable doggrel." The lines begin with

Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred.

Your letter of the 8th came to hand on Saturday. It afforded me pleasure to hear that the *fair unknown* had arrived so expeditiously and safely ! I delivered your message to G —. R — is a great block-head.

London, April 17.

A *denouement* of no ordinary import shall be the subject of this letter.

"Momus and his nightly crew" were again carousing at Carlton House, when lo ! information was received that the fair rose of the state had given in her ultimatum upon the proposed connubial tie—that she had rejected the suit of the Prince of Saxe. This branch of the house of Brunswick deals in transverse intelligence ! Her highness staggers the state inquisition. These speculators and wise-acres (who no less ignorant than peremptory, decide upon the fate of nations) are wholly at a loss what step to take next. But I must take care what I say, or our infant correspondence may be nipped in the bud, and my name adorn an *auto da fé*. But to continue—the princess finding herself without advisers and secluded from all commerce with any but spies, placed over her by the queen, contrived to forward two letters by the twopenny-post, addressed to the Duke of Sussex, Kensington Palace. In these letters her highness dwells "upon the peculiarity of her situation, and her unalterable determination to have a distinct pledge from parliament, whenever she *does marry*, not to be sent out of the country ; expresses her dislike to certain individuals of the R— House without reservation." But how did she contrive to send these communications ? Returning from her morning's ride in the town of Windsor, she nicked the time when the letter-bags are sent off. By this manœuvre she prevented any sinister means for inspecting them. -I need not tell you what are the politics of Sussex. A laughable anecdote is told in the Opposition circles. It is *this*—on the first appearance of Leopold the P. C. asked who he was ? The name was given and the prince approached, bowing most respect-

fully! "It's a mistake," rejoined P. Charlotte, "you are not the man, it is your brother I meant."

Other rumours are in circulation, but the courtiers will explain nothing! Every inquiry is received with an air of mysterious importance. They tell us that no day is fixed for the ceremony. One thing, however, is certain—it communicates a volume of information—**THE WHOLE OF THE DOMESTICS ARE DISMISSED!!!** Recollect, these people were lately hired.

Under all these trials the Regent's friends are incessantly exercising their inventive faculty to give him torment, and every fresh man is an *Archilocus*. All orders "conspire against him," and what is still worse, he conspires against himself. He is enervated by disease, corroded by cares, and dismayed by attacks, from which fortitude alone (a virtue he never possessed) could have saved and protected him. If ever you saw a man trodden upon by a thousand feet and retaining a sensibility of pain in every separate atom, you will have some idea of the unhappy sufferer, and the wanton cruelty of those who put him every hour on the rack.

Thursday, April 18.

The town is inundated with horn-boys this morning. They are circulating a demi-quarto page (a mere hand-bill), with the Regent's arms surmounting the following:—**ALARMING NEWS** from **NAPLES**.

Differences between AUSTRIA and RUSSIA.

Naples.—"It was stated yesterday that an English squadron had landed troops in the Abruzzi, and occupied the strong places in those two provinces. As yet government has published nothing on the subject, but it is observed that the Austrian and English envoys have frequent conference."

Venice.—"The government has caused some persons who were recruiting in the late Venetian States and the Ionian Islands, to be arrested. It appeared that these persons had circulated reports of a rupture between Austria and Russia, and that they were endeavouring to shake the fidelity of the people by holding out hopes of troubles and confusion.

In the above nothing new appears—the substance having already been published. It, however, seems to show that some credit is attached to the rumour.

Lord Yarmouth said this morning, "I will not go to the great house—I have had enough of it!" This was addressed to one of the Regent's friends. "So! the Princess Charlotte seems likely to upset the *con-clave*!"

She said yesterday, "I do not see the necessity for a queen to marry at all."

The Hon. Augustus B. (a prisoner within the rules of the Fleet), said last evening, in answer to a *quere* from a friend, as to where he had spent Monday evening, "Why, I'll tell you, I dined with my brother B—." "Did you so?" rejoined his friend, "why then you can tell us (a party at a smoking club in Newgate-street), what is actually the cause of P. Leopold's indisposition?" "I can! The fact is, that when he landed, he took an evening stroll and caught 'the tooth-ache,' which he has had ever since."

Tuesday Morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the Regent has recovered the use of his limbs; he is enabled to walk with a stick, in the apartments of C—— House.

“The Princess Gallatzin has left us—she embarked at Dover on Saturday. There are two boards or committees sitting at Whitehall; one for general retrenchment, the other for taking the accounts of the Civil List, out of that *deshabille* which has prevented them from becoming visible to parliament. Among the disbursements of the Irish treasury appears an item of *thirteen thousand nine hundred pounds* for secret service in detecting treasonable conspiracies. The House of Commons meet to-morrow, and the Peers on Friday. I was present at a *private review* of a corps of lanciers constituted upon Polish principles, on Saturday, in the queen’s riding-house. To prevent popular clamour, the Earl of Rosslyn’s 9th dragoons (or oppositionists) was selected. There has been a *row* in consequence of my publishing particulars in the *Morning Post*. The Duke of K—— told me, that he was going to Brussels, in a week or two, for four years. The Duke of Wellington, report says, has had a conference of great importance with the King of the Netherlands.

Don’t you think that the arrival of Lady K—— at the Wellington Hotel has given credence to the report that K—— was there? Both Lords Lauderdale and Holland declare the statement in your letter to be unfounded. R—— had a long interview with him a fortnight since.

April 25, 1816.

I was led into an error in my last respecting the Regent; and I am therefore obliged to sing my own recantation! H. R. H. has not recovered the use of his limbs, and what is worse, I am forced to repeat what I told you before, viz., that his restoration is considered as hopeless—the muscular powers have deserted the limbs for ever!—so say the faculty. According to the statements in the morning papers of Tuesday, the prince has no complaint! his R. H. felt indignant at the statement in the *Morning Post*, “We are happy to hear that the P. R. was enabled on Friday last to walk through the suite of apartments, with the aid only of a common walking-stick.” M^cMahon was instructed to go round to the offices, and say that the P. did not call in any such aid. Mc. was right! The prince has more effective aid—he walks with the assistance of two men, having at the time an arm around the neck of each—consequently his legs support only a feather!

Lord Byron took his farewell on Tuesday morning—it was not before it became necessary! his creditors having put an execution into his house; he embarks at Dover this day for Calais, proceeds, I am told, to Paris, and thence goes to Italy. Lady B—— is a young woman of literary acquirements, and great talents; and her husband is likewise a man of talents. It is to be regretted that some grave friend had not reminded her before her marriage, that “two of a trade never agree.”

Sir Joseph Banks persists in his remark, “that a famine will ensue unless corn is speedily imported.” It got up yesterday to 20*l.* a load in the Hampshire markets. Notice was given last night in the House of Commons for the renewal of the Alien Act.

Our metropolitan improvements go on very slowly—the Regent-street, I hear, will not appear! The architect, however, proceeds very boldly with his plans opposite Carlton House, but on a window, in one of the new houses, was written the following couplet:—

Nash draws designs; but honest Master Nash,
Tho' you may draw,—who answers with the cash?

The receivers-general of the different districts are said to have returned from their *squeezing visitations* with heavy hearts and light purses, and found no occasion for dragoons to escort the treasures they conveyed. Any further addition to the assessed taxes it is supposed would render their occupation a sinecure.

A whimsical mistake.—A merchant who had occasion to wait upon Lord Liverpool to protest against some of his measures, sent to know how his lordship was, understanding he was confined by illness. The reply of his lordship's porter was, "that it was expected he would *go out* in a day or two." The servant hurried back to his master, who was overjoyed with the intelligence that the minister "was going out," which he communicated to his friends as soon as he could "as a blessed change in the state of things." Unfortunately, however, he lordship *went out*, but *remained in*.

Friday Morning.

Put no faith in the English newspapers as far as relates to the operations of the royal family. The court news circulated is written by Colonel M'Mahon; no other intelligence transpires if *he* can prevent it. Notwithstanding all that is said about the marriage, the day is not absolutely fixed upon—they state Thursday next. Every possible means have been resorted to to reconcile the Princess Charlotte. The Duke of Kent says, "a complete blow-up would have taken place if they had not given in,"—meaning the Prince Regent and the Queen. The princess having gained her object, she will now probably marry this Saxe Coburg after all.

Parliamentary.—Lord George Cavendish's motion, pledging his majesty's ministers to adopt measures of economy, came on last night in the House of Commons. It was lost on a division of 158 to 102. In the course of the debate the chancellor of the exchequer stated that it was not his intention to propose any further loan for the service of the year beyond the 4,500,000*l.*, which the Bank has already agreed to advance, but he declined stating the mode by which the *deficit* in the ways and means is to be supplied.

I am upon the look-out for caricatures—if I find any they shall be forwarded immediately.

London is now very full; Bond-street crowded with dashing equestrians. Bazaars are the rage—a matrimonial one is about to open! The Prince Regent and the Duke of York inspected the new corps of lancers on Wednesday in the queen's riding-house;—the particulars were suppressed. I mean those sent to the ministerial prints. The trial of Sir R. W. and the others, excites great interest—public opinion is divided as to the sentence—some say five years' imprisonment, others only six months. The P. R. is using all his influence to gain over the Duke of Devonshire, but hitherto without success.

P.S.—When Mr. Secretary Peel said, "No persons in the country

were more anxious to have the system amended, than those gentlemen who attended in the courts in the capacity of special jurors," did he know that FOUR RETURNED TRANSPORTS were sitting in the special jury box?

London, 10th of May, 1816.

Ministers appear to be in a rapid decline. In the House of Commons about two hundred members is now the greatest force which they can bring into the field. This does not amount to one-third part of the House, and at a time, too, when the session is only three months old, and there is neither assize nor any public business particularly requiring members' attendance in the country. The business, too, in the House of Commons is, at the present moment, doubly attractive. It is a question of the public purse; the first constitutional care of the representatives of the people, and of its expenditure, in which the character of the minister is in an especial manner at stake. At this moment, then, the minister may be considered as contending for his official existence, and with every disadvantage. Yet about a third of the House is the greatest force he can muster, although fighting for pence and place. This extraordinary predicament can be accounted for only by the public conviction of his declining reputation. A majority of the representatives of the people sustained by the public voice, came forward and out-voted him upon the income-tax, a measure by which he was pledged to stand or fall. A sense of duty to himself and to his sovereign ought to have suggested to him the necessity of resigning. But he chose to forget his pledge, and many of his friends have retired in disgust, leaving him to ~~his fate~~; nor is this the only pledge left unredeemed, and which may have operated to thin his ranks.

The Royal Nuptials.—*John Bull* is told that the Prince of Saxe Coburg possesses every requisite to make a good husband. He is tall (six feet one inch), athletic, has a good face, and possesses an equanimity of temper, at all times conciliating, with many other no less commendable qualities. But he certainly has been very *maladroit*, and it will be well for his young consort if he prove more discreet in future.

The following recent trait *à la Dragone*, it may not be amiss here to introduce. During the period when the matrimonial arrangements were on the tapis, the court attempted to carry every thing with a high hand! This the gallant maid resisted. It was at an interview at Cranbourne Lodge that the queen lost the government of her temper, and then, with more malice than mildness, reproached the princess, charging her with untowardness, &c. Her highness had devoted the morning to novel reading, and the book being at hand she seized it, and then flung it with great violence at the queen's head. Her majesty retired indignant, and sent an express off for the Archbishop of Canterbury. His grace arrived in a few hours, and was closeted some time with the queen. He then sent a message requesting an audience with the princess—it was granted. His grace entered the room bowing very low (the princess was then seated at a window with a book in her hand), and commenced his speech with an exordium on moral and religious duties. The princess kept her eye on her book, not even condescending to return his grace's respectful salutes. The archbishop finally touched upon the indecorous conduct manifested by her royal highness towards the queen, whom he

represented as the pattern of her sex. His grace then paused! and the princess quickly replied, with "Well, sir, have you done?" The primate of all England bowed assent! The princess then laid down the book, and waved her hand in a direction of the room door. Dr. Manners Sutton took the hint, and retired bowing!!!

There is a report this morning that Lord Whitworth returns in July next from his vico-royalty in Ireland, and that the Earl of Talbot succeeds him. The people of Ireland had expressed a hope that the Duke of Kent would have succeeded, but his highness not standing well at Carlton House there is not the slightest probability of that event taking place.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, it is said, intend shortly to make their appearance in the fashionable world under the auspices of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, Lord and Lady Grenville, &c. Yesterday they dined at Carlton House, yet it is not said that they were nearer to Buckingham House than they were.

Government are said to have purchased within these few days 60,000 quarters of corn. To this purchase is partly attributed the recent rise in the corn market.

Accounts arrived yesterday communicating the satisfactory intelligence of the termination of the war with the Nepaulese states. A treaty of peace was signed by Earl Moira in December last.

P E R U.

PERU—the mystical land of the Incas—the seat of an ancient and native civilisation, and of most remarkable contrasted configurations,—the region of storms and earthquakes, and the rich repository of precious metals—has claims upon general interest, which have hitherto been but very partially satisfied. If history and romance have both contributed to shed a peculiar lustre around its far-famed aboriginal kings and its early Spanish conquerors, nature has still more contributed to impress the physical features of the country with the stamp of magnificence and of giant contrast and development. The vast sandy deserts of the coast; the snow-clad and inaccessible heights of the Cordilleras and the Andes; the stormy Punas or highlands, the abode of the various species of Llamas; the populous and cultivated Sierras, and the pathless primeval forests; constitute so many marked and distinct features, of which no one has hitherto given such detailed and comprehensive descriptions as the recent traveller and naturalist—the German doctor, Tschudi.*

This most enterprising and accomplished traveller sailed from Havre, on board the *Edmond*, a French merchantman bound to Peru, on the 27th of February, 1838. After being driven about for twenty-two days on the fearfully agitated sea, southward of Tierra del Fuego, this vessel cast anchor in the Bay of San Carlos, in the Island of Chiloe, on the 5th of June of the same year.

* Travels in Peru, during the Years 1838—1842; on the Coast, in the Sierra, across the Cordilleras and the Andes, into the Primeval Forests. By Dr. J. J. von Tschudi. Translated from the German, by Thomasina Ross. D. Bogue, London.

ISLAND OF CHILOE.

Chiloe is one of the largest islands on the west coast of South America, and a magnificent, but almost inaccessible forest, covers the unbroken line of hills that stretches along the island, and gives to it a charming aspect of undulating luxuriance. The eye, however, can seldom command a distinct view of these verdant hills; for overhanging clouds, surcharged with rain, almost constantly veil the spreading tops of the trees. It is a proverbial saying in Chiloe, that it rains six days of the week, and is cloudy on the seventh. The island is but little cultivated, although the original country of the potato, and it is equally scantily populated. Next to San Carlos and the half-deserted Castro, there are only four other towns or villages around which the forest-trees have been felled, and the rich and fertile soil brought into cultivation. A small species of gyr-falcon, as numerous and as tame as our domestic sparrows, does the same duty as scavenger-bird, as is performed on the mainland by the Turkey-Vulture and black Gallinazo. There are two kinds of potato cultivated in Chiloe, one of which is a degenerate species. The wild potato shoots up in large leaves and stalks, and is comparatively worthless. The climate is cool and essentially moist—attesting that it is not excess of moisture that disagrees with this valuable esculent. Notwithstanding the abundance of potatoes, the poorer inhabitants boil the sea moss, which is so abundant as at times to impede navigation, and eat it. Poverty and uncleanness appear, indeed, to vie with one another throughout the country. The favourite beverage of the women is the Paraguay tea, which they imbibe with a reed, handing round the teapot. All the vices of the lowest class of sailors, of which the South Sea whalers are composed, have taken root in this island.

VALPARAISO.

After a pretty favourable passage of seven days, the *Edmond* anchored in the harbour of Valparaiso. This city is situated in a bay on a sterile and monotonous coast, that little merits the high-sounding epithet of "Vale of Paradise" bestowed upon it by the early navigators. A range of round-topped hills, from fifteen to sixteen hundred feet high, extends along the sea-coast, covered with a grey-brownish coating, relieved only here and there by patches of dead green, and furrowed by clefts, within which the bright red of tile-roofed houses is discernible. Half-withered cactus-trees, the only plants which take root in the ungenial soil, impart no life to the dreary landscape. The hills continue rising in undulating outlines, and extend into the interior of the country, where they unite with the great chain of the Andes. The town of Valparaiso looks as if built on terraces at the foot of these hills. Two clefts divide one portion of the town into three separate parts, called Fore-top, Main-top, and Mizzen-top. Drunken sailors and others not unfrequently fall over the edges of these chasms, when they are inevitably killed.

The bay is protected by three small forts. The churches are exceedingly plain and simple. The custom-house is a beautiful and spacious structure. In the exchange is a reading-room, where the principal European papers are to be found. The taverns and hotels are bad and expensive. At Valparaiso all national character is lost in the heterogeneous mixture of people. Trade is almost exclusively in the hands of

a few North American and English houses. Germans act as clerks, and the French monopolise the hair-dressing, tailoring, and confectionary lines of business. Among the most remarkable objects, is the movable prison—a large covered waggon, drawn by the prisoners to the street or road, where they are to be employed at work. It is painful to behold the European, who might be supposed to possess some little share of education, mounting the steps of this ambulating prison, chained to his fellow-criminal, the uncivilised Chileno. Live condors are sold in the market, at the rate of about a dollar and a half each.

A favourable wind took the *Edmond* from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez—the island on which Dampier landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, in 1704, and where he was found by the buccaneers, Woods and Rogers, who brought him back to Europe. It is well known, that it was from the account given of his solitary residence on this island that Defoe wrote his history of Robinson Crusoe; a work that has been translated into almost every existing language. The island is now uninhabited, except by goats, wild dogs, and rats. It has been attempted to make it a place for the exportation of convicts, but the rats rendered it uninhabitable. Sea-dogs and otters abound on the coast.

CITY OF LIMA.

About a week's navigation from Juan Fernandez took the Frenchman into the fine bay of Callao. This was at an epoch when the Chilians were besieging the towns of Callao and Lima. Callao, which is the port of Lima, is small and dirty; the houses being generally constructed of reeds, plastered over with loam and red clay. But the fortress, which consists of two castles with two round towers, presents a magnificent appearance. Since the independence of Peru, this spacious fortress has often been the focus of revolution. Its death-doom has been pronounced by different governments; and it will, says Dr. Tschudi, be a fortunate event for the country when it ceases to exist as a place of warlike defence.

The Bay of Callao abounds, like other parts of the coast, with sea-otters, sea-dogs, and seals. It also abounds in fine water-fowl. Amongst the most remarkable of these is Humboldt's penguin, one variety of which is called, from its docility, "the child bird." It is easily tamed, and follows its master like a dog.

From Callao to Lima is a distance of about two leagues. The towers of the city may be seen from the bay when gilded by the beams of the setting sun, chains of hills rising behind by gradations until they are blended with the cloud-capped cordilleras. The road from port to city is covered with deep sands, and on either side are uncultivated fields and low brushwood. Half way is the ruined convent of *La Virgen del Carmen*, where an old monk begs for alms.

Lima, or "the city of kings," founded by Pizarro, in 1534, is built on both banks of the River Rimac, and embraces an extent equal to about ten English miles. It contains about 3380 houses, fifty-six churches and convents, thirty-four squares, and 419 streets. Most of the houses are only one-story high, and the streets intersect each other in right lines. Owing to the heat of the climate, the doors and windows are almost always kept open, so that the houses have not the privacy and comfort of European dwellings. The cathedral is a magnificent building, ex-

celling in gorgeous splendour the principal churches in Rome. Convents are very numerous; that of San Francisco is an immense building. Lima also possesses a great many hospitals, but all are lamentably defective in internal arrangement, and above all in judicious medical attendance. The grand square of Lima, the Plaza Mayor, is the central point of its life and business. The cathedral, the archbishop's palace, the government palace, the senate house, and the great convent of San Francisco, are all in this square. The University of Lima was once the most important seat of education in South America. The national library is particularly rich in old works on religious and historical subjects. The same building contains a museum of natural history and antiquities. The mint is also an important building. Within it are annually cast from two to two and a half millions of dollars. Until the year 1817 the machinery for casting was worked by mules; after that water power was introduced by an Englishman. A few years ago a Frenchman made an arrangement with the government for the use of a complex machine, which he brought from Europe at an expense of 250,000 dollars, but which could never be brought to work. Next to the arena for bull-fights, the theatre is the principal place of public amusement in Lima; it is, however, impossible to sit out a whole evening's entertainments, the place is so infested with fleas. There are also barracks, castle, and handsome bridges, but most of the public buildings in this interesting city are going fast to decay.

The population of Lima, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 70,000—has decreased very considerably since the declaration of independence. Possibly in no other place in the world is there so much variety of complexion and physiognomy as in this city. From the delicately fair creole to the jet-black Congo negro, people of every gradation of colour are seen living in intimate relation one with another. As a general rule these mixed races unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues, of their progenitors. The women of Lima are far superior to the men, both physically and intellectually; nature has lavishly endowed them with many of her choicest gifts. True to the language of natural history, Dr. Tschudi sums up his account of their charms, by saying that the Limena is "a noble specimen of female loveliness." These beautiful ladies are as gallant as they are lovely. As the veil or manto is sacred, and should a man attempt to remove it by force he would run the risk of being severely handled by the populace, this important portion of the dress plays a conspicuous part in the numerous intrigues in which the Limenas indulge. Most foreigners who marry Limenas stipulate that from the time of betrothal, their wives shall no longer wear the *sayo-y-manto*. "The condition is agreed to, but how far it is faithfully observed, the husbands," Dr. Tschudi says, "best-know." A large foot is a thing held in horror by the Limenas: they call it *una patuza Inglesa* (an English paw).

The Indians in Lima are about 5000 in number. They are active and industrious, and many of them are shopkeepers, but they combine personal vanity with an inconceivable degree of dirtiness. The negroes amount in number to upwards of 10,000, of which 4,800 are slaves. The treatment of slaves is mild, and the law for their protection are more favourable to them than the similar laws of any other slave country. Free negroes, Dr. Tschudi says, are a plague to society; dishonesty

seems to be a part of their very nature, and, moreover, all their tastes and inclinations are coarse and sensual. The half-castes in Lima Dr. Tschudi enumerates, after our countryman, W. B. Stevenson,* as twenty-two in number, but it is evident that these varieties must go on multiplying or return to the original type of the father or mother's race. The zambos are the most miserable class of half-castes. With them every vice seems to have attained its utmost degree of development; and four-fifths of the criminals in the city gaol are zambos.

In Lima as at Valparaiso, commerce is in the hands of the great English and North American houses, but the enterprising spirit of the former often leads them into unfortunate mining speculations. The Spaniards are the landed proprietors: they are of temperate habits but passionately fond of gambling. The Italians are chiefly run-away sailors and adventurers, who begin by setting up a brandy or a spice-shop; the Germans are chiefly engaged in the mercantile houses; the French are either tailors or hair-dressers, dealers in jewellery or millinery. The Linenas prefer marrying a *Gringo* (nickname applied to Europeans) to a *Paisanito* (compatriot).

About one in every sixty-six individuals belongs to the priesthood; the city is in consequence overrun by monks and nuns, lay and conventual. These idlers frequent all places of public entertainment, the coffee-houses, the bull-fights, and the theatres, yet nothing can exceed the bigotry of the inhabitants. Religious processions are among their most favourite and frequent amusements. Every morning, when the great bell of the cathedral announces the raising of the host, every sound is hushed in the streets and squares. "The effect," says Dr. Tschudi, "is truly astonishing." Several of the more pious inhabitants have been admitted among the number of saints. The most distinguished of these local saints is San Toribio, who filled the archiepiscopal chair at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

PERUVIAN BANDITTI.

All the inhabited parts of the coast of Peru, especially the districts adjacent to Lima, are infested by robbers, and travelling is thereby rendered extremely unsafe. These banditti are chiefly runaway slaves, free negroes, zambos, or mulattoes; they are always well mounted, and their fleet-footed steeds usually enable them to elude pursuit. Such is the organisation of these banditti, that any person who kills a robber in self-defence, must ever afterwards be in fear of his own life: even in Lima the dagger of the assassin will reach him, and possibly at the moment when he thinks himself most safe. The zambo robbers are notorious for committing the most heartless cruelties. In June, 1842, one of them attacked the Indian who was conveying the mail to Huaco. "Shall I," said the robber, "kill you or put out your eyes?" "If I must choose," replied the Indian, "pray kill me at once." The barbarian immediately drew forth his dagger and stuck it into the eyes of his unfortunate victim, and then left him lying on the sand. In this state the poor Indian was found by a traveller, who conveyed him to a neighbouring village.

Robbers, when captured and brought to Lima, undergo a very summary trial, and are then sentenced to be shot. On one of these occasions, a singular instance of presence of mind and dexterity occurred a few years

* "Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America," by W. B. Stevenson.

ago in Lima. A very daring zambo, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to death. He made choice of the *Plaza de la Inquisición* as the scene of his execution. It was market time, and the square was crowded with people. The culprit darted around him a rapid and penetrating glance, and then composedly seated himself on the bench. The soldiers, according to custom, levelled their muskets, and fired; but how great was the surprise when the cloud of smoke dispersed, and it was discovered that the zambo had vanished. He had closely watched the movements of the soldiers, and when they pulled the triggers of their muskets, he stooped down, and the balls passed over his head. Then suddenly knocking down one of the guards who stood beside him, he rushed into the midst of the crowd, where some of his friends helped him to effect his escape.

Guano, or more properly Huanu, is found on most islets of the coast of Peru. This valuable manure is deposited by many kinds of marine birds, but chiefly by the *Sula Variegata*, a bird nearly allied to the solan goose of our own shores. These birds fly along the coast in immense flocks that appear like clouds. They are prodigiously voracious, constantly plunging into the sea in order to devour the fishes which they find in extraordinary numbers around the islands. The latter being inhabited by millions of these birds, the accumulation of guano is very rapid. The employment of this kind of manure is very ancient in Peru; and there is authentic evidence of its having been used in the time of the Incas. In the present day, the Peruvians use it chiefly in the cultivation of maize and potatoes. A few weeks after the seeds begin to shoot, a little hollow is dug round each root, and is filled up with guano, which is afterwards covered with a layer of earth.

THE COAST DISTRICT.

The coast of Peru may be described as one long belt of sand of about 540 leagues in extent, and from three to twenty leagues in breadth, intersected by chains of small hillocks, and traversed by numerous rivers. A fine light yellow drift sand, however, covers both hill and dale. It is only where rivers intersect the plain that vegetation luxuriates. The peril of traversing these plains is greatly increased by the movability of the sand and the *medanos*, or hillock-like elevations of sand. The strong winds raise immense clouds of dust and sand. The sand rises in columns of from eighty to a hundred feet high, which whirl about in all directions, as if moved by magic. Sometimes they suddenly overshadow the traveller, who only escapes from them by rapid riding. Travelling is further endangered by the facilities of losing the way, where there are no landmarks, no vegetation, and often not a drop of water to be found for twenty or thirty miles. In such cases, in this burning climate, to wander about in deep sand, for even forty-eight hours, is followed by certain death. Dr. Tschudi relates, that in the year 1823, a ship stranded on the coast with 320 dragoons on board. The soldiers succeeded in getting ashore, but they were lost for thirty-six hours afterwards in the sands. When intelligence of the shipwreck reached Pisco, a cavalry regiment was despatched to search for the sufferers, and to supply them with provisions and water; but when they were found, it was discovered that one hundred and sixteen men had died from fatigue and thirst, and, a few days after, fifty more perished from exhaustion.

On these sandy plains, summer commences in November. The rays of the sun are then reflected back from the bright sands with scorching power. Every living thing which does not quickly escape from their influence is devoted to certain destruction. No plant takes root in the burning soil, and no animal finds food on the arid lifeless surface. No bird, no insect moves in the burning atmosphere. The scene changes in May. A thin veil of mist then overspreads the sea and the shore. This winter mist continues till October, and although it never falls in actual rain, it answers the same purposes. A blooming vegetation then overspreads the soil, as if by a stroke of magic, and horses and cattle are driven for pasture to what was a few days previously a mere barren wilderness.

THE CORDILLERA.

All the roads running from the coast to the mountains present a similarity of character. Taking an oblique direction, they run into fan-shaped valleys, each watered by its own river. Following the course of the waters, the roads become steeper and steeper, and the valleys soon contract into mere ravines which terminate at the foot of the Cordillera. The traveller then threads his way up the acclivity, amidst stupendous masses of rock, until he reaches the crest of the Cordillera; or the western chain, which has a medium height in Peru of 15,000 feet above the sea. Between this chain and the Andes, or eastern chain, which has in Peru a medium elevation of 17,000 feet, are the great and extensive uplands, called the Punas.

Dr. Tschudi travelled by the southerly road, through a country at first of a wild and dreary aspect, with occasional cultivation and villages of reed huts. From Santa Ines (2386 English feet above the sea) the road continues gradually ascending among rocks which are inhabited by small richly-plumed parrots; the only bird of its kind that nestles permanently among rocks. Two leagues from Lima the road takes a turn, advancing up the valley of the River Chillón, which has an intercepted channel called the Rio Seco. This has been owing to a ridge of rock having been uplifted across the old bed of the stream, exactly as in the case recorded by Mr. Darwin, as occurring between Casma and Huaraz, on the same coast. (*Darwin's Journal*, p. 359). There are certain springs in the valleys which open from the coast towards the mountains, the waters of which the Indians never drink. If man, or horses, or mules drink of these waters, they are attacked by a formidable distemper, called the *Verugas*, from its being characterised by boils and eruptions which are often fatal. Unfortunately, one of the German naturalist's mules drank of the forbidden waters, and was attacked by a large tumour in the leg. Probably in no country in the world do so many local diseases prevail as in Peru. Every valley is said to have its own peculiar disease.

San Geronimo de Surco (6945 feet), is looked upon as the boundary-line between the coast and the sierra. The climate is agreeable, rather hot than cold. But like all the other hill stations, it is fearfully infested with swarms of annoying insects, especially *saneudos* (*Culex molestus*), and stinging flies (species of *Simulium*), which banish sleep from the resting-place of the weary traveller. One of Dr. Tschudi's horse-shoes having got loose at this place, a Spaniard charged half a gold ounce for fastening it on, having at first demanded twelve dollars! The next station is Matucanas (8105 feet), beyond which the valley contracts into a

narrow ravine, and the country assumes a wilder character. The stunted willow and red thorn apple grows by the way side. The Indians prepare a powerful narcotic drink from the latter, under the influence of which, they believe that they are brought into communication with the spirits of their forefathers. Beyond Tambo de Viso, the next station (9100 feet), the river is crossed by a bridge made of a few poles of the trunk of the *Agave Americana*, connected together by transverse ropes; these being overlaid with twisted branches and pieces of hoops. These bridges have no balustrades, and it is needless to say how extremely dangerous they are to pass. From Viso to San Mateo, the ravine becomes narrowed to a mere cleft, between walls of mountains rising on either side to the height of more than a thousand feet. The road along the face of these precipices is exceedingly difficult and dangerous, huge fragments of rock, loosened by the rain, are constantly giving way. One of these struck one of Dr. Tschudi's mules, and hurled it into the foaming abyss below, carrying with it the doctor's most valuable instruments and papers. The doctor met in the same fearful pass with an officer who, with two of his sons was coming from the sierra. He had placed the youngest before him, and the other, a boy of ten years of age, was seated on the mule's crupper. When they were within about half a league from Viso, a huge mass of rock, rolling down from the mountain, struck the elder boy, and hurled him into the river. The afflicted father was anxiously seeking to recover the body of his lost child.

San Mateo, is 10,947 feet above the level of the sea. At this elevation maize ripens, but the heads are small, and potatoes are abundant. Dr. Tschudi being asked for his passport by the alcalde of the village, he presented a bill for the opera at Lima, which answered the purpose satisfactorily. Another very difficult pass presents itself beyond Mateo, and after that is Chila (12,712 feet, according to Maclean), beyond which point the soil is no longer capable of cultivation. The tambo or inn at this place was of the worst description. The beds consisted of sheepskins spread on the damp floor; and one bed-chamber served for the hostess, a dirty old Indian woman, her daughter, her grand-children, and the travellers; an immense woollen counterpane or blanket being spread over the whole party. But woe to the unwary traveller who trusts himself within this comprehensive dormitory! He soon finds himself surrounded by enemies, from whose attacks it is impossible to escape. At this elevation the *veta*, or mountain sickness, begins to make itself felt. The horses and mules are mostly attacked first by difficulty of breathing and trembling. The animals are frequently so overpowered that they are unable either to move or stand, and if they are not immediately unsaddled and allowed to rest, they perish. In the human being it shows itself by vertigo, dimness of sight and hearing, pains in the head, and nausea. Blood flows from the eyes, nose, and lips. This disorder sometimes proves fatal, and Dr. Tschudi witnessed a case in which death was the result. The *veta* is experienced with great severity in some districts of the Cordillera, whilst in others, where the altitude is greater, the disorder is scarcely perceptible. Dr. Tschudi deduces from this, that the malady is not so much caused by diminished atmospheric pressure, as by some unknown climatic circumstances: The natives attribute it to metallic exhalations. But it should be remembered, that the same feelings are experienced under similar circumstances in the Himma-leh and the Alps, and

even in balloon ascents, where there can scarcely be the same exhalations, although there is the same diminished atmospheric pressure.*

Dr. Tschudi reached the crest of the Cordillera, at the pass of Anta-ranga, 15,600 feet above the sea. The partition of the waters flowing into the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, is scarcely thirty paces in extent, so that the doctor could not resist amusing himself by sending a cupful of water destined for the Atlantic into the Pacific. The fact of the water flowing from a chain of minor elevation (the Cordillera), through one of greater mean height (the Andes), is connected with the comparative geological age of the two chains, or as Mr. Darwin has suggested, to a periodical and gradual elevation of the second mountain line.

Amid the sterile heights of the Andes nature withholds her fostering influence alike from vegetable and animal life. The scantiest vegetation can scarcely draw nutriment from the ungenial soil, and animals shun the dreary and shelterless wilds. The gigantic condor of such universal celebrity, alone finds itself in its native element amidst these mountain deserts. The fury of the tempest in these regions exceeds any idea that can be formed of them. The forked lightning darts its zig-zag flashes on the mountain-tops, or, running along the ground, imprints deep furrows in its course; whilst the atmosphere quivers amidst uninterrupted peals of thunder, repeated a thousandfold by the mountain echoes. For hours together flash follows flash, painting blood-red cataracts on the naked precipices. The traveller, overtaken by these terrific storms is obliged to dismount from his trembling horse, and seek refuge beneath the shelter of some overhanging rock. Some of the mountain districts have acquired an ominous character for storms. There are several spots to which a fearful celebrity of this kind is attached.

THE PUNA, OR PERUVIAN HIGHLANDS.

The vast tracts of uninhabited table lands, called the Puna, extend between the Cordilleras and the Andes, at a mean elevation of twelve thousand feet. Like the Llanos, or plains which extend eastward of the Andes, these great table lands are among the most interesting characteristics of the new world. The aspect of the Puna is singularly monotonous and dreary. The expansive levels are scantily covered with grasses of a yellowish, brown hue, and are never enlivened by fresh-looking verdure. The climate is severe, and storms are both frequent and violent. Only one plant is cultivated with success. It is the Maca, a kind of sweet root, about the size of a chestnut. Barley is also grown, but only for fodder. It will not ripen, and seldom shoots into ears.

But poor and scanty as is the vegetation of the Puna, the animal kingdom is richly and beautifully represented there.

These regions are the native home of those useful animals which Peru possessed before horses and black cattle were introduced by the Spaniards. Among these interesting quadrupeds are the llama, the alpaco, the huanacu, and the vicuna. These beautiful and valuable animals live in herds in their natural state, and are also reared in large flocks in the southern Puna provinces, viz. Cuzco and Ayacucho, from whence they are sent to the

* The effect of the *veta* upon domestic animals is very severe. Dogs are exceedingly liable to it, and cats die in frightful convulsions at an elevation of above 13,000 feet.

silver mines of North Peru. Some modern travellers have lamented the diminution of the llamas, but without reason. The frequent hunting seems not to have the effect of diminishing the number of these animals. In former times they were hunted more actively than at present. Under the dynasty of the Incas, when every useful animal and plant was an object of veneration, the Peruvians rendered almost divine worship to animals which exclusively furnished them with wool for clothing, and with flesh for food. The temples were adorned with large figures of them made of gold and silver.

Many other animals are peculiar to the Puna, among which are the stag called Tarush and the Chinchilla, which supplies the beautiful fur so much prized by the ladies of Europe. The majority of birds frequenting the same plains are water-fowl, among which are a species of goose, two kinds of plover, water-hens, gulls, &c. The Indians catch partridges with their dogs which are of a peculiar and very fierce breed. They also lead their flocks to pasture in the Punas during the summer months, but retire to the warm valleys in winter. The bulls, as they seldom see a human being, become exceedingly wild, and render travelling on the Puna dangerous. On several different occasions, his skill as a sportsman alone saved Dr. Tschudi from the attack of these ferocious animals.

There are many remains on the Puna of the great high road of the Incas, which led from Cuzco to Quito, stretching through the whole extent of Peru. This road was from twenty-five to thirty feet broad, and was paved with large flat stones rising like terraces. Not only was this the grandest work that America possessed before European civilisation found its way into that quarter of the world, but there is not in Peru at the present time any modern road in the most remote degree comparable to this highway of the ancient Peruvian sovereigns. Relics of forts or granaries and of messengers' stations, exist along this line of road at regular distances. By means of the latter, the royal table at Cuzco was served daily with fresh fish, caught in the sea near the Temple of the Sun at Lurin, a distance of more than two hundred leagues from Cuzco.

SILVER MINES.

In this inhospitable region, where the surface of the soil produces nothing, nature has buried boundless stores of wealth in the bowels of the earth, and the silver mines of Cerro de Pasco have drawn people from all parts of the world to one point and for one object. The city so called is, by its wealth, one of the most important in the Peruvian republic, and its mines are, in point of productiveness, nowise inferior to those of Potosi. It is situated in a basin-shaped hollow, at an elevation of 13,673 feet, and encircled by barren and precipitous rocks. The streets are crooked, narrow, and dirty, and bordered by rows of irregularly-built houses and miserable Indian huts which abut against buildings, whose size and structure give a certain European character to the city when viewed from a distance. Without bestowing a glance on the busy throng which circulates through the streets and squares, the varied styles of the buildings sufficiently indicate to the observer how many different classes of people have united together to found, in the tropics, and on the very confines of perpetual snow, a city of such magnitude and of so motley an aspect. The wild barrenness of the surrounding scenery, and the extreme cold of the rigorous climate—the remote and solitary position of the city—all denote

that there must have existed a common and powerful bond of union to have drawn together the diversified elements which compose the population of this mountain city. The old and new worlds seemed to have joined hands before these rich mines. The Swede and the Sicilian, the Canadian and the Argentinian are all united here at one point, and for one object. The superabundance of silver feeds the vice so peculiar to rich mining districts—an inordinate passion for gambling. From the earliest hours of morning cards and dice are in requisition. The mine owner leaves his silver stores, and the shopkeeper forsakes his counter to pass a few hours every day at the gaming-table, and card-playing is the only amusement in the best houses of the town.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of wealth which the mines of Peru have already yielded, and still continue to yield, only a very small portion of the existing silver veins have been worked. It is a well known fact, that the Indians are aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose to the whites, nor to the detested mestizos. Dr. Tschudi relates several curious anecdotes illustrating this fact; one of which possesses the more interest, as having occurred to himself. When the doctor was in Jauja, in the year 1841, an Indian, whom he had previously known, came to him, and asked him to lend him a crow-bar. The doctor did so; and after a few days, when it was returned, he observed that the end was covered with silver. Some time afterwards, the doctor learned that this Indian had been imprisoned because he had offered for sale some very rich silver ore, and on being questioned as to where he had obtained it, his answer was that he found it on the road; a tale, the truth of which was very naturally doubted. The following year, when the doctor was again in Jauja, the Indian paid him another visit. He then said that he had been confined for several months in a dark dungeon, and half-starved, because they wanted to compel him to reveal the situation of a mine which he knew of, but that he would not disclose the secret. He assured the doctor, that it was only when he was called upon to pay the taxes, which the government exacts with merciless rigour, that he had recourse to the mine, the shaft of which was not deep, and that, after closing it, he always carried the loose rubbish away to a distance of some miles, and then covered the opening so carefully with turf and cactus that it was impossible for any one to discover it.

On the road from the "Treasury of Peru," as Cerro de Pasco is called, to Tarma is the great lake of Chinchaycocha, which, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, is twelve leagues long by two to two and a half leagues wide. It is the largest of the South American lakes, next to that of Titicaca, so much favoured by the Incas, and which is eighty-four English miles long and forty-one broad. The lake abounds in water-fowl; and the Indians entertain a superstitious belief that it is haunted by huge fish like animals, who, at certain hours of the night, leave their watery abode to prowl about the adjacent pasture lands, where they commit great havoc among the cattle. On the banks of this lake, as elsewhere on the Puna, a curious little bird with an exceedingly pretty plumage is met with, which has the remarkable peculiarity of making a monotonous sound at the close of every hour during the night. The Indians call it the Cock of the Inga (*Thinocorus Inga*), and they associate many superstitious notions with its regular hourly cry.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Accidents of travel upon the Puna are often of quite a romantic character. Dr. Tschudi relates that, having passed the night of January 12, 1840, in the hut of a Puna shepherd, he saddled his mule, and putting a small supply of food into one of his saddle-bags, he started early on his journey, the ground being covered with a thin coating of snow, and the sky overhung by a thick mist. As the sun rose, the mist began to disperse, and the snow gradually melted. Then the dull, yellow Puna grass, scarcely the length of one's finger, blended its tint with the greenish hue of the glaciers, and the monotonous pasture was relieved by purple gentianas, brown calceolarias, and the yellow blossoms of the echino cactus.

As the doctor journeyed onward, animal life began to awaken in rich variety around him. Herds of vicunas approached him with curious gaze, and then on a sudden fled with the swiftness of the wind. In the distance stately groups of guanacos, turned cautiously to look at him. The Puna stag advanced slowly from his lair in the mountain-recesses, and fixed on him his large black wondering eyes; whilst the humble rock rabbits disported playfully, or nibbled the scanty herbage growing in the mountain-crevices.

As he was admiring the variety of life in these wild regions, the doctor stumbled against a dead mule, startling at the same time three voracious condors, which were feeding on the dead carcass. These kings of the air shook their crowned heads proudly, and darted furious glances with their blood-red eyes at the traveller. Two of them rose on their giant-wings, and in narrowing circles hovered threatening above his head, whilst the third, croaking fiercely, kept guard over the booty. It is needless to say that the doctor rode cautiously past the menacing group, without the least desire of further disturbing their banquet.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The panting mule began to slacken his pace, and seemed unwilling to mount a rather steep ascent, which they had arrived at. To relieve him the doctor dismounted, and began walking. But he suddenly experienced an oppressive sensation, which he had never known before. A world's weight seemed to lie upon his chest; his lips swelled, and burst; the capillary vessels of his eye-lids gave way, and blood flowed from them. He was obliged to lie on the ground, bereft for a time of all consciousness.

Scarcely had our traveller recovered sufficiently to remount his mule, than he was overtaken by a Puna storm, and thunder and lightning ushered in a heavy fall of snow, which very soon lay a foot deep on the ground. Losing his way in the snow, his mule wandered into a morass, in which it sank, unable to extricate itself. It seemed as if all the evils of the Puna had concentrated themselves in that day's journey. The doctor was almost in despair. With incredible difficulty he succeeded in digging out his mule with his dagger, and regained the path, marked by numerous skeletons protruding above the snow. The sun broke forth again through the clouds, glaring dazlingly on the white plain, in a moment the traveller felt his eyes stricken with *surumpe*, or snow-blindness.

It was with great difficulty, and while suffering the most violent pain, that he pursued his way. He was beginning to give himself up for lost,

when he observed a cave beneath an overhanging rock. "Mother Nature," exclaimed the suffering naturalist, "in whose service I had undertaken my long and perilous wanderings, at that critical juncture provided for me a retreat, though in one of her rudest sheltering places!" Entering the cave, the doctor unsaddled his mule, and made a bed of his cloak and saddle-clothes, but the smarting of his eyes prevented his obtaining any sleep. The night seemed endless. When the dawn of morning appeared, he made an effort to open his eyes, which were closed with coagulated blood. On looking around him, he beheld the horror of his situation. A human corpse had served him for a pillow. Shuddering, he went in search of his mule; but his misery was not yet at an end. The poor beast lay dead on the ground; in his ravenous hunger it had eaten of a poisonous plant. "What could I do?" exclaims the sorely tried traveller. "In despair I turned back to the cave!"

As the sun rose, revived by the light and warmth, the doctor ventured to examine the body of his lifeless companion, it was that of a half-caste Indian. He had been killed by the slings of Indian robbers, stripped of his clothes, and his body concealed in the cave. Shooting a rock rabbit, the traveller collected some fuel, kindled a fire, and prepared himself some breakfast. It was about noon when he heard a monotonous, short cry, and recognised with joy the well-known sound. Climbing up the nearest rock, and looking down into a hollow, he perceived two Indians driving a herd of llamas before them. By the gift of a little tobacco he obtained a llama to carry his luggage, and departed from what to him was the ever-memorable cave of Lenas.

THE SIERRA.

The Peruvian highlands, or punas, are intersected by numerous valleys situated several thousand feet lower than the uplands, from which they totally differ in character and aspect. These valleys are called the sierra. The sierra has only two seasons, a winter or rainy season, and a summer season; storms are frequent, but they are not accompanied by snow as on the puna. The climate favours the natural fruitfulness of the soil, which richly repays the labour of the husbandman. These regions have, from the earliest period, been the chosen dwelling-places of the Peruvians, and the sierra contains numerous towns and villages, which would rise in importance if they had greater facility of communication one with another. The serranos, or inhabitants of the sierra, especially those who dwell in the smaller villages, are chiefly Indians. In the towns or larger villages the mestizos are numerous. But few Spaniards live in the sierra, and those who do give themselves the most ludicrous airs of assumed dignity. Most of the mestizos possess little estates, which are cultivated by the Indians, enabling the masters to pass their lives in idleness and pleasure. They spend the chief portion of the day in the true Spanish style, gossiping in groups in the streets, and wrapped in their mantles; much time is also spent in gaming or cock-fighting—enormous sums of money are squandered in this latter favourite diversion. Frost and scarcity sometimes visits these regions, and is especially felt by the Indians. Dr. Tschudi relates, that in the year 1840, which was a period of scarcity, he saw the starving Indian children roaming about the fields and eating the grass like cattle. Maize is the grain chiefly cultivated, wheat is only grown in small quantities. The quinoa, a kind of spinach, is much used

as an article of food; the potato is cultivated, as also three other tuberous roots, the ulluco, the oca, and the mashua, peculiar to the country. The vegetables and fruits of Europe thrive luxuriantly in the sierra, but few of them have as yet been transplanted thither—peaches and apricots grow in amazing abundance. Excursions to the apricot-gardens to eat the ripe fruit, fresh plucked from the trees, are among the most favourite recreations of the serranos. These serranos are very social, keeping up in the towns a continual round of evening parties, in which singing and dancing are the favourite amusements, but brandy drinking is indulged in to excess. The doctor says, that according to his observation, a bottle to each individual, ladies included, is a fair average estimate of what is consumed at each of these evening parties. The much admired *chicha mascada*, or chewed chicha, the favourite beverage of the Indians, is prepared from the maize bruised between the teeth. The serranos are very pious, and every village has its own tutelary saint. On festival days bull-fights constitute the most popular diversion. This barbarous sport is conducted with even more recklessness and cruelty in the sierra than in the corridas of Lima; every occasion on which an entertainment of this sort takes place is attended with loss of life, and sometimes the sacrifice both of men and horses is very considerable. The doctor relates; that during his residence at Jauja, fourteen Indians and nineteen horses were killed or seriously wounded in a bull-fight, yet catastrophes of this kind appear to make no impression on the people.

The religious practices of the serranos are most remarkable. In order to facilitate the conversion of the idolatrous Indians, the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizarro's army, sought to render the Christian religion as attractive as possible in the eyes of the heathen aborigines of Peru. With this view, they conceived the idea of dramatising certain scenes in the life of Christ, and having them represented in the churches. These performances are still kept up zealously in the sierra; the image of our Saviour is paraded on an ass in the streets; the whole events of the Crucifixion are gone through with burlesque detail; the figure of Judas is also hung up full of squibs and crackers.

At some of their church festivals the serranos also imitate the sounds made by various animals. The singing of birds, the crowing of cocks, the braying of asses, and the bleating of sheep make up a mixed church melody.

But apart from the semi-barbarous condition of its inhabitants, the sierra is by far the most populous district in Peru. The banks of the rivers flowing through the fertile valleys are thickly clustered with villages, which give a peculiar charm to the landscape, doubly pleasing to the eye of the traveller who comes from the barren parts of the country.

THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS.

After crossing the Andes, and descending a few hundred feet to the eastward, the traveller beholds a country totally different from that which he left on the western declivity of the mountains. On the eastern side the soil is richly covered with vegetation. The ridges of rock are crowned with stunted trees and brushwood, which gradually spreading upward, blend with the high forests. This district is called the *Ceya*, and throughout the whole year it is overshadowed by thick mists, which rise from the rivers in the valleys. Beyond these vapoury and uninhabitable regions

are the vast plains that are clothed with the great aboriginal or primeval forests. They are also overspread by a thick veil of mist which does not disperse until about noon, and then an undulating dark green canopy clouds the vapoury atmosphere. The traveller whose heart throbs at the bare idea of this vast extent of virgin forests gazes anxiously forward on the boundless distance, and finds the pace of his cautious mule too tardy for his impatient hopes and wishes. He beholds in perspective the goal of his long journey. Nature in all her primeval grandeur and virginal freshness, opens to his astonished eyes, and he feels a sensation of delight he never before experienced.

In the more hilly and mountainous portions of these primeval forests, the vegetable kingdom is stamped by a peculiar character. It presents immense fullness and luxuriance ; it spreads widely, with but little upward development, rising on the average only a few feet above the earth. Trees, shrubs, and tendrils, in endless complication of colour, entwine together, sometimes fostering, sometimes crushing, each other. Out of the remains of the dead arises a new generation, with an increase of vital impulse. The majority of the plants growing in these regions enjoy almost peculiarly an aerial vegetation. The small, gnarled, low branched trees, have often scarcely one-half of their roots in the earth ; the other half spreads over the surface of the soil, then winding round the roots or branches of some neighbouring plant, fastens on it, and intimately uniting with it, forms a kind of suspension bridge, over which the intertwining of numerous luxuriant climbing plants makes a strong impenetrable net-work. All the trees and shrubs again are covered with innumerable parasites, which in the higher regions, are met with in their smaller forms of lichens and mosses, but lower down, in the course of the various transformations they undergo, they appear in large development.

It seems as though the ice-crowned Andes looked down with envy on the luxuriant vegetation of the forests, and sought to blight it by sending down cold nightly winds. The low temperature of the night counteracts that extreme development, which the humidity of the soil and the great heat of the day promote. But what the vegetation loses in upward growth it gains in superficial extension, and thereby it secures more protection against the ever-varying temperature.

The swift-footed roe roams in the higher thickets but does not descend into the warm forests. The dark brown coati howls and digs at the root of trees in search of food ; the shy opossum crawls fearfully under the foliage ; the lazy armadillo creeps into his hole, and the little hairy tapir forages in the long grass in the same regions, into which the ounce and the lion seldom stray to contest with the black bear, what is peculiarly his territory. Birds are not in great variety in the same regions, but they are remarkable for their gay-coloured plumage. Even the crows, of which there are two species, are the one of a fine blue colour, the other green on the back and bright yellow on the belly.

Proceeding still further downward, the traveller at length reaches the *Montana*. The Peruvians apply this name to the vast aboriginal forests which extend across the whole country from north to south along the eastern foot of the Andes. Those which lie higher, and in which the spaces between the lofty trees are overgrown with thick masses of bushes and twining plants, are called by the natives simply *montanas*. Those that are free from these intermediate masses of vegetation, they call *mon-*

tanás reales, or royal mountains. At first sight, the latter produce the impression of a virgin forest of oaks. In the loftier districts of the *montanas* the Peruvian bark is found, the lower and more marshy places produce the *sarsaparilla*.

The *montanas* of Peru are in general but thinly peopled with Christian Indians. These are employed either in cultivating their own fields or in working as day-labourers in the great plantations of sugar, coffee, maize, cocoa, tobacco, oranges, bananas, and pine-apples. The cultivation of bark, balsams, gums, honey, and wax also occupies a great number of Indians. According to Dr. Tschudi, these Indians are immorally and tyrannically treated, and those who live far back in the interior of the forest, having no intercourse with the civilised world, living by hunting and fishing, are much happier.

These latter wild Indians are to distinguish them from the *Indios Christianos*, called *Indios Bravos*, and they comprehend numerous tribes, each of which has its own customs, religion, and also, in general, its own language. Impenetrable wilds intervene between these Bravos and the civilised world, and seldom has an European foot ventured into their territory. These formidable races are not only at deadly war with the Christians, but they maintain incessant war among themselves. Dr. Tschudi asserts that the fact of these Bravos being cannibals is positively attested, but he says they do not eat women, as their flesh is held to be poisonous.

The principal weapons used by the Bravos are bows and arrows, and the *pocuna*, a long reed eight or ten feet long, out of which small arrows are blown. These small arrows, like the larger ones, are poisoned, for otherwise the wound would be too inconsiderable to kill even a little bird. Not only is the black and very poisonous enmet, or ant, used for this purpose, but also the teeth of the formidable serpent known to the Indians by the name of *jergon*. The wound of the poisoned arrow is rapidly fatal. Men and the large quadrupeds die in about four or five minutes after receiving the wound; the smaller animals and birds in two minutes. In using the blow-reed great caution is requisite to avoid being self-wounded by the small sharp arrows. Dr. Tschudi relates an instance which fell under his own eyes, of an Indian who let an arrow fall unobserved from his quiver; he trod upon it, and it penetrated the sole of his foot; in a very short time he was a corpse.

These *Indios Bravos* seldom live in villages, but chiefly in huts scattered through the forests. These huts stand detached from each other, and are often scattered over a circuit of some miles in the forest. Social meetings among these races are of rare occurrence. Gloomy, reserved, and distrustful, the Indian is only at ease in the circle he has himself formed. They recognise no form of government. The dead are buried in the huts. The survivors having testified their sorrow by a melancholy howl, three times repeated, leave the place and build a new residence for themselves in a distant district.

As it is with man, so it is with animal life, in these primeval forests. Unlike the peaceful repose which presided over life on the level heights, constant combats and aggressions prevail in the forest regions. There the strong attack the weak, and the cunning inveigle the unwary: strength and intelligence, caution and instinct are unceasingly in active operation.

The whole of the animal world is here developed to view, and it would

be difficult, Dr. Tschudi says, to assign the predominance to any one class. The variegated forms and colours which meet the eye, and the multifarious cries and tones which resound through the woods, form altogether, the most singular contrasts. The gold-feathered colibri hum lightly through the air, soaring over the heavy, sombre-coloured tapir. The sprightly singing bird pours forth his melodious chaunts amidst the thick foliage of the aged trees; whilst the fierce ounce, prowling for his prey, growls as he passes over their enormous, spreading roots. Slowly do the eye and the ear learn to distinguish individuals in this vast mass of apparent chaotic confusion, and to recognise quickly fleeting forms, or distant resounding sounds.

Troops of monkeys skip from tree to tree, looking timidly around, and uttering mournful howls. Among these are swarms of the black marimonda, bearing a striking resemblance to an old negro. Next is seen a group of silver-grey monkeys, stalking over heaps of broken branches and twigs, in search of a resting-place. These monkeys, which are the largest in South America, being about three feet high, are bold and vicious. The sly sayu ventures to approach the dwellings of men, where he plunders maize fields with incredible dexterity. The delicate silky-haired monkey, shivering at every cool breeze or shower of rain, and starting at the slightest noise, creeps for shelter into the thicket, where he lies peeping with his penetrating eyes in the direction of the apprehended danger.

At sun-set swarms of bats flutter through field and forest in all directions, and greedily devour the insects which in the twilight awaken to full activity. Some of these bats are remarkable for their expanse of wing, which measures nearly two feet. Others are unfavourably distinguished for ugliness and for their offensive smell. Among them are also the vampires or leaf-nosed bats (*phyllostoma*), which attack both man and beast. These bats rub up the skin of their victims, and then suck the blood. Many animals are destroyed by the exhaustion consequent on the repeated blood-sucking. The wound continues to bleed even after the bat has flown away satisfied. Dr. Tschudi relates, that one of his mules, on which a vampire made a nightly attack, was only saved by having his back rubbed with an ointment made of spirits of camphor, soap, and petroleum. A bat of the same kind also fastened upon the nose of an Indian lying intoxicated in a plantation, and sucked so much blood that it was unable to fly away. The wound was followed by such severe inflammation and swelling, that the features of the man were not recognisable.

Many beasts of prey, and among them some of formidable strength and fierceness, make havoc among the other animals of the forests. The maneless lion (the puma) roams through the upper regions of the forest, where he has almost undisturbed hunting ground. The ounce or jaguar, which also possesses great strength, is of a still more savage disposition. Unlike the puma, far from being intimidated at the sight of men, the jaguar often attacks individuals. The black variety of the jaguar is larger, stronger, and more daring than the lighter kind. The yellow-breasted glutton, the yaguarundi, the oscollo, the uturunca, the three latter, with the long-tailed, yellowish grey tiger-cat, all of the same family, lie in wait not only for the weaker animals and birds, but also venture into the plantations, and kill dogs and poultry.

The more peaceful inhabitants of these umbrageous regions, as the timid marsupial animals, shelter themselves from these fierce natives of the forest in the hollow stems of trees, or among their canopied branches. Swarms of squirrels abide in the lofty terebinthaceæ, reminding the European of his own woods. Numbers of the mouse family, from the small tree-mouse to the large, loathsome, spirous rat, swarm all over the montanas, and live in the vicinity of the dwellings of man. As they attack the gathered fruits of the earth, so the agouti preys on those yet standing in the field. The sloth frequents the deepest recesses of the forest, where it remains, the emblem of misery, on some nearly leafless bough. The armadillo burrows deep holes in the earth on search of the larvæ of insects, while the ant-eater stretches out his long, spiral, and adhesive tongue into the midst of the moving swarm. The heavy tapir reposes in the damp shady recesses of the forests, the peccary lives in flocks, and the stag lurks in the thickets to secrete itself from the sight of the greedy ounce.

The same diversity of nature and habits is seen in the numerous hosts of birds that inhabit the leafy canopies of the forest. Eagles, kites, and falcons, build in the loftiest trees. The owl and the goat-milker fly with softly flapping wings to their hunting quarters, to surprise their victims while asleep. The black ox-bird fills the forest with his distant bellow, similar to the roaring of a bull. Among other curious birds are the tunqui-cock, with red body and black wings; the organista, whose enchanting song is usually the prognostic of an approaching storm; the humming-birds flitting past like a dazzling flash of coloured light; long trains of green parrots fill the air with their noisy chattering. Not only are the trees of the forests peopled with myriads of birds, but the earth has also its feathered inhabitants, which seldom soar above the level of the soil. Such are the turcassa, a pigeon with richly-shaded plumage; the beautifully speckled toothed fowl, and the short-tailed grass-fowl, or crake, the flesh of which, when cooked, is delicately white, and finely flavoured.

Among the amphibious animals that dwell in the great forests of Peru, are the caimans, which, with the great fresh-water tortoise, frequent the borders of rivers. In the forests themselves, where the fallen leaves lie in thick, moist layers, the foot of the hunter sinks deep at every step. Multitudes of venomous reptiles are hatched in the half-putrescent vegetable matter, and he who inadvertently steps on one of these animals may consider himself uncommonly fortunate, if he can effect his retreat without being wounded. Among the poisonous serpents, whose bite is attended with dangerous consequences, is the jergon, which does not exceed three feet in length; and the flammon, which attains six or seven feet. These serpents are usually seen coiled almost in a circle, the head thrust forward, and the fierce, treacherous-looking eyes glaring around, watching for prey, upon which they pounce with the swiftness of an arrow; then, coiling themselves up again, they look tranquilly on the death-struggle of the victim. The brown ten-inch long viper is still more formidable than either of these two snakes. The effect of its bite is so rapid, that it kills a strong man in two or three minutes. So convinced are the natives of its inevitably fatal result, that they never seek any remedy; but immediately on receiving the wound, lay themselves down to die. Nature, however, who in almost all things has established an

equilibrium, supplies the natives with remedies against the bite of serpents ; one of the most valuable of these, the juice of the creeping plant called *vejucó de huaco*, was discovered by the sparrow-hawk called *huaco*, which picks up snakes for its principal food, when bitten by one, flying to the *vejucó*, and eating its leaves.

Innoxious snakes wind on tendrilled climbing plants, or lie like necklaces of coral on the brown decayed leaves. The powerful giant snake called by the Indians "the mother of waters," dwells where the branches of rivers enter the gloomy forests and form narrow lagoons, over which the high trees spread in vaulted cupolas, almost impervious to the light of day. Wound round the stem of an old tree, bathing her tail in the cool lagoon, this great serpent watches wistfully for the animals of the forest who come to the waters to quench their thirst.

The croaking of frogs, whose manifold tones blend together in confused union, augments not a little the distressing dreariness of a forest night. The bites and stings of numerous insects are very dangerous, and it requires much caution to guard against their attacks. Mosquitoes swarm in all marshy spots. But the stinging flies (*sancudos*) are both more numerous and more troublesome ; in no hour of the day or night is there any respite from their attacks. The ticks also forsake the trees and shrubs to fasten on the traveller, on whom they make punctures with their long sharp stings, wherein to insert their heads. The *antanas* are the most troublesome of all insects : they are not visible to the naked eye, but they penetrate the skin, and introduce themselves beneath it, where they propagate with incredible rapidity ; and when some thousands of them are collected together, a blackish spot appears, which quickly spreads. Every shrub, indeed, is full of creeping life, and the decayed vegetation harbours innumerable noxious insects. The sting of some of the ant-tribe is not only painful, but actually dangerous ; and these little insects are so numerous and powerful in bodies, that they can attack and destroy large animals, such as agoutis and armadillos.

If Peru, then, enjoys wondrous privileges in its fine harbours, and coasts abounding with fish ; its mountains, so rich in metals ; its great plains, pasturing innumerable domestic animals ; the fine climate of its fertile sierra ; and its luxurious montanos, producing balsams, gums, and bark ; sugar, coffee, bananas, &c. ; so also it has its scourges, in its storms and earthquakes, its arid sandy deserts, its mountain-sickness and innumerable local diseases, its wonderful prolifickness in noxious insects, its wild animals and wild Indians, and even in its own demoralised and various population. Every thing appears to be upon a large scale ; as the promises held out are great, so natural and social evils are of no ordinary kind or character. Roads, inns, and modes of intercommunication are in a more barbarous condition than in the times of the Incas. Throughout, the present condition exhibits a marked inferiority to the past, even in the time when the cause of cultivation and civilisation was upheld by the efforts of the early missionaries ; a circumstance which Dr. Tschudi attributes chiefly to the long-continued civil war, during the contest for independence ; but the origin of which might be as readily traced to the relative condition of master and servant ; the one proud and lazy, tyrannical and unprincipled ; the other prostrated, debased, and brutalised. Nevertheless, the internal tranquillity of the country, and the increasing population, suggest, according to the same valuable authority, favourable prognostics for the future.

ADRIEN ROUX;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

CHAP. VI.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD.

THE traveller who is familiar with the country between Lonjumcau and Linas, will have no difficulty in calling to mind, that after having passed through the village of Plessis-Saint Père, there is a sudden dip in the road, crossed at the bottom by a stream, over which is a narrow bridge; the banks on each side are high, and a wide thicket extends right and left, covering the slopes of the valley; beyond may be seen in the distance the isolated height on which stands the small town of Montl'héry, above which frown the ruins of the lofty donjon keep of the old castle. It is a secluded and picturesque spot in the day time, and when the sun has gone down, has rather a gloomy appearance.

It was a very still night, and though nearly half a league from Montl'héry, I could distinctly hear the watch-dogs barking in the town as I descended the slope of the hill, but other sound there was none. I drove quickly, to redeem my promise, had cleared the bridge, and was halfway up the ascent on the opposite side, when I met with a sudden interruption. Before I could well perceive where they came from, one man was at the horse's heads with his hands on their bridles, and two others stationed themselves at the carriage doors. They were all dressed in dark blouses with broad-brimmed hats, and were armed with pistols.

"Halloo! what the devil's this?" shouted Sir John, who, as well as the rest of the party, had apparently fallen off into a gentle doze, and was awakened by the sudden stopping of the carriage.

"I must request you will do me the honour to descend," returned a voice in French, in the most polite accents.

"Keskersay?" said the Englishman. "*Je ne voollay par dessendy.*"

"In that case, *monieur*," returned the speaker in the same polite manner, "I infinitely regret to say that I shall be compelled to use force. I am pained to be obliged to say so in the presence of ladies."

"What's the fellow jabbering about, gals?" exclaimed the impenetrable knight. "Who is he, a custom-house officer, or a johanydarms, or what?"

"Oh, my God!" shrieked out *miladi*, "he has got a pistol in his hand, I see it. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! we're all going to be robbed and murdered, as I said, and thrown into a ditch."

And with these words she set up a loud scream, an exercise in which she was joined by her eldest daughter and the maid in the rumble.

The younger daughter showed more presence of mind, for I heard her reply to her father's question.

"Mamma is right, papa; these are robbers, the man at this side has got a pistol too, and is pointing it this way."

"Robbers, hey! that's what the French call volloors, isn't it? Dammee if I don't have a fight for it. Here, Mr. Volloor, take that, and be ——"

Before he had finished his sentence he discharged a blow with his clenched fist at the head of the highwayman who had addressed him, but it failed in reaching its destination; the person for whom it was intended, though a slightly made man, arresting the heavy arm with a grasp like a strong vice. At the same moment the carriage door was violently forced open, and a powerful hand seizing Sir John by the collar dragged him from his seat before he could make any further resistance, and hurled him on the ground shouting like one possessed.

Miladi again raised her voice.

"This is what I told you, Sir John, would be sure to happen leaving Parry at such an hour. That horrid postilion is at the bottom of it all. I never was deceived in my physiognomy. Oh, Heaven, what shall we do!"

"Madame will also have the kindness to alight," said the imperturbable voice, as if in answer to her exclamation, "and those young ladies."

"Oh! if Alfred were but here," hysterically cried Miss Eliza.

But as no Alfred appeared forthcoming, and the danger seemed imminent, the ladies one and all left their seats, the gallant highwayman offering his arm to assist them in reaching the ground.

Sir John still lay on the broad of his back in the high road, occasionally uttering brief maledictions in his native tongue, which, however, wrought no change in the purpose of the robbers, one of whom, the man who until now had stood at the horses' heads threatening me with his weapon, knelt on his breast and rifled his person with great tact and expedition. The two others were busily engaged with the ladies, respectfully displacing their ornaments and appropriating the valuables which they discovered.

The coast now seemed to me to be clear, and as silently and quickly as I could accomplish the feat, I leant over the horses and unfastened the traces of the leaders; then, withdrawing my legs from my heavy jack-boots and leaving them in the stirrups, I dropped noiselessly down between the wheelers, stole cautiously to the liberated horses, jumped on the back of one of them, seized the rein of the other, and before any of our assailants were aware of my intentions, was off as quick as thought in the direction of Montl'héry.

The noise of the horses' feet startled the robbers, who then perceived the nature of my manoeuvre, and one of them, after several loud and fierce imprecations calling on me to stop, cocked his pistol and discharged it at me point-blank. I heard the click of the weapon in time and bent down on the neck of the animal I rode, only just in time to save my head, for the ball passed through the crown of the glazed hat which I wore, and buried itself in the bank above me. This only added wings to my flight, and away I sped as fast as the tired brutes could lay legs to the ground.

It was necessary for me to do so if I entertained any idea of procuring effectual assistance, for the proceedings of the robbers were evidently very rapid. On this occasion fortune stood my friend. I had hardly galloped five hundred yards when I encountered two gendarmes, the conservators of the peace in the arrondissement of Montl'héry. I hastily pulled up, and in a few words my story was told. The horse

which I led was of real service ; one of the gendarmes jumped on his back, the other mounted behind me, and the next moment we were making the best of our way towards the rifled carriage. We were not a bit too soon, for the exertions which the Englishman made were of a kind to lead to still greater violence, and the probability was that, although plunder was the object of the ruffians, blood might be spilt.

The scene was a curious one which greeted us on our arrival.

In the middle of the road, as I have already described, lay Sir John struggling with all his might with the robber, who weighed him down like a nightmare. Miladi, her bonnet and cap off, and her hair—dare I call it a “*front*”—streaming on the midnight breeze, was on her knees before another of the band ; her eldest daughter was in the arms of the one who had spoken, passive and dishevelled, and the *femme de chambre* was in violent hysterics in the hind seat which no persuasion or threat had induced her to abandon. As to Miss Carry, she, poor thing, was sitting on the bank without either shoes or shawl, the image of resignation. Her little hands were clasped on her bosom in an agony of supplication, and her broken sobs showed how much she suffered.

Our unexpected arrival changed the aspect of affairs. Owing to the road being a sandy one, by keeping off the *pavé* we were upon the party almost before the clattering of our horses’ hoofs gave warning of our approach. In an instant we had dismounted ; the gendarmes had their carbines ready, and as they presented them called loudly on the robbers to surrender. Two of the men started to their feet, the third was still too busy with Sir John to attend to the summons, and to him I addressed myself. Rushing forward to the spot where he knelt, I took a short grasp of my whip in both hands, and swinging it round with all my force, struck him a violent blow on the head with the butt end which dropped him on the ground like a shot, and the Englishman, far more actively than I could have fancied from his size, which was none of the smallest, jumped on his feet, and with clenched fists rushed towards one of his powerful assailants, anxious, apparently, to settle the question *à la mode Anglaise*.

The conflict, however, was not destined to be terminated in that manner ; it ended with more noise, and less personal damage than might have resulted from fisticuffs. The fire-arms were discharged on both sides, but whether the gendarmes aimed too high for fear of hurting the ladies, or the robbers levelled at random, I cannot say, but no one was hit, and the two latter, content with what personal booty they had gained, and unwilling to risk its loss in a combat no longer equal, at once gave ground, darted behind the carriage, and scrambling up the opposite bank, disappeared in the thicket, leaving their companion in the high road, apparently stunned. The gendarmes examined and tried to turn him over, but he lay perfectly motionless, so, thinking him a safe capture, with the politeness, which I am happy to say is the characteristic of our nation, they offered their services to the ladies. I, however, had been beforehand with them, as far, at least, as Sir John’s youngest daughter was concerned ; for the instant the man who bestrode her father was down, I ran towards her, and stood over her in a defensive attitude, consoling her in the best English which, in the agitation of the moment, I could muster. While we were thus engaged, the fellow who had been feigning insensibility, though I have no doubt he was seriously hurt, crawled out of the road and vanished noiselessly amongst the bushes, so

that the only evidence of the attack consisted in the battered appearance of Sir John, and the scared aspect and dismantled costume of the ladies.

My first care was to hunt for Miss Caroline's shoes, one of which had dropped off, and the other she had thrown away when she was taken from the carriage. After a careful search, I discovered them both. On handing them to her, I thought that one seemed rather heavy, considering the light material of which they were made, and the small feet of the wearer, but the cause of its weight, as well as of her having thrown it away, was soon apparent, when she put her hand into it and drew forth a small watch and slender chain, which for safety she had thus concealed. She looked at the watch, the glass of which had been broken by the fall, and kissed it several times; then disengaging the chain, she held out her pretty little hand, saying:—

"There, my brave friend, *that* I can part with, the watch was given me by my dear grandmamma,—but the chain, I bought in Paris. Keep it for my sake, as a token of your courage and my gratitude,—for had you not returned as you did, perhaps poor papa might have been killed!"

Had she offered me any other gift with the view of recompensing my services, I should, at the risk of being thought guilty of rudeness, have positively refused to accept it; but the chain which she had worn round her neck was invested with a charm which, to me, was irresistible. I could not tell why I felt so strong an interest in one so young, whose face I had not even seen, save in the uncertain shade of night; it might have originated in the kindness of her tone, or my recollection of the compliment she had paid me before she knew I understood her language; but, whatever it was, I felt that there was nothing in the world I would not have done to serve her.

I took the chain, therefore, and with the less hesitation as it appeared so light, and, as I imagined, so unexpensive, and before I relinquished the hand that gave it, I hope it will not be thought presumptuous when I say, that the poor orphan stable-boy, a postilion even only by accident, should have pressed it earnestly to his lips.

"I hope, mademoiselle," I said, "that the time may soon come when I shall be able to show that I have deserved your kindness."

"Not in the same way, I hope," she returned, laughing, "unless adventures of this kind are of every-day occurrence in France. What is your name?" she abruptly asked.

"Adrien, mademoiselle," I answered respectfully.

"What a pretty name," she said, thoughtfully; "well, I am not likely to forget it. Mine," she continued, "is Caroline."

I knew that already, so I only bowed; but our colloquy might have extended further, had not miladi found her tongue, and turned the acquisition to the accustomed account.

"What are you standing chattering there for with that boy, Caroline? If he means to be of any use, let him help you into the carriage. What's the matter with that screaming fool Jane? Get down and find my shawl—those horrid French robbers have dragged it off my back, God knows where. I hope, Sir John, you'll have them punished when you get back to England. To think of their attacking a late lord-mayor! I must say, however, that one of them, who took care of 'Liza was very polite."

Miss Eliza seemed to be nearly of the same opinion, for she sighed deeply, and incoherently exclaimed,

"Such a man !—What recollections !—Impossible !—Oblivion !—Despair !"

"What the deuce is the girl talking about?" said Sir John. "One would think we'd all been to a play instead of having been robbed. I've lost my gold watch, my purse, and pocket-book :—luckily," he said, in a lower tone, "the last only contained the passport; the rascals couldn't carry off the trunks; though I daresay they would have forced them open, if it hadn't been for this clever boy, who gave the chap who had me down a singing in the ear which he'll remember for some time. I could have laughed to see the fellow roll over, if I hadn't been in such a passion. Come, get in as fast as you can, and let us be off to Mount-leary before we have another stoppage. Don't you go away, boy, without nly seeing you; I've got something particular to say to you. Just tell those gentlemen, the johnnydarms, that I'm very much obliged to them. And now then let us be off."

The horses were soon put to again, the carriage-doors closed, and, with a gendarmes walking on each side, we proceeded at a foot-pace till we entered Montl'héry, somewhat later than I had anticipated. The noise of the shots, had, however, put several of the inhabitants on the *qui-vive*; lights were in many of the windows as we passed through the town, and when we came to the inn we found no difficulty in obtaining admission, for rumour, which flies like electricity, had already spread the report of our misadventure.

After some confusion in getting in their baggage, and making the most of their drapery in descending, for the thieves, with connoisseurs' eyes for good shawls, had carried all off that came within their clutches, the party at last got safely housed. Sir John, whose other name I had yet to learn, told me to come to him the next morning at breakfast; miladi scolded and fussed, and pushed me out of her way; her eldest daughter raised her eyes to Heaven, and once again sighed heavily; Miss Caroline bestowed a kind glance upon me, and the *femme-de-chambre*, laden with bags and dressing-cases, was too much encumbered with her load to take any notice of any body or any thing.

Saluting the party with my best bow, I stabled my horses, and then went to bed in the hay-loft; but before I lay down I felt in the breast-pocket of my waistcoat for the little chain, and when I fell asleep my hand still rested on it.

CHAP. VII.

A NEW PROFESSION.—THE J. ADF'S MAID.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual fatigue and excitement of the previous night, I was up again before the dawn, and soon had my horses ready for their return to Bourg-la-Reine. The English party was early also, and it seemed as if the adventure on the road had altered Sir John's opinion as to the advantages attendant upon travelling after dusk in preference to broad daylight, for I saw him busily bustling about the hotel, and stimulating the waiter, in execrable French, to get the breakfast ready.

As I crossed the court-yard, on my way from the stable, he caught sight of me, and shouted to me to come to him. I immediately obeyed his summons, less, I trust it will be believed, from the prospect of advantage, than from the pleasure I anticipated in once more seeing the young lady who had given me the chain. The age of chivalry may perhaps be gone, but devotion to the fair sex will never be extinct in France. I was not disappointed; for when I entered the *salon*, the whole party were assembled round the breakfast-table. Miss Eliza was pale, as if she had passed a sleepless night; her young sister, on the contrary, looked gay and animated, and I thought her perfectly charming. Miladi appeared as little reconciled to early as to late travelling; and Sir John wore the impassive, stolid aspect, which so happily characterises the English.

"Well, postalong," said he—for, having once got into a habit of using the word, he could not get out of it—"I'm much obliged to you for what you did for us last night; if you hadn't been as quick as you were, we might all of us have been found with our throats cut this morning, or worse for aught I know."

"What a dreadful idea!" exclaimed Miss Eliza; "oh! papa, you have not the slightest conception of the real manners of French banditti. I am sure I experienced nothing but the utmost deference, the greatest ten—but no, the recollection is madness!—besides," she murmured, "it is utterly impossible!"

"What on earth's the matter with the girl, my lady? I'm sure, ever since that cursed robbery, she has behaved like one distracted. I don't know what you call deference, but when a fellow kneels on your chest in the high road, and grapples your throat as if he was going to strangle you, it seems to me a strange way of showing the manners they all of 'em brag so much about in this country. To clap a loaded pistol to your head, and jabber at you in a way you can't understand, though of course it means 'Your money or your life,' is any thing but what I call civil, whatever you may think of it. But I suppose you fancy every Frenchman is as polite as that young fellow, Alfred de What's-his-name? who used to come riding up to the carriage every day, in the *Boy de Bullong*."

At the mention of this cavalier, imperfect as Sir John's nomenclature was, a bright crimson overspread Miss Eliza's cheeks, and she almost buried her face in her coffee-cup. Her father was, however, too much excited by the recollection of his wrongs to notice her confusion, and his attention was, moreover, withdrawn by a brisk attack from his wife.

"Well, Sir John," said she, "you've only yourself to thank for our misfortunes. If my advice had been taken, we should have been safe in our beds, instead of falling into the hands of robbers on the king's highway."

"As to being safe in bed, my lady, that you know wouldn't have been the case in Paris. What with the Academy de Music, the Francey, and Heaven knows what, I'm sure we found it later there than London. Robbers, too!—there are more ways than one of being robbed."

This altercation might have been continued indefinitely, for the spirit of recrimination appeared to glow in the bosom of each, had not Miss Caroline interposed.

"You forget, papa," she said, "that Adrien is standing there all this time, wondering what you want with him."

"Ah! very true," replied Sir John, "I'd forgotten all about him—but it's no wonder one's forgetting any thing when people make such fools of themselves. I say, postalong, look here—there's something for yourself."

And, as he spoke, he drew out a number of five-franc pieces from a bag beside him, and placed them on the table.

I thanked him very respectfully, but said that I couldn't think of taking the money.

"As to the little service," I added, "which I had the honour to render to these ladies, the satisfaction of having performed it is enough for a Frenchman!"

"That may be," returned Sir John, "but it's no satisfaction to me to be in any body's debt. I always pay as I go. Have done all my life. You drove me from what-d'ye-call'em to Mountleary, and there's fifty frongs for the job. You'll find plenty of ways of getting rid of 'em, I dare say. I do, though France is such a cheap place."

Having satisfied my honour, by making it clear that acts which spring from sentiment are not purchaseable in France, and seeing that the Englishman, like most of his race, was obstinate in his resolve, I made a bow, and pocketed the money; I was then about to retire, but Sir John resumed:

"I've something more to say, postalong. You see, me and my family are going on to Orleans first, then to Toor, and then God knows where, for I don't. Now, we are in want of a smart, handy young fellow like you, who can speak the language and make himself useful along the road. What do you say to coming with us? I'll give you good wages, and you shall ride in the dickey with our *fam de sham*."

I scarcely knew what to say to this offer, it came upon me so suddenly. On the one hand there was Pierre Bruneau and the establishment at Bourgl-la-Reine, of which I formed a part; on the other, were liberty and the prospect of future fortune, for freedom always wears the aspect of prosperity in the eyes of the young. As I rapidly considered the question, I reflected that to Pierre Bruneau I owed literally nothing; he had not even taught me my *métier*, and the services I had rendered him were at the least an equivalent for the scanty food and clothing with which he had supplied me. I was bound to him by no legal or personal tie, and, except Perrette, perhaps there was no one in his house who would regret my departure. As to my friends, the couriers, they were to be met with, and more appropriately, in all parts of the world, and the more I travelled the more likely I should be to fall in with them. Besides, if I intended even to emancipate myself from the mere drudgery of the stable, I could scarcely meet with a better opportunity than this, which I might look upon as the first step in my profession. The most agreeable view of the case at last prevailed, and after a few moments' hesitation, during which I balanced the matter, *pour et contre*, I resolved to accept the offer.

One or two slight difficulties, however, still lay in the way, although I had obtained my own consent to the arrangement. These were a proper costume to appear in, and how I should manage to send back the horses and Antoine's boots to Bourgl-la-Reine. The first was no great obstacle,

as I had now money in my pocket sufficient, in my conception, to furnish the wardrobe of a legion of laquais ; the last I stated to Sir John, expressing at the same time my hope that I should be able to find a courier or postilion returning to Paris, who would deliver the animals safely to Pierre Bruneau. He desired me to see about it as quickly as I could, and I left the party to finish their breakfast.

The star which rose for me that day seemed to be a happy one, for scarcely had I got into the court-yard, when I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and a well-known voice calling out for a relay. I ran quickly out into the street, and who should I see with *petits verres* already in their hands, and drinking each other's healths, but my friends Batiste and Vapard, travelling in conjunction, with newspaper despatches, and therefore by no means in any hurry to get over the ground. They were just the men for my purpose.

I saluted them both, and received their astonished greetings in return.

"Diable !" exclaimed Vapard, "what are you doing here, mon petit bon homme ?"

"Que diable?" ejaculated Batiste, and there his interrogatory stopped.

I briefly explained what had occurred, adding that I wanted to send back my late master's horses.

"As far as that goes," said Vapard, "we may as well ride them as any others ; they have had a night's rest, so bring them out—and for the boots, Batiste can sling them over his saddle-bow."

I was not long in obeying this order ; in a trice the horses were at the door, and my friends on their backs.

"Tiens, Batiste," said I, in a low voice, as they were just about to start, "give one of these to Perrette, with my love, and tell her to make a little packet of my things and keep it till I send for it ; keep the other to drink my health at the end of your journey."

And as I spoke, I thrust a couple of five-franc pieces into his hard, horny palm.

"Comment ça?" exclaimed Batiste, "where does all this come from? I suppose," he added, with a grin, "it's a part of your share of last night's plunder."

"It's part of what I got," I returned, drawing myself up, "for knocking a man down twice as big as you are."

"Nom d'une pipe !" cried Batiste.

"Mille tonnerres !" shouted Vapard, and both couriers burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Ca commence bien, le petit gredin que c'est !" said one to the other.

"Adieu ! bon jour, Adrien ! faut bruler le pavé, allons—cric—cric—crac—crac—hé—hé—ah—ha—ha !"

And with flourishing whips, joggling elbows, nodding heads, and up-raised voices, the anxious couriers set out at their customary hard gallop, undesirous of taking precedence of each other, though the bearers of rival despatches.

The worst difficulty over, I now set about the change in my appearance, for as I was henceforth to attend upon ladies, it was necessary I should make myself presentable. With the assistance of the waiter at the hotel I soon discovered a *fripier*, a trade which fortunately exists everywhere in France ; and after the usual quantity of bargaining I equipped myself to my satisfaction in a green coat with silver buttons and very short skirts ;

a light blue waistcoat, and military pantaloons which had once been of a forcible crimson, though now subdued to a much more sober hue ; to these I added the first pair of boots I ever had called my own, and a fur cap with a gold band, which, in my opinion, gave a very agreeable finish to the whole.

As soon as I was arrayed in my new costume, I presented myself before my new patron, who at first was unable to recognise in the smart figure he now saw, the boy in the glazed hat and blouse who had driven him from Bourg la Reine. Indeed, if it had not been for Miss Caroline, I think my identity would almost have been disputed ; but her quickness at once detected the spake in his new skin. Miladi, even, who was, in her way, fastidiousness itself, seemed content with my appearance, and bestowed upon me an approving and dignified nod, and I was dismissed with the intimation that in half an hour we should once more be *en route*.

I made the best use I could of the intervening time—saw the carriage well packed,—procured bouquets for the ladies of the best flowers the scorching sun had left,—and ingratiated myself with the lady's-maid ; so much so, that when at starting, I took my place in the dickey, after handing her up to it, she was fully prepared to bestow her confidence upon me.

I shall not presume to conjecture what caused the sudden demonstration. It might have been something in my appearance, though I did not think so then ;—or it might have arisen from the desire to unburden herself of the flood of talk which had so long been pent up within her ; but whatever the motive it was uttered freely, and I was an amused and curious listener.

As nearly as I can remember,—and I have since had some experience in the slipshod dialect of English *femmes-de-chambre*, our conversation ran after this fashion.

"Well, young man,—I begs your parding—Mr. Hadrian, as we're to be fellow-servints, I think the best way will be for us to come to an understanding."

"I am entirely at your orders, mam'selle," was my reply.

The lady giggled and drew down her veil, then threw it up again—pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and smelling-bottle, and after flourishing the first in the air and putting the other to her nostrils without removing the stopper (I believe it was a fixture), said in an affected tone, "Oh, Mr. Hadrian, you French gentlemen are so perlite."

I made her one of my best bows, and the "understanding" which she had adverted to seemed at once to be established.

Perhaps, before I go any further, I may as well attempt her portrait.

She was a well-made girl, rather above the middle height, with hands and feet not quite so large as usually fall to the lot of her countrywomen, and an exceedingly taper waist ; so small, indeed, as to give me the idea that other parts of her frame must be very much inconvenienced to produce such a result. Her face was round and smooth, with no great expression in it, or any features of remarkable beauty, but still it was a pretty one ; and her fair skin ; high colour, white teeth, and long brown ringlets made up an *ensemble* that was very pleasant to look upon, especially in a *tête-à-tête* along a very dull, monotonous high road, such as that which runs through the plains of La Beauce. In the matter of ring-

lets, she was, possibly, like most of her class, somewhat overdone—for the sure way to identify an English lady's maid is by the length of her curls. At what hour in the morning they rise to prepare these snares, is beyond my powers of comprehension, for call them when you will—and I have tried them at all hours—they invariably turn out as if on their way to serve as an ensign to a hairdresser's shop. But Nature having done her part, Art is in a great degree neglected, or rather is cultivated through a false medium, for the *belles Anglaises*—of this rank at any rate—are by no means skilled in dressing themselves to advantage. The merest *grisette* in Paris will put on her bonnet and shawl with the air of a duchess, while an English girl, with far greater claims to admiration, let her do the best she can, always looks dowdy and common-place. I did not, perhaps, at the time define the comparison so clearly as I do now, but such was the impression caused by the appearance of Miss Jane Maddox.

"Our family, Mr. Hadrian," began the young lady, "our family, the Chubbesses, is queer folks, leastways master and missis—for the gals is hangels, specially Miss 'Lizer, who's *my* fav'rite. Oh! if you did but know what we two have gone through, you'd hardly believe the eyes that saw it, but it's a mussy to think you're too young to have experienced sich."

I scarcely knew what to make of this exordium, but I thought the safest thing to say was—

"I infinitely regret, ma'mselle, not having shared in every thing that has happened to you."

"Oh! dear me, Mr. Hadrian," tittered Miss Maddox, "well, I never!" and once more the handkerchief was fluttered, and the smelling-bottle applied. This ceremony over, she continued—

"As I was observing, Mr. Hadrian, the adventures as has happened to us since we set our feet in this forrin country is not to be exaggerated or described! I must first of all tell you who master is, and why we comed abroad. I dare say you'd never guess it, but he was lord mayor last year!"

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" I exclaimed; "I beg pardon, but what is that?"

"Don't you know what a lord mayor is? Well, I shouldn't have thought that! Why, lord mayor of London, to be sure; he's the first person in the city, lives in the Mansion-house, and rides in a gold carriage, with sword and mace, and common crier, knights in harmer, and halldermen on orseback two and two."

Having witnessed the procession of the *Bœuf gras*, I had an indistinct idea that Sir John must have been something of the sort, which was strengthened by the recollection that an Englishman is called John Bull, but for fear of not comprehending, the fair speaker if she entered into further explanations, I said I understood now.

"It would have done your art good, Mr. Hadrian, if you had but have seen him last ninth of November was a twelvemonth. So stately and affable! So bald-headed and dignified! I don't think that a more balder headed lord mayor ever sat in his carriage."

This was superlative praise, or was intended for such, and I bowed in acquiescence. Miss Maddox resumed,—

"As to my lady, a more grander looking lady when she wore her *March*.—VOL. LXXIX. NO. CCCXV.

horstridges couldn't have been. They was quite the talk of the whole city. And the night of the ball that was given to the Duke of Wellington and the bishops in the 'Gyptian All, Miss 'Lizer, as looks so pale this morn'ing—and well she may, poor thing, if you did but know all"—her voice was here sunk to a mysterious whisper—"was quite an eclipse of every body there. I'm not very dark myself, Mr. Hadrian," and she simpered as she spoke, "but bless you, I'm a blacky moor compared to Miss 'Lizer, a perfect blacky moor!"

I declared my unequivocal dissent from this assertion.

"I tell you it's true, Mr. Hadrian, a fairer-skinn'der young lady than Miss 'Lizer Chubb don't breathe this earth. To them as has been used to move in hupper circles, it's rather hard to descend into common spheres. We couldn't abear it, and didn't try to. As soon as our year was up, my lady was for leaving town, and to Brighting we went, and there we passed the winter. A nice place is Brighting, Mr. Hadrian; if ever you has the chance of going there don't throw it away; full of ridgemints of hofferers, and millenterry bands a playing on the Steen, and forrin gentlemen into the barging. It was the sight of their whiskers, I suppose, as put it into my lady's and Miss 'Lizer's edds that they should like to come into forrin parts, and never did they leave off, day nor night, till they'd persuaded Sir John that it was good for his elth to cross the seas. What it did for *our* elths I can't pretend to say, all I know is, it was a sad trial for our stomicks, and if it hadn't been for having it all over again, I think Sir John would have come back next day. We landed at a place called Deppy—I suppose you knows Deppy, Mr. Hadrian—and strange enough it was; what with the French language and the French dishes I thought I never should have got over it, and Sir John was just the same. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hadrian, but for a whole week I never sat down to dinner without thinking that every bit I put into my mouth was a frog in disguise. Well, we didn't stay long at Deppy, for my lady was all for Parry, and, as she said, it wasn't fit for people of quality to bury themselves in a little dirty, poky place like that. What we saw and what we did before we got to Parry is more than I can tell you. The oddakes I've had a looking at churches and picters, and old tumbled down curossity-shops in a place called Ruin, in Normandy, you wouldn't believe. Well they may call it, Ruin! I never saw so much rubbish! I don't mean no offence, Mr. Hadrian, but if you've many more towns of that sort in France the sooner you sell 'em to the Jews the better—they ain't fit for Christians, which, howsever, I believe the French isn't."

I inquired how she liked Paris when she got there?

"For the first three days," she replied, "I was all of a whirl, and if you'd asked me where I was or what I was a'doing of I couldn't have told you. We stopped at the Hotel Maraboo, in Roo de la Pay-street, so called, Sir John says, from their making you pay so dear for every thing you buy, and there we've been a staying for the last three months up to yesterday evening, when all of a sudding Sir John comed in from his walk on the Bulliards, and packed us off at an hour's notice. What it was as happened to make him so rude to my lady is more than I know yet, but Miss 'Lizer and I both thinks it was all about somebody as shall be nameless."

The mysterious look which accompanied this announcement was evidently intended to provoke a question.

"There's a gentleman in the case, I suppose?"

"Mr. Hadrian," said Miss Maddox, with solemnity, "don't name such a thing! I wouldn't have it known for all I'm worth that Miss 'Lizer and I used to go of a morning, before any one was up, to the Marshy oh Floor, and get bookies there as never was bought out of our pussies, nor as how we took walks on the dark side of the Tooleries among the stalties as nobody ever looks at on account of their being so improper, where the same young nobleman used to take *his* walk quite promiscuous, and a more nicer and blacker whiskerder nobleman than the count, and more of a gentleman I never saw. So don't go for to ask me a word about that, for tell it I won't and don't mean to."

Having satisfied her conscience by this avowal, it was more than probable that the next five minutes would have revealed to me the entire secret of the loves of Miss Eliza Chubb and Count Alfred de What's-his-name, as Sir John called him, for he of course, was the interesting stranger, when our arrival at the barrier of Etampes put an end to the conversation.

CHAP. VIII.

THE MANUEL DU VOYAGEUR—AN IMPROVING ACQUAINTANCE—THE STRANGERS AT ORLÉANS.

THE landlord of the Fleur de Lys, before which house of entertainment we drew up at Etampes, exerted his eloquence in vain to induce Sir John to alight. Though the day was scorching hot, he seemed so fully impressed with the danger of lingering on the road, that he determined to push on and reach Orleans before night.

But it was not Sir John's practice to travel without fortifying the inward man, and the innkeeper probably lost little by not preparing a regular dinner, for what he was called on to supply would have served a numerous *table-d'hôte*.

Though engaged as an interpreter, Sir John appeared resolved not to apply to me for assistance until he was driven to extremities. He carried with him, besides the *Livre de Poste*, to which he was in the habit of making very serious appeals at every fresh relay, though it was very clear he did not understand the French system of measurement, for the word "kilometer," which he kept muttering to himself seemed thoroughly to bewilder him; besides this *cade-mecum*, he had another equally serviceable, the *Manuel du Voyageur* of Madame de Genlis, in half-a-dozen languages, from which he read exactly what he saw written down in as loud a tone as possible, it being his opinion—as I believe it to be that of many other people—that the only way to make a person comprehend a dialect to which he is unaccustomed, is to give the fullest possible play to the lungs in uttering it.

Accordingly, while the relay was being sent for, and landlord and waiter stood obsequiously bowing to "Milord," and talking against time all the while, in the most fruitless manner, for Sir John had no idea of being beaten off his purpose by interrogatories, despising, as he evidently did, the whole system of question and answer; while this was going on, and I was busy assisting the postilion, Sir John pulled out his book, and turning to a place where it seemed to open of itself, began to read his instructions, pronouncing the words as we say, "*Comme il plaisait à Dieu.*"

Before he began, however, I heard him say half aloud—for he had a habit of speaking to himself,

“D—n these fellows, I wonder what they’ve got? But it’s no use asking them, the best way is to go right through with it.”

Then addressing the host,

“I say, landlord, je vovdroys oon giggo de mutton roty ow bully, doo buff, doo buff fumy, oon quarter de mutton, dez coatletties de mutton, ow de view, de lay langew, fowry, de lay langew fumy, doo bowdin naw, ow dez audowillies, doo bowdin blank, dez sawsisses, oon powley aw riss, oon powlardy roty, des powlets rotiss ayveck doo cressong, dez pigeon ay lay crapordyne, oon frickassy de powlets, oon frickandew, dez riss de view, oon o-i-e, de lagnew, oon frase de view, oon teat de view, doo pore frase, doo coshong sail, de la vyandy frawd, doo hashiz. There,” he added, drawing a long breath when he had got to the end of his list, “I think that’ll do for ’em.”

The innkeeper and waiter both stood aghast, not having the remotest idea of what was meant by this enumeration, delivered with the voice of a Stentor.

“Plait-il, monsieur?” exclaimed one.

“Qu’est-ce que monsieur desire?” demanded the other.

Now as neither of these answers were in Sir John’s book, all he could do was to stare at them in return, and there they might have remained gaping at each other till the day of doom if I had not stepped forward; for he had thrust his body completely out of the carriage-window in order more effectually to deliver his oration, and had thus completely cut off all communication from behind, so that his daughters could not if they dared have helped him.

In a few words I explained my master’s wishes to the infinite relief of all parties.

“A la bonne heure!” cried he, of the Fleur de Lys, “de suite, monsieur, de suite,” and rubbing his hands gaily, he ran back into the inn, followed by the waiter.

“What’s your other name?” inquired Sir John, “the one you told my daughter sticks in my throat.”

“Roux, monsieur,” I replied.

“Oh, Roo, is it? Well, then, Roo, what the devil did these fellows mean by not answering my questions just now?”

“Perhaps they have not understood,” I suggested.

“Nonsense, they *must* have understood—why I read it out of the book, a book made on purpose for travellers; I paid ten frongs for it only the day before yesterday!”

It was not for me to hurt Sir John’s *amour propre* by hinting that it was his mode of pronunciation which rendered the whole affair one intense hieroglyphic. I was spared the necessity of reply by the re-appearance of the waiter with the intelligence that at least some of the things on my master’s formidable list were procurable. There were cold roast fowls, excellent ham, and a superb *pâté d’alouettes*, for which the country round Pithiviers is famous, and these, with a few bottles of Bordeaux, and a travelling flask replenished with brandy, offered a certain guarantee that the travellers would not die of famine before they reached their destination. Miss Maddox and I had, of course, our share in the *munitions de voyage*, and we gaily resumed our journey; the crowd, which had assembled round the carriage during our stay, grinning at

each other and slyly deriding the English, dispersing in a listless way to their several occupations, from which they would again be called by the next arrival in the town.

Having once begun to unbosom herself, it was not in the nature of Miss Maddox to stop half-way. It may, perhaps, appear to the reader that I was somewhat young to be made a confidant of in the tender matters which engrossed the thoughts of my companion, but there are one or two things he must take into consideration. In the first place I was tolerably good-looking, and had that *air éveillé* which announces that confidence will not be misplaced; and in the next there was the anxiety to reveal a secret which burns so fiercely in every female breast. From these combined causes I learnt what I had already inferred, that Miss Eliza Chubb was deeply in love with Count Alfred de Vaurien, who returned her passion with an ardency that was worthy of himself and his position. In what that position consisted, Miss Jane Maddox of course knew nothing beyond the count's statement and his general appearance, and these were highly favourable. She had already alluded to his whiskers, and now she detailed many more of his personal graces, some of them the gift of nature, others the tribute of his tailor.

"A better drester gentleman or a finer spoken man never stepped, Mr. Hadrian, than is the count. Immensely rich, too, he must be, for he talks of fortin as if it was nothing, and cares no more for Miss 'Lizer's twenty thousand pounds than if they was so much dirt."

I applauded the disinterestedness of my noble countryman, and told Miss Maddox I wished him success.

"And so do I with all my art, Mr. Hadrian, but somehow Sir John has got a crotchet in his head about matrimony. He calls all you French gentlemen fortin-unters, and wouldn't let a daughter of his marry a forriner if it was ever so. As I told you, I suspect it was something about the count as made us leave Parry in the way we did, but sharp as Sir John was he wasn't quite quick enough; Miss 'Lizer found time to write the count a few lines, and I know they went safe, for a young man of my acquaintance in the Hotel Maraboo undertook to deliver the note his-self."

While we were thus discoursing and discussing our very satisfactory meal, the lash of the postilion's whip got entangled in the traces, and after several vain efforts to disengage it, he pulled up his horses, while I got down to help him. Some defect in the harness also required attention, and during the delay which these accidents occasioned, the sound of wheels was heard, and the diligence from Paris to Orleans went by, enveloping us in a cloud of dust. As soon as we had allowed this inconvenience to subside, there being few things more disagreeable than following in the wake of another vehicle on such high roads as ours, I resumed my place in the dickey.

I found Miss Maddox in a state of real agitation, and demanded the cause:

"You'll not suppose that I'm an imposture, Mr. Hadrian, when I tell you a circumstance that has just come to my knowledge. You seed that stage-coach drive by just now like a runaway van from Scowton's? Who do you think was inside of it, leastways, setting under the large hood on the top? Don't go for to believe me unless you like, but as sure as you sit there I saw the count, and what's more, he saw me, and held up his finger as much as to say don't say nothing about it to nobody, and then pintoed down the road, meaning, of course, that he was a going to the same place as we was. Now that's what I call true love, Mr. Hadrian,

and Miss 'Lizer will think so too when she comes to hear of it, or I know nothing of the tender passion."

"To suppose that, ma'mselle," said I, "is to imagine something contrary to the laws of nature."

"Well, for a very young man, Mr. Hadrian, you have the pleasantest way of saying things! But you French gentlemen are so complimentary, I'm afraid you're not sincere."

"The count's devotion," I replied, "and your opinion of it just now is a proof to the contrary." Besides, your eyes, ma'mselle, can at once read in mine if I am or not."

"Oh, Mr. Hadrian!" returned Miss Maddox, "I couldn't bring myself to look into any body's eyes for all the world."

But Miss Maddox belied her words as she spoke, and gave me so searching a glance that I must have been more or less than Frenchman not to have been moved by it. It was the first sensation of the kind I had ever experienced, and I confess it was such as entirely to banish for the moment the thought which had haunted me all the morning of the charming little girl in the carriage.

For a time we continued our way in silence, the hand of Miss Maddox accidentally reposing in mine, and when I found words to speak what I felt, she discoursed no more of the count and her young mistress, two other personages being apparently of more interest in her estimation.

Under such circumstances, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the journey, in spite of the heat, was very pleasant, and that when the towers of Orleans rose before us in strong relief against the evening sky, the day seemed to me to have been a remarkably short one. Our conversation, whatever it was, ended, however, with this observation from Miss Jane Maddox,

"There, Hadrian! now you promises faithful to do what I asks you about the count and Miss 'Lizer?"

To which I returned a very energetic answer in the affirmative, and had any one skilled in English patois been by, he might safely have drawn the inference that "drat the boy!" is not always an expression of impatience or anger.

It was almost dusk when we drove up to the Hôtel de la Poste, in the Place des Martroy; the ladies were all very tired, and Sir John himself seemed too much knocked up with the fatigues of the day (a share of which might, I suspect, be traced to the travelling-flask), to have recourse to the *Manuel du Voyageur*. The affair of settling them in the hotel was, therefore, left to my care, and, considering it was my *coup d'essai*, I accomplished it in so satisfactory a way that Miss Maddox, whose bandbox I carried up-stairs, said I was "a perfect love." I think I deserved some commendation, for the usual altercation which generally takes place when English travellers are to be housed, was, at all events, avoided, and the whole party slept that night in peace.

For my own part I felt no disposition to go to bed, and supper seldom coming amiss at the age I then was, I went to seek it. As is generally the case in France, the kitchen is the liveliest and pleasantest place in the hotel, particularly if the establishment be *un peu bourgeois*. I found a good many people assembled in it, and the *chef*, in his white nightcap and apron, as busy as possible preparing *fricots* and *potages* for numerous claimants travel-stained and hungry. The *appareil* was a cheerful one; the copper saucepans simmered with a pleasant sound over the *braise*,

and a most agreeable odour exhaled its fragrance, promising that which is never realised except to people who are half-famished, for it may be set down as a general rule that no cook, whatever his skill, ever succeeded in rendering the taste of a dish equal to the smell of it. The company in the kitchen of the Hôtel de la Poste were not so fastidious or were too hungry to quarrel with its cuisine, and they addressed themselves with vigour to the portions which were served out to them. While I was waiting for mine, which the *chef* assured me, "*foi d'Orleannais*," should be the most *magnifique ragoût* that ever mouth watered at, my attention was attracted towards two persons who evidently did not labour under the disadvantage of loss of appetite, for *plat* disappeared after *plat* as fast as they could be supplied, and a couple of bottles of St. Ay, the wine-mark in which was waning low, attested that the travellers, as they appeared, were thirsty as well as hungry. Although their costume presented nothing remarkable—the dresses which they wore being concealed beneath their blouses—the expression of their features and the dissimilarity of their figures were sufficient to engage my observation. The elder of the two was a short, square-set fellow, with a pair of brawny shoulders and disproportionately long arms, a thick neck, a face such as we term *joufflu*, small, light-grey eyes, which were made smaller by being half-closed, and a short stiff crop of sandy hair. The younger was tall and well-made, and would have been considered extremely handsome but for a sinister expression about the mouth, which he tried to disguise beneath a smile, his eyes and hair were dark, and he wore an enormous beard of coal-black hue, an ornament much rarer then than it has since become. It was not without reason that these strangers excited my curiosity.

I MET HER IN THE PRIMROSE TIME.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I MET her in the primrose time,
 A light and joyous thing,
 When all seem'd bursting into life,
 Beneath the breath of spring!
 The cowslip and the lily-bell
 Perfumed the morning air,
 But she, though all were beautiful,
 Seem'd far the brightest there!

I met her when the roses bloom'd
 The spring-flow'rs all had fled,
 And all that Summer radiance gave
 Were blooming in their stead!
 But she, in pride of womanhood,
 In bright and glad array,
 Amid those Summer flow'rets seem'd
 More lovely e'en than they!

When last we met the holly spread,
 His coral gems around,
 And in his green and hardy boughs
 Her emblem still I found.
 For virtue like that fadeless leaf,
 When Summer flowers are o'er,
 Still blooms though youth and Spring be fled,
 More brightly than before.

MODERN PORTUGAL.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "LUSITANIAN SKETCHES."

UNHAPPY Portugal, when will she cease to excite, as she now does, the contempt and ridicule of the rest of the civilised world? When will good government, order, and enlightenment supersede tyranny or imbecility, anarchy, and the grossest ignorance in a land over which nature has lavishly showered her choicest blessings? Portugal rejoices in a clime the most delicious, scenery as lovely, and a people possessed of as many amiable qualities and as much innate intelligence as any in Europe, and yet year after year she is the theatre of one of those frightful convulsions which is at present from north to south dislocating and rending her to her almost entire destruction. Her fields lie uncultivated, her public works are falling back into ruin, and her honest, kind-hearted peasantry are inveigled from their homes to follow the standard of leaders, the justice of whose cause they have not the power of comprehending. What matters it to the peasant whether Donna Maria or Dom Miguel wears the crown; whether the government is absolute or republican, whether Costa Cabral or Bomfim is minister; one will oppress him with taxes, the other will equally ruin him with his *laissez faire* rule, telling him to govern himself. All, as far as his experience goes, are equally bad for him; he wishes alone to cultivate his land in peace, to eat his *broa* and *sardinha*, and not to pay more than *two or three* times his proper quota to the maintenance of the state. The fact is, that from the highest to the lowest public servant, from the prime minister basking in the smiles of royalty, to the youngest clerk in a police-office, all are employed in scraping together a fortune by peculation, bribery, and extortion, while all those out of office, who have taxes to pay, are exerting their wits to avoid paying them, either by bribing or false swearing; what is collected gradually diminishing from the moment it enters the pocket of the tax-gatherer till it finally reaches the treasury.*

In consequence of this nefarious system, the burden of the taxes falls on the shoulders of the industrious, hard working *lavrador*, who has neither the wit to cheat nor the money to bribe. He pays his dues like an honest man, trifling though they apparently are; yet most oppressive to one who has barely sufficient to support existence. After this account, well may we exclaim, "There is something rotten in the state of Portugal!" Of course the public revenue does not thus meet the public

* As an example of the system pursued, the other day a friend of mine, inhabiting a large house in Oporto, was called upon to pay the taxes, which being imposed according to the amount of rent, the owner came to him in a great hurry entreating him to declare that he paid only half the amount he actually did, saying that he should otherwise be compelled to pay a larger proportion himself. My friend, of course, answered that he could only affix his signature to a true statement, to the very great surprise of his Portuguese landlord, who could not comprehend such morality. A lady of high rank at Oporto, a countess, indeed, observed to the same friend, with the intention of giving him some kind advice. "Of course if you have four servants you must only put down two in the tax-paper, we always do so though we have a dozen."

expense, though I believe that were the taxes fairly collected and properly applied there would be an ample surplus to raise a respectable navy and keep on foot a faithful, well-appointed army.

Considering the very slight degree of attention which Portugal in general attracts, both from her small extent and her political insignificance, I need scarcely apologise to my readers for giving a short sketch of her history since the commencement of the present century, premising from the above reasons that they may possibly know very little about it.

On the death of Dom José I., whose reign is celebrated for the iron rule of the Marquis of Pombal, he was succeeded by his daughter, Donna Maria I., who ultimately died insane, the country being governed in the meantime by his son, Dom João VI. Dom João was a very amiable prince though not very wise, and unfortunately possessed of a wife the reverse of his own character, who had, besides her other faults, a very slight regard for morality. On the arrival of the French in Portugal in 1807, the regent and his family fled to the Brazils, where he left on his return his eldest son Dom Pedro as regent, who afterwards became emperor. His queen, besides some daughters, had another son, Dom Miguel, to whose parentage, scandal says he had little claim; indeed, from her character, which her children somewhat imitated, such was very likely the case. On the death of his father, Dom Pedro, who thus succeeded to the crown of Portugal, abdicated it in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria, her uncle Dom Miguel being appointed regent, with the understanding that when she came of age he was to marry her. He, however, was persuaded by his amiable mother to usurp the crown, and to declare himself absolute. In the mean time, Dom Pedro finding some difficulty in governing the free and enlightened inhabitants of the Brazils, got a hint that he had better yield up the crown to his infant son. He accordingly with much wisdom, did so, and coming to Europe, finding time hang heavy on his hands, raised an army in the name of his daughter, landed near Oporto, and, after some hard fighting for the course of a year or more, drove his usurping brother from the kingdom, and in 1833 seated Donna Maria on the throne of her ancestors, he, during her minority, being appointed regent. The Portuguese had by this time been accustomed to talk about liberty; the French gave them certain notions on the subject, but they had enjoyed very little of it in reality.

Dom Miguel had rather sickened them of despotism, by hanging a number of his subjects, and cutting off the heads of others, protesting that he did so for the safety of the state, and the honour and glory of his holy religion, of which, considering himself the especial protector, he proposed for its advancement, restoring the Holy Inquisition, as well as *Auto-da-Fés*, and such like stimulants to faith. He consequently was strongly supported by the monks and priests, as well as by all those who wished to promote the welfare of the church.

The first act of Dom Pedro, on the contrary, was to abolish all monastic institutions throughout the kingdom, every friar being summarily ordered to find an honest calling for himself—the nuns alone being permitted to remain in their domiciles, though no fresh ones were allowed to take the veil. He gave the people also a liberal charter, well suited to the exigencies of the state, indeed prosperity once more reigned in the land, and improvement was everywhere visible under his energetic rule, when, unhappily for his people, he was seized with a mortal illness and

expired, September, 1834, making amends for the peccadilloes of his youth by finishing his career as a patriot and a hero. His loss was sincerely deplored by all honest men, more especially as he left the state without a firm hand to curb the disordered elements within it. The way now lay open for the ambitious leaders of the very numerous political parties in the country to grasp at and assume power, nor were they long in taking advantage of it; since when, one after another of them has, for a short time, held the reins of government till ousted by their opponents with stratagem or force of arms.

On the 1st of December, 1834, was celebrated, by proxy, at Lisbon, the marriage of the young queen with Prince Augustus, Duke of Leuchtenberg, a son of Eugene Beauharnois; and at the commencement of 1835, he arrived in Portugal. The queen, who had met him in Germany, was much attached to him, and he gave promise of proving a worthy successor of Dom Pedro, being a man of firmness and personal courage, intelligent and highly educated—qualities dreaded by those turbulent spirits who thus found a master in one of whom they hoped to make a tool. Unhappily, scarcely a month after his arrival, he caught a violent cold, from the effects of which, it was said, he expired on the 28th of March, though dark rumour whispered that another cause effected his death—poison administered by his secret and dastard foes. Whether the accusation be true or not, who can say? Such deeds have before occurred, but let us rather hope that the tale is as false as the crime is foul. The helpless queen remained a widow scarcely a year, when her ministers selected as her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, a cousin of Prince Albert of England. The marriage was solemnised on the 9th of April, 1836, and on the birth of his eldest son, he assumed the title of King of Portugal.* He is very amiable, intelligent, and well educated, and has hitherto interfered as little as possible with public affairs—indeed, the only accusation his bitterest enemies can bring against him is, that he is too much under the influence of his German tutor, M. Dietz, to whom he naturally looked up for counsel and advice when first placed in the critical position in which he found himself on coming to the country. He wisely also retained, it is said, his German physician, as I believe his cook—whether because he preferred their mixtures to those concocted by Portuguese, or from any latent suspicion of the cause of his predecessor's fate, it is impossible to say.†

On the death of Dom Pedro, the Marquis of Saldanha, one of the most justly esteemed men in Portugal, became prime minister, and the country enjoyed a brief tranquillity. The first serious disturbance which occurred was in 1836, Silva Carvalho being minister, when the *Setembrista* party (in reality republicans), exciting the people of Lisbon to revolt, drove out the ministers, and upset the charter of Dom Pedro, establishing in its stead the constitution of 1820, which is democratic throughout, depriving the crown of all power, and throwing it into the hands of the uneducated

* He is a remarkably good-looking and fair young man, so much so, that when the queen first saw him, as she watched for his arrival from the window of her palace, she exclaimed, "*O que bonito rapaz!*"—"Oh, what a pretty boy!" His appearance has since become much more manly.

† By the present king the queen has several very fine children, the eldest of whom is styled the Prince of Portugal, and wears the uniform of a colonel of the guards; the second, the Duke of Porto, who has lately entered the naval service. They have been carefully educated by M. Dietz, a very superior man, and they are said to give promise of considerable talent.

mob, or rather into the hands of the demagogues who govern them. This state of things continued with two unsuccessful attempts at counter-revolutions by the *Cartista* party, till 1838, when Silva Passos somewhat stopped the current which was rapidly hurrying the monarchy to destruction, by temporising with all classes, and forming a new party, under the name of *Moderados*, who concocted a fresh constitution, a thing of shreds and patchwork not unlike the charter.

Passos retiring, the Baron de Bom Fim took the lead in the administration. During his weak and wavering rule the republican party again broke into open rebellion in the streets of Lisbon, and being fired on by the troops numbers fell. It was on this occasion that Costa Cabral, who had hitherto professed republican principles, made himself conspicuous by siding with ministers against his former friends, the *Arsenaleiros*, and from this time he appears to have worked steadily to raise himself to the head of the administration. At length, by ingratiating himself with all classes, he was elected chief of the masonic orders in Portugal, and at the commencement of 1842, he, at the head of an armed force, collected by their instrumentality, again established the charter, and became prime minister. By his energy, his activity, and genius, he secured himself in his new position against all the efforts of his very numerous enemies, though for a time he did not gain the entire confidence of the queen. His haughty and overbearing manner, his avarice, and his lavish sale of titles and decorations among his creatures, drove many into opposition, who might have remained faithful to his mistress and to him.

The first open result of his conduct was the revolt in 1844, of Bom Fim, the late minister, who, however, compelled to succumb, the troops he had seduced returning to their allegiance, fled to Spain; the second was the late insurrection, and his own final overthrow last year. From the accession of Donna Maria, during a period of ten years, we may, on a moderate calculation, reckon seven revolutions, some bloodless, others, like the last, at the expense of the lives of the misguided populace or innocent soldiery, as well as of numbers of their chiefs. I say innocent, because in no army can be found men more faithful to their leaders, when those leaders are true to their trust, or more free from the licentious crimes which stain the character of the troops of most other nations. Having given a rough frame-work of the history of the country during the present century, I will endeavour to place in something like comprehensible order before the eye of my readers, the confused mass of parties now so strangely jumbled and mixed together, who have during that period been rising into existence.

To reach the source, the moving power of one party, we must go even further back to the time when that headstrong, superstitious, though chivalric, young king, Sebastian, falling on the plains of Africa, the Jesuits gained the complete influence in the government of Portugal. Indeed, it is asserted that they instigated him to undertake that fatal expedition, in the hopes of destroying all who might oppose their schemes. At all events, from that period till the reign of Joseph I., they were the lords paramount employed in reducing the minds of the people to the most abject slavery. No sooner, however, did the minister Pombal come into power, than suddenly grappling with the hydra-headed monster, whom he sagaciously saw it would be hopeless to attack; but with one fell blow he drove every one of the order from the kingdom, except a few of the most obnoxious, whom he imprisoned, and treated with the utmost severity, the rest were sent off

in ships, and landed houseless, starving, and in rags, on the coast of Italy. I will not defend the inhumanity of the act; of its necessity I have no doubt. A great evil requires a strong remedy, and they received a lesson which prevented them from setting foot again in the land while he held the reins of government.

Although their former influence was thus weakened, they did not abandon hopes of regaining it, and no sooner did the unhappy Donna Maria I. ascend the throne, than they secretly returned; but, taught by experience, did not as before exhibit themselves openly in their true colours, yet they contrived to exert considerable sway over the minds of all classes till the invasion of the French in 1807. Being pretty well aware that their system would not amalgamate with French principles, they once more evacuated the country, or Proteus-like, took other forms to await a more favourable time for action.

At this epoch, some ideas of the liberty of the subject and the rights of men—principles new to the then existing race of Portuguese—became widely diffused among the upper classes throughout the land, thanks to the emissaries sent beforehand from France to prepare their minds for the advent of their Gallic friends. So assiduous were these apostles of freedom, and so agreeable were their tenets to the taste of their converts, that those same principles from that day forward have exercised the most considerable influence in the affairs of the country. Thus have two antagonistic systems been set at work alternately gaining the ascendancy, one exerting talent and subtlety, backed by the assistance of old prejudices and the name of religion; the other physical force influenced by dreamy, uncertain notions of right and liberty, and a scepticism of the infallibility of all that is or has been.

No sooner did Dom Miguel seize the crown of his niece, an act to which he was instigated by his secret advisers, the Jesuits, than they, ever mindful of the great aim of their order, flocked back to the support of one who promised to be so willing a tool in their hands, and some of the professors' chairs in the university of Coimbra had been almost obtained by them, when Dom Pedro, with his liberating army, landed at Oporto, causing them to decamp, and unfrocking all the monastic orders. The days when they were ready to suffer for conscience sake had long gone by; but they were not the less persevering in forwarding their object; and again assuming their mantles of concealment they abide their time. Among other legacies the French left numerous masonic clubs established in the country, by which means the secret machinations of the Jesuits have been opposed with considerable success. As men with bandaged eyes will widely diverge when they attempt to cross a level space, so have the disciples of these two schools reached positions widely differing from the points whence they started, crossing and recrossing each other's tracks, till some are together in knots, while others are at the utmost extremity of the plain.

From the old despotic and the French republican schools three parties were formed. The *Miguelista* (or absolute), the *Cartista* (the liberal monarchical, the mean between the two), the *Setembrista* (the republican). The latter, also, like the Cartistas, have their own masonic clubs, sprung from the same origin, between whom, while their influence remained tolerably equally balanced, the contest was carried on with some regard to their fraternal connexion, but no sooner did one gain the ascendancy than, as a proof of the inefficiency of any human institution to curb the passions

of men when severely tested, they broke out into the present doubly fratricidal contest.

The *Miguelista* is the Jesuit party, the chief puppets being Dom Miguel and some of the old aristocracy. The *Cartista*, the admirers of Dom Pedro's charter, in fact, the conservatives of the country, among whom are to be found most of the moneyed men, the newer aristocracy, and some of the more enlightened fidalgo families. They are still under Jesuitical influence, half converts only to the true principles of freedom, with minds bigoted, and desires still hankering after despotic power. In the ranks of the *Setembristas* are most of the newer public men with small means, who, having no stake to lose, hope to gain something, with very few fidalgos or men of property.

These three great parties are again subdivided into as many others, each, whose members will even then be found not to agree on very numerous points. These three are now ranged under their respective banners with arms in their hands, the two extremes combined for the moment with the hopes of destroying the mean, with the intention, on the accomplishment of their object, of falling upon each other and striving for the mastery. The *Cartista*, or queen's party, is the most numerous, the most respectable, and the most wealthy, added to which the greater number of the regular troops have adhered to her. It consists of the advocates of the *Carta puro*, the charter without any alteration, as framed by Dom Pedro; those who prefer the *Carta reformado*, the charter, with certain liberal alterations, and the *Cabralistas*, the personal friends and supporters of Costa Cabral. Of the *Miguelites*, or absolutists, some are in arms to restore Dom Miguel, others to make the queen absolute, and others merely to turn out those in power.

A certain number profess a wish to restore the ancient laws of Lamego, with Dom Miguel as their king, though with limited authority.* The *Setembristas*, or republicans, have still more numerous divisions. There are the *Setembristas puros*, who profess to have an intention (as they would say) of retaining the queen in the service of the state, provided she will be a mere puppet in their hands: then there are the *Arsenaleiros* who are professed republicans. The *Arsenaleiros* gained this name from a regiment composed of the workmen of the arsenal, who in one of the revolutions, first openly declared for a republic. Some, also, are called *Renegados*, well deserving the name, or *Ordeiros*, deserters from other parties, without acknowledging any particular aim. Among these, again, some propose a simple Lusitanian republic, and others the long talked-of Iberian republic, the union of Spain and Portugal, with Lisbon as the capital; a junction, considering the antipathies of the two races, as likely to occur as to find water mixing with oil, however plausible as a theory it may sound.

Under the republican banner is now fighting the Marquis of Loulé, the husband of the queen's aunt, while Das Antas acts as president of the *soi-disant* council of Oporto, and yet the marquis professes to wish to place the queen's son, the young Prince of Portugal, on the throne, under the title of Dom Pedro V., he himself aiming at the regency; Das Antas declaring that his only ambition is to become the general of his friend Loulé, "*Ser a spada de Loulé*;"—to be the sword of Loulé,—a sentiment

* There are strong doubts, however, whether such a code ever existed as the law of the land. It is supposed to be a forgery of as late a date as the year 1580, when, on the death of Henry the Cardinal, Portugal fell into the hands of Spain. It was pretended that this code was discovered concealed at Lamego.

worthy of the days of chivalry, though uttered by a man without a spark of the feeling in his whole composition. Others affirm that Loulé has hopes of placing his own son upon the throne, probably the secret object for which he first took up arms.

And now it will be asked, "For what are these innumerable parties and individuals striving, shedding the blood of their countrymen and risking their own lives?" One answer, with but few rare exceptions, will serve for all—place, power, not for the sake of improving the condition of the people, of restoring to the Lusitanian name its ancient renown, but destitute alike of philanthropy or patriotism for one sole, mean, grovelling motive, to put money into their pockets. Not a thought reaches beyond that aim; it is the moving principle of every revolution for the last ten years, and will be for the ten following, except a miracle reforms that character which has almost now become national. I speak of the men who have so ruthlessly plunged their country into all the horrors of civil strife, nor do I of myself affix this stigma on them. They owe it to a countryman, wrung from him in grief and bitterness of heart, at the ruin they have brought upon the land.*

Such was the chief aim of Costa Cabral, and such the cause which hurled him from his post. Had he, with the talents which he undoubtedly possesses, been an honest, patriotic man, so firmly seated was he that nothing could have shaken his power; but when he was seen filling his private coffers by the open sale of titles, and decorations, and places, if not by actual peculation, in fact, with far more pretensions, proving himself no better than his predecessors; his own supporters lost confidence in him, and his opponents gladly seized the opportunity of exclaiming against him, the republicans abusing him for his despotism, the Miguelites for his dishonesty. He either did not perceive the storm which was brewing, or did not fear it. Supported by innumerable masonic clubs throughout the kingdom, every post filled by his creatures, with a parliament composed chiefly of placemen, the mere slaves of his will, he felt himself omnipotent, and measure after measure was passed, and tax upon tax laid on—necessary, I believe, though most unconstitutional, and some of them oppressive to the lower orders, till his enemies felt that the hatred of the people was sufficiently excited against him. To overcome him by lawful means was hopeless, and they therefore flew to arms, and with drawn swords demanded his dismissal. The argument was unanswerable, and the queen obeyed. Palmella supplied his place, and the charter was abolished, but no Portuguese has confidence in that diplomatising duke. A Jesuit at heart—by profession a liberal—brought up in the Metternich school, his talents enable him to mystify the ministers of other nations, but are totally unfitted for the government of a kingdom. A counter-revolution was in consequence planned, and the honest, brave soldier Saldanha again became prime minister, and the charter was

* As a bright exception, I must instance the case of the heads of some fidalgo families of Lamego, who although professing adherence to Dom Miguel, refused to take up arms, observing, "We took the oath of allegiance to Dom Miguel, and we may have been wrong in so doing, but we must remain true to him, though never will we raise our hands against the queen, whose clemency we have enjoyed. My friend, also, Marcario de Castro, the head of one of the most noble families in Portugal, who has, however, always professed Setembrist principles, boldly refused to join the popular movement, observing, "I am ready to forward our cause to the utmost of my power by all lawful means, but never with the sword. This civil strife you are provoking will prove your destruction." He was, in consequence, obliged to fly for his life from his own party.

re-established. The Duke of Terciera was also sent to Oporto to proclaim it, and to keep the inhabitants, who had given signs of a rebellious spirit, in order, when, instead of showing obedience to the will of the queen, exasperated at finding the charter restored, they seized her general, and in a pouring rain, by torchlight, amid a crowd of the lowest rabble, offering every violence and insult, they marched him three miles to Foz Castle, at the mouth of the Douro, where he was confined a prisoner. A republic was next day proclaimed, and a provisional junta elected to carry on the affairs of the state. Indeed, so accustomed are the Portuguese to similar outbreaks, that they have a form of government cut and dry in readiness; the *name* only is somewhat changed according to circumstances. About the same time, within this very republican city, Dom Miguel was also proclaimed by his partisans; his hymn, called "*Rey Chegou*," being sung openly in the streets. On this occasion all the principal towns in the kingdom threw off their allegiance to the queen, some declaring for Dom Miguel, others proclaiming a republic, and others a regency; in truth, the two great antagonistical principles which had been for so long secretly at work, mining and countermining each other, produced their results according to the activity of their agents, the means they employed being very similar. The Jesuits causing the movement in favour of an absolute sovereign, the republican masonic clubs, that same influence which has placed a liberal pope in the chair of St. Peter, the opposite extreme. Let the guardians of the latter principle beware lest they find the ground on which they stand hollowed beneath their feet.

Numerous were the devices employed to excite the minds of the people against the existing government. A very necessary tax of a crusado, (about two shillings per annum,) on every man, or his labour for two or three days to construct the public roads, was pronounced unjust. Some of the tales—none but the most ignorant could have believed—as that the queen intended to tax all women who wore their hair in a certain way; that having herself only one eye, she had ordered those of all the women of the same name to be reduced to a like number;—while a very just regulation became the most obnoxious. It was ordained that a coroner's inquest should learn the cause of the death of every person, and that a fee of a crusado should be paid from the effects of the deceased. This, in Braga, produced the first outbreak. The husband of a woman known as *Maria da Fonte* (Mary of the Fountain) died, and when the coroner demanded his fee, instead of paying it she summoned a mob collected outside, and drove him, severely beaten, from her cottage. The military were ordered out, but were overcome by the populace, who forthwith deposing the authorities, called themselves the army of *Maria da Fonte*. Although the movement in that place was thus apparently commenced by the popular party, the standard of Dom Miguel was soon afterwards raised by General Macdonell, and similar instances have occurred throughout the country, proving who are the real movers.*

* It is asserted that Macdonell was sent out by a certain party in Paris (holders of bonds issued by Dom Miguel's government in 1832, which have been since valueless), not with the expectation of reseating him on the throne, but merely in the hopes, by some trifling success of his followers, to make them marketable on the Stock Exchange. If this be true it is only on a par with the motives which have influenced the greater number of the leaders. Yet confident as I am in the ever active exertions of the Jesuits, they were, I believe, the first movers of

Meantime the constitutionalists were not idle, and the greater part of the regular army remaining faithful to that cause, Saldanha was able to march at the head of an overwhelming force, putting down the rebellion wherever he appeared. At Torres Vedras the rebels made a stout resistance, but bravely charged at the point of the bayonet, they were, with few exceptions, either killed or made prisoners, and among the chiefs fell Mouzinho d'Albuquerque, an elegant poet and author, the best engineer officer, and one of the most scientific men in Portugal. All must deplore his loss, rebel though he may be called, as one of the sad results of the civil war. Finally, besides Oporto, which the rebels have strongly fortified, the mountainous district of the Minho is alone held by the queen's enemies, and Saldanha is now executing a plan so completely to surround them that they have no chance of escape; the Conde de Vinhaes having raised a strong force of loyal men to the north in Trás-os-Montes, while other generals are marching down in all directions. Against these divisions when united it is impossible Oporto should long hold out, yet from motives of humanity, Saldanha will try every means to reduce it before he resorts to the last resource of storming the entrenchments.*

I have now given an outline of the present state of political affairs in Portugal, and of the causes which led to them, which may be thus summed up,—a long course of misrule, owing to the gross want of education among the rulers, caused by the despotic influence of the Jesuits, and the consequent ignorance and bigotry of all classes; the introduction of vague notions of liberty among a people unfitted to receive liberal institutions; the yet existing want of public morality in the ruling orders consequent to the previous state of things, their poverty urging them to wish for wealth, and their pride forbids them to seek it by honest means, inducing them to grasp at power, to enrich themselves, and keep all below them in subjection. Yet depend upon it, whatever evil occurs, the Jesuits are at the foundation, they first induce the rulers to act ill, and then incite the people to rebel in order to prove the necessity of their own superintendence in the affairs of the world.

In such a condition a state cannot long exist. Where wrong has been done, as when a poison has been taken, if an antidote be not speedily administered, evil consequences must ensue. To our own cost we find such is the case with Ireland. With throes and convulsions nature is endeavouring to right herself, if she succeed not, we to the charlatans who administered their quack specifics. Long, I fear, has Portugal to endure her present malady, to purify herself from the bad humours in her system. May she revive at last, with her social frame restored to health and vigour!

the Miguelite insurrection, as they were also in great part of the republican. They make all manner of men the engines to perform their work. Who, in truth, but the most sagacious and ever watchful can fathom their designs? Provisionally they are not exceptions to the fallibility of mankind, or none could withstand their machinations to reduce their fellow-creatures to their sway, under the specious pretext of one universal religion!

Many months before the commencement of the present insurrection intimation of it was given me by a disciple of the Jesuits, who had just returned from Portugal.

Oporto, like Jerusalem at its fall, is filled with men of all parties, congregated not combined for common protection. Miguelites, republicans, and advocates of a regency coming in and going out whenever they please, in fact, the place is in a state of complete anarchy and confusion.

Such must be the earnest wish of all who possess a spark of philanthropy in their composition, of all who know the many good and amiable qualities of the Portuguese; yet, unhappily, this is the most favourable light in which I can view the future prospects of that lovely portion of the Peninsula; for, after deeply considering the subject, I begin to fear that the country is not alone suffering from a violent convulsion, but from a deep-seated disease, which may ere long completely destroy her very vitality, and blot out her once proud name from among the kingdoms of Europe. Should the Republican party, who propose combining with Spain, succeed, such would assuredly be her lot; if the supporters of Dom Miguel, the tools of the Jesuits, triumph for a time, and England refuses to interfere, the Liberals of Spain must, for their own security, endeavour to drive the usurper from the country, and nothing but foreign interference would induce them to give up their prize, supported, as they would be, by their sympathisers in France. In either case, were Donna Maria compelled to abdicate, the result would be similar—Portugal would become again a province of Spain.

Besides the secret influences, I have described, at work, producing the present state of things, I must mention those of foreign cabinets—remote, perhaps, though they may be; of which Silva Carvalho is, by the Portuguese, supposed to be the agent of England; Costa Cabral, of France. Certain it is, that the English government has always looked with considerable suspicion, probably justly merited, on the policy of Costa Cabral, while he, with consummate art, made it appear that they were inimicably disposed towards the queen herself; and, by persuading the nation of this, succeeded to a great extent in advancing the French interests. Whatever the views of the French are, they have contrived, by courtesy and flattery, to win over the greater part of the Portuguese to regard them as friends, while our political agents, by a totally different behaviour, have effectually alienated the affections of all classes, who have thus learned to look upon all our actions as proceeding from sinister motives; while France, which never has been, and never can be, of any service to them, is regarded with affection, and her suggestions received without suspicion. The result is, that instead of being able to exert a beneficial influence in the councils of the queen, we can only interfere with an armed squadron; and it is even asserted, that Dom Miguel has been induced to come to England by the English government, that they may hold him *in terrorem* over the queen's party, should an indisposition be shown to accede to any terms they may propose. I grant that this notion is absurd, but not more so than many current in the country. I trust that no English statesmen would, from any motives of policy, be induced to use so despicable a tool.

Our proposed interference with respect to the destination of the rebels captured at Torres Vedras, is received by the *Cartistas* with considerable indignation, and considering that Bom Fim and others of them were for a second time in arms against their queen, I am not surprised at it. That our squadron in the Tagus has prevented an insurrection at Lisbon there can be no doubt, but the continuance of the British ships of war in the Douro, though necessary for the protection of British subjects, most decidedly induces the rebel chiefs to hold out in Oporto against their queen, under the expectation of being able to escape on board them, leaving their deluded followers to their fate, should the lines be success-

fully attacked by her generals. Our presence, therefore, with an armed force gains us ill-will even from the Constitutionalists, and the very cavalier manner with which some of the principal men, when escaping from the rebels at Oporto, were treated by the commander of the British steamer then in the Douro, is spoken of with the severest animadversion by all parties. Not to descend further into particulars from the highest authority to the lowest—from the late ambassador at Lisbon to the consul at Oporto—one and all secluding themselves from all social intercourse with the people, and being apparently ignorant of the state of parties, they either do not understand the character of the Portuguese, or they purposely treat them with contempt. From such conduct, as much as from our general policy towards Portugal, since Mr. Canning ceased to guide the councils of England, has resulted, I again repeat, the entire loss of our moral influence in that country, and the mistrust and dislike with which the Portuguese regard the British government. Some of the Constitutionalists wish us at once to interfere effectually, by our offering to send a few regiments to aid the queen, and then notifying to the rebels that if they will at once surrender and save us the trouble, we will guarantee the security of their lives, and if not that they must take the consequences. This would at once quell the rebellion, but I doubt the legality and ultimate utility of such a proceeding.* At present, eight-tenths of the queen's subjects are in reality inclined towards the Constitution, or are too ignorant to select either side from their own judgment, although many, from circumstances, are in arms with the men who wish to overthrow it, and are only seeking an opportunity to return to their allegiance, but should she summon foreign aid, they would become her implacable foes. Thus I fear for the sake of ultimate tranquillity the people must be allowed yet longer to feel all the horrors and miseries of civil war, except the traitor Miguel appears at the head of an armed force, and then every ally of the queen is bound to assist her. All unprejudiced persons must confess, that while the Charter was the law of the land, greater strides were made in improving the country than Portugal had known for many years; roads were constructing, the police was efficient, the towns were lighted, public credit increased, while under both the extreme parties all progress was stopped by the republicans to please the people, by the Miguelites for fear of civilising them over much. Decidedly, therefore, the Charter, though not perfect, is the best code Portugal has for long enjoyed, but alas, notwithstanding the benefits it has conferred on her, a glance at her history must convince us that her decadence from her palmy days has been gradual and continual.

No country at the present day can maintain, influence, or even independence, except she possess either a wide extent of territory, a peculiar geographical position, or a land densely populated and cultivated, numerous and rich colonies, or an energetic and active people. I must conclude by quoting the words of the most able writer she possesses, expressed three years ago,—“If Portugal,” he observes, “will continue obstinately in the course she has pursued, and still blindly pursues, a dark abyss yawns to engulf her.” The warning was given and was disregarded. The prediction is apparently about to be accomplished.

* I warn the British government not to confide in the statements made by those who may have been influenced by the Republicans. Das Antas and others state that they are willing to return to their allegiance if the queen will commit herself to their care! The wolves wish to nurse the lamb.

SKETCHES OF CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ., AND THE REV. J. T. HEWLETT, A.M.

CHARLES HOOTON.

CHARLES HOOTON, who but a short time back wrote to Mr. Ainsworth in the midst of worldly troubles, that "he had still his mission to fulfil," has been suddenly snatched away in the very zenith of his career—a career which, as regards literary eminence and distinction, is but of recent date.

His first work was *Bilberry Thurland*, a tale of great interest and pathos. Through the solicitation of an eminent bibliophile at the western end of the metropolis Mr. Hooton came to London, from Leeds, in which town he edited a newspaper, about the years 1836—7, and he commenced immediately on his arrival a novel [called *Cohn Chuk*, which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and which, if not as successful as many works of fiction, possessed merit of no ordinary kind.

Mr. Hooton at the same time became sub-editor of the *True Sun*, in which short-lived journal he wrote a series of letters on Political Economy. The first number of a forgotten weekly newspaper entitled *The Woolpack*, appeared on the 30th of May, 1840. In this Mr. Hooton took the lead in fighting the battles of the victims of the abuses connected with the Court of Chancery, and the able manner in which he executed his task left little doubt of ultimate success. But the proprietor did not possess sufficient spirit to carry out the plan, and the paper never reached a fifth number.

After a literary *début* attended with so little success, Mr. Hooton quitted England in company with several of his relatives, and sailed for Texas, with the view of bettering his condition in life. But this adventure proved also unlucky. He gained little by his travels but a lingering disease, and after many vicissitudes returned to his native country broken in spirit, health, and means.

His residence was next taken up at Nottingham, with his family, and a letter, written in July, 1845, to a friend, well describes his condition at the time, besides giving a succinct account of his previous life.

"I had nine months of as wild a life—don't mistake me—I mean life in the wilds, as any man need desire: digging, hunting, and fishing being employments, and the quill "stumped up" altogether, and the ink-horn dry. After that I spent six months in New Orleans, having got at the old work of newspapering. The proprietor was more than a brother to me; but, to my great regret, the publication (which was daily, and newly established) did not succeed, and of course I had to look out for something else; but not succeeding, I went to New York, stayed several weeks with no better success, but finally heard of a paper at Montreal, in Canada. Any thing was better than nothing just then, so I took it, on the understanding that it was a tri-weekly publication, and the property of the gentleman whom I engaged with. It proved to be a daily paper, and the property of another person—so far, however, that it was in complete dispute. Between the two I could not get even a very shabby salary; had a row, of course; left the paper, and waited doing nothing until I could compel payment; after which I started home again."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Hooton communicated a series of ballads chiefly illustrative of American stories and manners, to this Magazine, which at once took their place in this class of poetry. Among the most remarkable were the "PIRATE'S WAGER," "THE EXPLOIT OF MORENO, THE TEXAN;" "BAT, THE PORTUGUESE;" "THE TWO JEWS OF PERU;" the "BALLAD OF CAPTAIN BLACKSTONE," and "THE RAVEY." It is impossible to anticipate the verdict of posterity, but it is our belief that these fine ballads will live. They will be speedily collected and published.

In January in the present year Mr. Hooton commenced a work of fiction on which he had bestowed much labour and care, in *Ainsworth's Magazine*. This work is finished, and the whole of the manuscript is in Mr. Ainsworth's hands. It will now give the readers of *Launcelot Widge* additional interest in the story to know that many of its incidents bear reference to the author's own career, and more especially to his youthful days; for Mr. Hooton was as remarkable for versatility of talent as for his other mental powers, and he was equally at home with the pen, the pencil, and the palette.

Mr. Hooton was at work almost up to the day of his death. The present number of this Magazine contains *The Norwegian Lovers* from his pen, and some unpublished papers are still in our possession. He has also left a manuscript autobiography in the hands of a reverend friend, which no doubt is a very curious performance.

Mr. Hooton never perfectly regained his health after his return from Texas and New Orleans. In a letter written to Mr. Ainsworth as late as February 5th, or eleven days before his decease, he says,—"You are correct in the conjecture respecting my health. Every winter since my return from Texas (where I was deeply afflicted with ague and fever,) am I indulged with a return of the same complaint. In that savage country it is appropriately termed 'the Shakes.'"

On Friday, the 12th, Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "*Festus*," called upon him, when he complained that during the week he had been suffering severely from ague, but thought that a walk would do him good. "We then walked out perhaps a mile and a half," says Mr. Bailey, in a letter written after Mr. Hooton's decease, "when I recommended him to return, he leaning on my arm all the way, for I saw he was very feeble and shaky." With the view of mitigating his sufferings and of procuring that sleep, to which he was often a stranger for several successive nights, he was in the habit of having recourse to opium and morphia, and on the night of Monday, the 15th, he sent for four grains of morphia, the whole of which, it is supposed, he took, and in about twenty minutes afterwards, upon his sister going into his bed-room, he said, "Oh, dear; I'm afraid I've taken too much morphia—don't let me go to sleep." He also asked to see his father, and mother, and kept closing his eyes whilst speaking; but, although he was continually shaken to keep him awake, all efforts to rouse him failed. A powerful emetic had no effect, and he slept to awake no more.

The highly-gifted young man quitted what had been to him a world of trouble, on the morning of Tuesday, February 16th, aged thirty-four years.

Charles Hooton was of a kindly disposition, open and sincere, generous, unsuspicious, and frank-hearted; an enthusiastic lover of the noble, the beautiful, and the true, both in sentiment and conduct. To these qualities he added a high sense of honour, keen and delicate feelings, and an ardent admiration of social progress and political liberty. In that strong feeling of pride and self-reliance, which upheld him amidst his trials and afflictions, there was much analogy between his short career and that of the gifted, but ill-fated Thomas Chatterton—

"The marvellous boy who perish'd in his pride."

It is a curious fact, connected with this unfortunate young man, that when application was made to the Literary Fund (which granted the totally inadequate sum of 20*l.* for his relief), that the publisher of "*Colin Clink*" actually declined lending a copy of that work to be laid, in obedience to the laws of the Institution, before the Committee. But the publicity given to the benevolent acts of the above-mentioned charity, not only deprives them of half their charms, but also of more than half their utility; for there are publishers to be found, who are ready to mould their remuneration to the supposed necessities of the author; and for this reason also, it is obviously unfair to authors that publishers should sit upon the Council or Committee of the Literary Fund.

REV. J. T. HEWLETT, A.M.

WE now come to the consideration of another painful subject, the loss of the Rev. J. T. Hewlett, A.M., author of several popular works of fiction, and an esteemed contributor to this Magazine. Mr. Hewlett was educated at the Charter House, where he was placed by Lord Eldon. He graduated at Worcester College, Oxford, and shortly afterwards married an amiable and affectionate, but portionless bride, and was appointed head-master of Abingdon Grammar-school. Here Mr. Hewlett's troubles began. His wife was a perpetual invalid, unable to keep the domestic part of the establishment in order. The consequence was, that Mr. Hewlett failed, and retired from Abingdon, about the year 1839, to Letcombe Regis, in Berkshire, where he was obliged to labour with his pen, to eke out the slender stipend his curacy yielded him, for it was in the month of May of that year that the "Life and Times of Peter Priggins, College-scout and Bedmaker," was begun in *The New Monthly*. Mr. Hewlett had intrusted his MS. to the hands of Theodore Hook, who undertook to edit a work, the extraordinary talent and humour of which he was the first to appreciate.

In 1840, Mr. Hewlett was presented by Lord Cottenham, to the living of Little Stambidge, near Rochford, of the annual value of about 175*l*. His wife had closed her few years of suffering at Letcombe; and grief, combined with care and anxiety, assisted to render Mr. Hewlett an early victim to the malaria of the district, into which he had now removed with his nine children. He continued, however, to write, amidst all his troubles and illness. While in Berkshire, he had received many kind attentions from a neighbour, Mrs. Hughes, of Kingston Lisle, of whom we had occasion to speak in a late biographical sketch of the works of the Rev. Mr. Barham, and to that excellent lady he was indebted for the suggestion of the subject of "Dunster Castle," as suited to a romance of the time of the Rebellion. To this tale Mr. Hewlett attached a very remarkable postscript, anticipating that he should soon sink under the evils that oppressed him. The death of his old friend, Hood, and those of some other literary friends, left a morbid feeling on his mind that his turn would be next. Nor was he wrong, for on the evening of the 24th of the same month, being then only in the forty-sixth year of his age, he died, leaving behind him Nine Orphan Children *utterly unprovided for*.

In addition to the well-known and popular works already alluded to, Mr. Hewlett wrote for this Magazine a very amusing series of tales and sketches under the title of "*Æsop Illustrated*." He was also the author of the "Parish Clerk," and of "Parsons and Widows," the last written in the name of the Curate of Mossbury, in which he is supposed to picture forth his own trials and experiences. His last work was a collection of tales and sketches, published under the title of "*Great Tom of Oxford*."

The "Literary Fund" has, in this case, blazoned forth a donation of 100*l*., with the same good taste as at their annual dinners its managers astonish some unfortunate recipient of their benevolence, by calling upon him to return his thanks for his health and welfare that has just been toasted in an unmistakeable manner—but kind people will remember that *nine* destitute children (whose claims, apart from every other consideration, is most urgent) are to be provided for. These young people, children of an English clergyman and author, who has contributed to the general well-being of society, as well as to the amusement of a large portion of the public, are destitute even of the bare means of existence; with the alternative (unless the Church will come forward to their relief) of the union, to save them from starvation.

Three friends of the deceased who have most benevolently exerted themselves for the Nine portionless Orphans, have opened in their own names an account called "The Hewlett Fund," and Messrs. Glyn and Co., 67, Lombard-street; Messrs. Praed and Co., 189, Fleet-street; and Oliver Vile, Esq., Manager of the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's-square; have kindly consented to receive contributions from the London and country bankers, and other subscribers.

OPENING OF THE OPERA.

USED not the Opera season once to be the *beau idéal* of the soft and peaceful ? Was it not a gentle breeze stealing upon us from the sweet south, and soothing the conflicts produced by hot Parliamentary debates ? The Opera-box was the couch upon which the legislative warrior, fatigued by the busy contest of Friday, reposed his limbs on welcome Saturday. As the arms of the fair Gabrielle to the gallant Henri Quatre, so was the place in the grand tier to the representative of town or county.

Yea,—the Italian Opera-house was the symbol of peace and unity—it was the great fact that there was but one Italian Opera. Drury Lane might scowl at Covent Garden, the Adelphi might feel bitterness of soul to think the Lyceum was lurking round the corner, while both united in hating the New Strand, or even, perhaps, allowed feelings of hostility to creep down Oxford-street, and settle on the Princess's. But the Italian Opera stood alone, unrivalled, loving its friends, having no enemy, and fondly nestling under its huge wing the "Little Haymarket," which, pelican like, it nourished with its own overflow.

But a cry has been heard in the land, and men have said : "Lo, there shall be two Italian Operas." Thus has war crept into the abode of peace, where nought but love and melody was known,—“red battle has stamped his foot,” where no one should have stamped at all, save some artistic tyrant, in fictitious wrath, and people instead of quietly reposing, calmly feasting their ears and their eyes, begin to anticipate odious comparisons.

Oh, the Duad is the true origin of evil.—Mild, gentle, complacent *One!*—Harsh, angry, discontented *Two!*—Torn by strife, harassed by contending arguments, we sigh over the past reign of the Monad.

Those who created a Duad,—that is to say, raised a second Italian Opera in addition to the first—did not, however, intend that it should be permanent. No—the old Italian Opera—the venerable Titan of the Haymarket, was to crumble away to nought, and the antiquary was to write dissertations as to what could have been the object of that great edifice at the corner of Pall-mall. Covent Garden was to have risen in its strength and beauty, and after a struggle, short but desperate, was to have remained sole ruler. Covent Garden, was to have been the Apollo, the old house, the Hyperion of the operatic mythology.

The reasoning of the Covent Garden people looked very convincing. There is but one set of people in the world who can sing Italian operas ; there is but one set of people in the world who can instrumentally accompany Italian operas ; we have got the people who can sing, we have got the people who can play, therefore with us alone Italian opera is possible. Poor Mr. Lumley was to sit like Deucalion after the flood, surveying vacancy in the orchestra and vacancy on the stage ; vacancy in the boxes was of course a natural consequence. Yes, the flood of competition arose, Grisi, Mario, and a whole host of fiddlers and trumpeters were all swept away from the Haymarket.

Mr. Lumley being in the position of Deucalion acted like Deucalion, who, it may be remembered, peopled the world by casting stones over his shoulder. Mr. Lumley flung into the empty orchestra a shower of something which, we suspect, rather partook of the nature of metal than of stone, and lo ! every desk had its occupant. The fiddler fiddled, the trumpeter trumpeted—all functions were fulfilled. Covent Garden saw

the miracle and wondered, while Mr. Balfe, taking the newly-created beings under his care, trained them into order, and breathed into them a respect for discipline.

Another shower of missiles from the hand of the new Deucalion rattled upon the stage, and formed itself into a chorus—yes, an excellent, vigorous, animated, material, likewise endued with fitting form by Mr. Balfe. It was no mere substitute for the old chorus but a great deal better. Hear it sing the unison “bit” in *La Favorita*. Again Covent Garden looked and marvelled.

It is related of Iamblichus, that once when he was walking in a garden, his disciples asked him if his philosophy conferred upon him any extraordinary power. Iamblichus took up a little earth and flung it into a fountain, when straightway two beautiful boys appeared and played around him. These were Eros and Anteros, as he informed his disciples, who were now perfectly convinced he could do something.

Obedient to the spells of Mr. Lumley, first arose Gardoni, a tenor, with beautiful countenance and soft expressive voice; then came Superchi, the baritone, steady of song; lastly came Bouché, the *basso profundo*, weighty of note. People who had been taught that Mario, Tamburini, &c. &c., were the only singers in the world, looked at the new trio and perceived, like the disciples of Iamblichus, that the magician could do—something.

In plain prose, never has opera gone better than the Italian version of Donizetti's *Favorita*, with the new principals, band, and chorus.

In the *ballet* Mr. Lumley was always expected to be victorious, and there was no great notion of competing with a bill in which the names of Carlotta Grisi, Grahm, and Cerito were conspicuous. But he has come forth with two entirely new *danseuses*, Rosati, elegant and finished in the highest degree, Marie Taglioni, exulting in all the vigour and freshness of youth, and by the boldness of her evolutions tearing up plaudits from the stalls.

So far all is triumphant.

VIVAT LUMLEY!

MADRID AND THE ROYAL MARRIAGES.*

MR. T. M. HUGHES has anticipated the active pen of M. Alexandre Dumas, in his personal account of the state of Spain and Madrid at the eventful moment of the Montpensier marriage. A more opportune work could scarcely be, and the idiosyncracies of the author give to it a marked stamp of humour and originality.

As Mr. Hughes advanced on his journey into Spain—

“Everywhere,” he says, “as we pass we meet troops either quartered in the different towns on the route, or marching towards the frontier; to do honour to the French princes,” say the authorities, but in reality to protect their persons from the excessive love which Spaniards bear them—to be compared with that of sharks for sailors—a relish which would eat them up. In fact, they will be escorted to Madrid more like prisoners than a bridal procession. These displays of military are a precaution against a sudden attack; and under pretext of doing honour, a whole army has been placed in columns between

* An Overland Journey to Lisbon, at the close of 1846; with a Picture of the Actual State of Spain and Portugal. By T. M. Hughes. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

Madrid and the frontier : 3000 infantry and 2000 horse are planted in detachment after detachment from Miranda to Burgos, from Burgos to Vitoria, from Vitoria to Tolosa, from Tolosa to Irun. These will present arms to the princes, but they will point them against the people ; parks of artillery will likewise fire salutes, but they will also serve to cow down the national feeling. If Montpensier came without military support, the very contrabandists would prevent his entrance."

A Spanish local history of Vitoria says,—“ Here the glorious battle of Vitoria was won by the combined forces of the Spanish, English, and Portuguese.” At Burgos, Mr. Hughes was mistaken for the Secretary of the British Legation, and after dinner at the hotel, some half-dozen officers of the garrison dropped in, under pretence of paying their respects to a brigadier-general ; but in reality, as he says, he soon found, to turn the tables on him for his anti-Montpensier propagandism ; and one, a colonel, immediately set to, and engaged with him in a political discussion, which lasted for two mortal hours. Mr. Hughes, however, as is well known, being an able controversialist and a fluent linguist, carried on the argument, by his own showing, in a manner highly creditable to himself, and honourable to his country. The result, however, was dull enough. At this great discussion between *el doliente Ingles* (the sick Englishman) and the Spanish colonel, in the presence of the brigadier-general and a numerous company, there was also present a *muchacha*, or waiting-maid, who had in vain tried the effect of large and expressive eyes upon the redoubtable controversialist.

“ Reduced at last,” says our traveller, “ *au vrai désespoir*, she burst, in the presence of her mistress and of all the other maids, with the inexpressible warmth of the true southern heart, into this flattering exclamation :—

“ ‘ Yo gusto de usted muchísimo !’ (I like you infinitely much, *muchest*.)

“ I was bound to reply *en caballero* :—

“ ‘ Ah ! que lastima que no tengo ni fuerza de sentimientos ni de salud para responder á la preferencia lisonjera de tan hermosa señora !’ (Ah ! what a pity that I have neither strength of sentiment nor health to respond to the flattering preference of so handsome a young lady.)

“ Francisca dropped a tear, and acknowledged that she felt, from what she had witnessed, that my complaint appeared incurable.”

The vast palace of the renowned Duke of Lerma, who figures in Gil Blas and Piquillo Alliaga, was plundered by the French, and then converted into a barrack, and it is now ruinous and unoccupied.

Mr. Hughes arrived at Madrid, September 25th, the day of the formal demand of the hand of the Infanta Luisa for the Duke of Montpensier ; and the circumstances attendant upon the ceremony, and the correspondence that ensued upon it, are given at length. It is curious that Mr. Hughes, whose political opinions we have already given some insight into, condemns Mr. Bulwer's, certainly somewhat extraordinary, objections to Don Francisco de Asis, as an insult levelled unnecessarily against the personal qualifications of the prince whom the queen had then irrevocably chosen for her husband. It was, he says, bitterly felt, and regarded as a gross outrage, as a mere echo, in fact, of the vulgar gossip of the palace *servidumbre*, and the profligate loungers of the Puerta del Sol. Time, however, can be the only answer to such a discussion. If Mr. Bulwer was rightly informed, and his means of becoming so were undoubtedly as extensive as those possessed by Mr. Hughes, it imparts a very curious refinement to the Gallic calculations based upon the double marriage.

While at Madrid, Mr. Hughes gives us what he pleases to call Silhou-

ettes of the Spanish ministers and the foreign diplomatic corps. One of the peculiar idiosyncracies of this author is, a contempt for under-sized men. Of Thiers he told us when at Rouen, that his sparkling and intelligent eye was the only feature which redeemed his person from absolute meanness, and at Madrid he says that all the ministers, except Isturiz and Sauz are positively mean-looking—the minister of Grace and Justice being more particularly described as an emaciated little creature. The Duc de Glucksberg is “a small, very mean-looking man.” Cabrera, the hope of the Carlists, is of the same stature as Napoleon, about five feet four inches, English, “meagre as well as little, and altogether insignificant in appearance,” and the Conde de Montemolin, now resident in London, is proclaimed as being as little of a hero in aspect as in stature.”

There were, however, some tall men in Madrid, among whom were the notorious Bresson, a tall, high-shouldered, broad-chested, but common-looking man, and Beauvallon, who shot Dujarrier, the *gérant* of *La Presse*. Beauvallon is described as an immensely tall and odd-looking man, having much the appearance of what is commonly called a “walking gallows.” He figured with the Duc de Glucksberg at an amateur bull-fight, the duke as a *banderillero*, the duellist in the more appropriate capacity of *matador*, on which occasion he cut his own head with his matador's sword, which gave rise to sundry pasquinades against him and Glucksberg.

Mr. Hughes is indeed most difficult to please. Queen Isabel, acknowledged to possess a prodigious memory, great wit, and many noble qualities, is described as having an “ungainly waddle,” and her dancing is spoken of as “elephantine gambolings. Even of the acknowledgedly beautiful and enchanting Duchesse de Montpensier, he says, “her infantine graces have merged somewhat into coarseness.” The Spanish Bourbons he describes as all low-sized. Don Francisco de Asis, the royal consort, has a voice resembling that of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. Queen Isabel it appears calls him her *prima* “she-cousin,” and “Paquita,” a double diminutive signifying Fanny. Don Enrique is said to be quietly abiding his time. He sees a coming struggle, a violent contest for French or Spanish ascendancy, and he anticipates that the nation will call on him in its day of trouble. If so, it appears from news of a later date than Mr. Hughes's, that he wished to have abided his time in the enjoyment of domestic comforts rather than in that of political and celibatic austerity. The Orleans family are no more let off by our severe censor of external appearances, than the Spanish Bourbons. The Duke de Montpensier is “without any air of distinction whatever.”

“In fact, it is the misfortune of the Orleans family to be undeniably vulgar in appearance—the type of citizen-princes. Our early associations and training react inevitably on our after life, and no matter how pure the ‘blue blood’ in our veins, if we are brought up under a father teaching school for a livelihood (however honourable for the parent), the aristocratic bloom is brushed off, the courtly grace vanishes, and the disagreeableness of pursuit becomes tantamount to meanness of extraction. Louis Philippe's sons are pale-faced and undistinguished, fair, and for the most part foolish-looking. Monsieur de Montpensier's physiognomy bears a remarkable resemblance to that favourite *entremet* of the English breakfast-table, a muffin.

“The personal appearance of the Royal Family, and of the leading members of the Grandeza of Spain, gives rise to some curious speculations. Their stunted growth, and comparatively insignificant aspect, illustrate well the effects of excessive exclusiveness and in-and-in breeding upon the human race. These exalted historical personages are, upon an average, less than five feet high, and

their personal beauty is certainly below that of any other class in the kingdom. Queen Isabel—not to say it irreverently—might have been more prudently mated with the most roturier of her subjects than with the *sangre azul* of the Serenç Don Francisco, ‘*similia similibus*’ being here the worst philosophy.”

It appears that the absurd imputation of sinister designs on the part of Louis Philippe in sending the eminent toxicologist, Orfila, to advise the queen, had its origin in a *fracas* that ensued between the said Orfila and the queen’s ordinary physician, Dr. Gutierrez, Orfila having withdrawn certain issues, which Dr. Gutierrez persevered in keeping open, and which Don Francisco has had re-opened since the marriage.

Mr. Hughes adds his authority to the current statements made that Louis Philippe offered to Don Enrique to support his pretensions to the hand of the Queen of Spain, provided he would support in turn the pretensions of Montpensier to the hand of the Infanta. A proposal which he declined as fatal to Spanish liberty. Don Francisco, besides his willingness to make such a sacrifice, is also said to have broken a solemn pledge which he had given to his younger brother.

We cannot precisely side with Mr. Hughes in his criticisms upon Mr. Henry Bulwer. If M. Bresson condescended to sneaking diplomatic proceedings under shelter of the cognomen of *Ambassadeur de famille*, it does not in the least follow that Mr. Bulwer should have pursued the same course, nor can we imagine any thing that was “despicable” or derogatory to national honour in the appearance of the fleet at Cadiz at the consummation of the greatest international deception that was ever practised. “One thing is certain,” says Mr. Hughes, “that England can never more henceforth place trust in the word of the French King or Ministers. But with the exception of the contempt due to so unworthy a deception, practised upon our queen, ministers, and country, we really do not see what we have further to do with the matter. A civil war in Spain is inevitable in case of any descendant of the Duc de Montpensier claiming the Spanish throne, and such a succession can never take place without the overthrow by force of a whole nation in arms. “If ‘coming events cast their shadows before,’ the French name is likely,” says Mr. Hughes, “as the consequence of this marriage, to become more execrated in Spain than it was even during the Peninsular War.”

Mr. Hughes is the gentleman who was favoured with a visit from the police, and charged with having taken up his quarters in the *Fonda de San Luis* for the purpose of creating a disturbance at the passage of the Duc de Montpensier, so he may well be rather irate at these ill-starred nuptials, and give us but a sad and melancholy account of the prospects held out for the future, when, indeed, nothing else can be expected from whatsoever is founded on treachery and dishonesty. We would gladly have turned from these vexed questions of the day to Mr. Hughes’s characters, which are replete with humour and amusement. Captain Hercules Rafferty, a red faced Irish Gasconader, dwelling in his own vineyard, and the opera dancer Perschel, with his anecdotes of the Dukes of Montpensier and Joinville, form an admirable relief to political squabbles and intrigues, which are, sad to say, lessons of morality bequeathed by kings, princes, and ministers to the people, and we must also decline following our clever and dashing tourist and politician into Portugal, as we have this month an elaborate article especially devoted to the consideration of the actual state of that country, from one long resident in Oporto.

LITERATURE.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.*

"WE cannot," says the amiable author of "Truth and Falsehood," "but see in this present world (although steadily progressing to a better state of things) much we know to be wrong, and have no power to make right. I hold that we owe a debt of gratitude to the clever fictionists who open for us the regions of romance; and when our spirits are harassed, and our hearts oppressed by scenes of misery we can only partially alleviate, allow us to forget them for a time, by a ramble through their pleasant mazes." Right heartily do we coincide in the feeling here expressed; for, although we would not encourage the love of novel reading till it became a passion, strong and uncontrollable, still we hold it to be a law of our nature, that recreation and amusement are as necessary to the mind as well as to the body, and happy we are to unbend that mental bow, which, too long and too continuously on the stretch, most assuredly loses all healthy tension and elasticity, and that not in the social, or political, or theological novel of modern days, possessed of howsoever much intellectual power and energy, but in the revived romance of good old times, where the interest is almost wholly centered in incident and character.

Two travellers, Herman von Felsenberg and his servant Fritz, have alighted at a road-side hut, in the dreary districts that lead from Pampeluna to Oleron, when an equipage, containing a lady and escort, very anxious to pass over the frontier, and escape from Spain to France, arrived at the same small hostelry, where there were no horses. In the palmy days of romance, high-born ladies trusted themselves to road-side cavaliers, and the unknown fair one consented to ride on a pillion behind Herman. Then there was a treacherous muleteer, and an attempt at way-laying—rather in the usual order of these kind of things—baffled by a kind maid in a Pyrenean hut, by whose aid and assistance, Herman and his trusty servant were enabled to deposit the Lady Margaret of Valois (for such was the venturesome fair who had quitted her own friends to trust herself to the kind offices of a stranger) at the Hotel de Merival, in Oleron.

The image of the lady Margaret, although it did not fail to leave a strong impression upon the susceptible heart of a young and brave gentleman, was soon effaced as Herman pursued his journey, by the memory of a young cousin, Blanche by name, to whom he was betrothed, and who resided with his mother and sister at Felsenberg, a mansion in the Duchy of Baden, then a part of the Palatinate. But sad was the reception which the young Herman met with, when, after traversing the naked vineyards and russet woods of Gascony and Auvergne, and crossing his beloved Rhine and rapid Neckar, he arrived at the domain of his ancestors. The wolf had been in the fold. His Blanche was pale, agitated, distant; his mother secretly married to a French adventurer, a

* Truth and Falsehood, a Romance. By Elizabeth Thornton. Authoress of "The Marchioness," &c. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

certain Chevalier de Sablons, Gertrude alone remained what she had ever been, gentle, true, and confiding.

Aroused to a sense of the wrong committed towards herself and children by this untoward alliance, the Grafn von Felsenberg took the bold step of denying her marriage, and closing her doors against one whom she had soon discovered to be in every respect unworthy of the favour which his plausible address and handsome person had too easily obtained for him. The reckless adventurer, aided by two or three comrades, made several attempts to carry off the Grafn from her mansion, in one of which he was defeated by the timely intervention of Herman, but in another he so far succeeded as to convey his unfortunate wife into close confinement, from which she was delivered by one of those incidents peculiar to romance, the kindness of her gaoler.

At length the whole party, the Grafn (who had borne a living pledge of her union with the Chevalier de Sablons), the gentle and suffering Gertrude, the incomprehensibly taciturn and unapproachable Blanche, and the unruffled looker-on, Herman, were all obliged to flee to England to escape the persecutions of the French chevalier, and of his dissolute companions. But this was not to be easily accomplished; although they took up their residence in the remote moors of Devonshire, not far from the old monastery of Fentof Abbey, although Herman was favoured by Queen Catherine, to whom he bore greeting and affectionate remembrance from her imperial cousin, still they were not delivered from the toils which the Grafn had weaved for herself. The chevalier obtained once more entrance to the house disguised as a monk, and wrought to desperation by a vile and subtle plot; devised to carry off the infant from its mother; the chevalier was slain by the outraged Grafn and her indignant servants.

The scene was next removed to Paris. The minister Duprat had an interest in the Felsenberg property, and the Grafn, about to be put on her trial for the murder of De Sablons, was doomed to condemnation and confiscation of property. When Herman, however, had rescued the beautiful and good Margaret from the intrigues of the court of Spain, that princess had given him a ring, that he might recall a debt of gratitude ready to be paid when occasion should require it. That occasion now presented itself, nor was the Queen of Navarre wanting in royal gratitude. Unable to influence the king, who was under the control of his minister, she employed the gallant Baron de Montmorency, aided by Herman and a host of followers, to effect a rescue. The rescue was effected, but at the expense of the Hôtel de Crequi, which was burnt down, and Madame de Felsenberg was enabled to retire and weep over her misfortunes among the holy sisterhood of our Lady of Mercy. Ten years after this Herman was a distinguished general, standing high in the esteem of the emperor, and happy in the unbounded affection of his lady Blanche, while Gertrude was then *aunt* Gertrude, solely devoted to the pleasing task of educating the young heir of Felsenberg and his little sister. It will be seen from this sketch that the tale has its weak points, but it has also its strong ones, in quick succeeding and well-sustained interest. The evil effect of falsehood as contrasted to truth, in the denial of a clandestine marriage, is scarcely made sufficiently clear to the comprehension to have warranted its giving a title to the tale.

HAMPDEN AND CROMWELL.*

A curious little book or tract, in the type and language of the times to which it purports to belong, has been recently published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled *A True and Faythfull Relation of a worthy Discourse held betwene ye late Colonell Hampden and Colonell Oliver Cromwel*, which, whether a mystification or not, we can scarcely pretend to say. It certainly, however, contains many profound reflections and practical statements which have more reference to the state of political parties in the year of Grace 1847 than that of 1643; and as report has attributed it to a literary peer, whose talents have not at this present moment a legitimate scope in either house, these ponderings of his leisure hours may be deemed worthy of an attentive perusal.

TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.†

"TEMPTATION and Atonement" is one of those peculiarly tragic stories in which Mrs. Gore occasionally revels. Very little interest is aroused in the cause of the co-heiresses, the Miss Colstons, or in that of the husbands of their hearts, the light-hearted, light-headed young Irish baronet, Sir Henry Fletcher,—national characteristics which the cares and anxieties of isolation and self-government may some day do much to efface—or the grave and touchy widower Colonel Larpent, with his two little olive branches—memorials of a first love; while a real—a profound interest—invests the characters of old Downing, the parish clerk, of his son Luke, and of his beloved and steadfast cousin Esther.

Old Downing had, in the course of his official duties, been sorely tempted by an iron-featured stranger—a professed lover of mediæval antiquities—to allow the parish registers to be clandestinely and secretly consulted; but the old man's suspicions had been aroused by the peculiarity and earnestness of the request, and five, ten, and finally a hundred pounds, had been refused by the poor but honest man for a licence which the stranger acquired to himself by a most untoward incident. The good, the gentle, and the dutiful Luke, the Abel of the household, had a brother who was what Cain was to Abel, a child of violence, of evil communications and still more evil manners, addicted almost solely to idleness or poaching. The boy Luke having one day detected his brother Jack in his mal-practices, he reproved him in such a manner, that the ill-blood of the other could not bear it; he struck his brother, and in the struggle that ensued, poor Luke had the misfortune to slay his brother.

Only one person was witness of this sad event. It was the stranger, over whose proceedings there hung so much mystery. Possessed of this secret he obtained from the old man the keys of the church, leaving him as an only alternative for non-acquiescence, the giving up of his beloved son into the hands of justice. The old man was a victim rather to Fear and Circumstance than to "Temptation."

Possessed of the church keys, the stranger, an illegitimate son of a brother of the late possessor of the Colston property, effaced from the parish books the register of his shame and of his illegitimacy, and at the same time affixed to a coffin in the Colston family-vault, a plate bearing the name of his mother, as wife of the said brother, "Mrs. Elinor Colston, wife of Mark Colston, Esq., aged 28 years."

* A True and Faythfull Relation of a worthy Discourse held betwene ye late Colonell Hampden and Colonell Oliver Cromwel. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

† Temptation and Atonement, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

Armed with these negative testimonies, Sir Mark Colston of Hartington, as he called himself, boldly took possession of the property to which the co-heiresses had just succeeded, in consequence of their uncle's decease, and that before they had made that adequate settlement on their mother, which had alone deferred their nuptials with their respective lovers. Once master of the estate Sir Mark thought he might strengthen his right of possession by marriage with one of the co-heiresses, but he met with a peremptory refusal in that direction, not, however, without the self-love of Colonel Larpent being seriously hurt by the proceeding. Unable to succeed in this direction, Sir Mark resolved to take as a partner of his ill-gained prosperity the fair Esther, whose beauty and goodness had not failed to make an impression upon a man in whom, as is usually the case, sensuality was united to social wickedness. The same threats which had been used to win the old man were employed to forward his suit with the village maiden, and Luke, who had fled to America, where his industry and steadiness had enabled him to rise high in the world, was to be denounced, if Esther did not yield to his wishes. Esther, however resisted, aided in her resolutions by the counsels of the old man, an attempted evasion to America was defeated by the cunning of Sir Mark, but not so the transmission of a letter which informed Luke of her trying position. The dark finger of atonement was, however, upon the family. Luke was drowned upon his way home, and the old clerk no longer restrained by fear for his only son's life or character, publicly denounced Sir Mark from his reading-desk, and narrated the contrivances by which the impostor had brought about his successes. The co-heiresses were then restored to their property and their lovers; but for old Downing and the fair and persecuted Esther, there remained nothing but sorrow until death.

FROM OXFORD TO ROME.*

WE were led astray by the title of this little book. We had pictured to ourselves graphic descriptions of certain persons who have earned notoriety by abandoning the Protestant church to go over to that of Rome; and what would have been still more curious, some account of what befel them on their journey to, and their arrival at, the "eternal city." Instead of this, we have that which bears the stamp, at least, of sincerity, a history of the mental sufferings, raised by doubt and anxiety, and infallibly experienced in the search for that which is obscure and incomprehensible,—that which must ever be a matter of stern faith, or a chaos of perplexity and wandering! "Happy," said old Thomas à Kempis, "is he whom truth teaches by itself, not by words and figures, which pass away, but by showing herself as she is! Our opinions often deceive us, and our views are much limited. To what good are these great subtleties upon things hidden and obscure, for an ignorance with which we shall never be taxed by the judgment of God! It is a most foolish thing to neglect useful and necessary knowledge in order to devote ourselves to that which is curious and hurtful. We have eyes, and we do not see."

This Journey from Oxford to Rome is altogether a sad picture of too anxious aspirations after change in holy things, a weakness which more frequently results from protracted study than from the ordinary and gentle ministrations of religious comfort, or the tranquil and contented performance of pastoral duty.

* From Oxford to Rome: and how it fared with some who lately made the Journey. By a Companion Traveller. Longman and Co.

THE POACHER'S WIFE.*

A STORY of deep interest, in which poaching and the game-laws are, as is too frequently the case, only incentives to crimes of a worse character.

It was early in his career as a poacher, that Gilbert Locksley's misfortunes began. He was returning after a successful expedition, the gang to which he belonged having for safety's sake taken different directions, when cries of help and murder took him to the assistance of his landlord, Sir Ralph Oldham, and his son Alfred, who had been attacked in their carriage by the more profligate members of the party. Although Locksley felled one of the assailants to the ground, and saved Alfred from the assassin's knife, he was seized as a participator in the crime, and conveyed to Tavistock gaol, from whence his escape was abetted by the sub-editor of the county *Conservative* newspaper! This respectable member of the press having seen an advertisement claiming Mrs. Locksley as next of kin to a rich uncle recently deceased, fancied that he would get the poacher banished the country and that he would thus be enabled to appropriate to himself both his wife and property. Mr. Vaughan was not, however, the only suitor of the poacher's wife; Snipe, a villain of a gamekeeper, was a more ardent and enterprising lover, and Locksley, on his unexpected return to his cottage, discovered that which led to an instantaneous quarrel, a quarrel which was interrupted by the arrival of officers of justice, set upon the poacher's trail by the same distinguished literary character who had for his own purposes assisted his escape.

A flight and a hot pursuit followed upon these events, long, various, full of hair-breadth escapes and quick succeeding incidents, in imitation of one great example of art, which, whether in a boat descent of this Necker or the Tavy, has its ever-recurring plagiarists. Locksley, however, escaped in safety to London, whither he was followed by his wife, sick, suffering, and poor. Obligated to beg her way, her only child perished from exposure, and sleeping beneath some corn-ricks she was nearly implicated in an act of incendiarism. If a Frenchman were to peruse this picture of English rural life, he would really think Algeria a preferable country. By way of exhibiting field-sports to the greatest possible disadvantage, Sir Ralph was shot by a Lord Plaistic, as unreal a representative of English aristocracy, if possible, as Sir Ralph himself. Alfred, who had succeeded to the property and title, took steps to ascertain the innocence of Locksley; but this act of justice was prevented by Mr. Vaughan, who got into the young baronet's bed-room at night and made him forego the investigation at the penalty of his life. Tardy but sure justice was at length done to all parties. Vaughan was arrested for embezzling the moneys of his ably-conducted *Conservative* newspaper, and after a written confession of the facts above narrated, withdrew himself by a self-inflicted death from the world. The unfortunate poacher and his wife were not only restored to one another, but they succeeded to the uncle's property, and Locksley was made Sir Alfred Oldham's steward, for the young baronet had resolved to have no gamekeepers. It will be seen from this that the "Poacher's Wife" possesses all the prominent qualifications of a successful domestic novel, sustained interest, highly-wrought situations, pathos, and a clear and vigorous style.

* The Poacher's Wife : a Story of the Times. By Charlton Carew. 2 vols. Charles Ollier.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE publication of the third and fourth volumes of the *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena*, by General Count Montholon, the emperor's companion in exile and testamentary executor, has brought that important work to a close. It is the complement of all biographies, and is utterly indispensable to a thorough appreciation of the motives which actuated Napoleon in some of his greatest enterprises. In addition to a narrative of events brought down to the exhumation of the emperor, these concluding volumes contain important chapters dictated by Napoleon himself on the position of France in relation to foreign powers, on a legislative constitution and the composition of an army; and still more curious and interesting historical fragments on the campaigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and on the expedition to Egypt.

After twenty-five years of industrious and persevering toil in the cause of the diffusion of literature, Mr. Robert Chambers has commenced the publication of his "select writings" in volumes, one of which, devoted to his *Humorous and Familiar Essays*, has just been published. Mr. R. Chambers, considering the difficulties against which he has so worthily toiled, and from which he has so manfully raised himself into popularity, is filled with wonder "how it has come about that he has now a place at the head of one of the great organisations of industry in this country, whereby more paper is blacked in a week than in many other printing-offices in a twelvemonth;" a comparison which has only just met with its analogy in M. Alexandre Dumas' claim of the palm of productiveness over the Forty of the Academy. It is to be remembered in considerations of this kind, that the soundest literature is not the most popular, because it is not the most amusing; so the circle of readers can always be increased by writing downwards to the people rather than writing to improve and raise the popular taste and intellect. This is the difference between the *INSTRUT* and the miscell.-d *merchandise* of the French romancist and the "great organisation of industry" of the Messrs. Chambers.

There are no want of histories of the French Revolution. Knowledge, eloquence, and genius have been devoted to the task in the well-known pages of Thiers, Mignet, and Alison; but still a brief summary of those stirring times is well calculated to meet the demands of those who have neither means nor opportunity to consult more elaborate works, and such Mr. Burns has just published in the usual tasteful and presentable form, under the title of *A History of the French Revolution*.

A dashing, spirited, historical play, called *Feudal Times; or, the Court of James the Third*, has been produced with great success at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells. It exhibits the poetic conception and dramatic power of the author, Mr. White, to greater advantage than any of his former productions.

Mr. D. Bogue has commenced the publication of a series of *Manuals of Utility, Practical Information, and Universal Knowledge*, which are remarkable for the quantity of matter contained, at the small price of one shilling. The first of these manuals is devoted to the "nice and obstruse game" of chess, and is spiritedly and cleverly done, although funnily dedicated to a gentleman "whose kindness and hospitality are only equalled by his skill of chess."

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions what-
ever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINES
will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should
invariably keep copies.

NOW READY,

THE APRIL NUMBER OF

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EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

THE DAYS OF ADVERSITY.

CHAP. IX.

MEDICAL RELIEF.

It is time now to turn to the history of the persons, towards whose cottage Doctor Kenmore had bent his steps ; and I must take it up again at the period where I last quitted it. Allan Fairfax left the family of Ben Halliday comparatively happy. His children had had food—one sufficient meal, which was more than they had obtained for months. The sum of thirteen shillings and some pence remained ; the change out of the sovereign. Think of it reader ! What does it seem to you ? A trifle, not sufficient to provide the daily dinner that smokes upon your table ; little more than the price of two of those bottles of wine, whereof so many are drunk in your household every week. And yet, to Ben Halliday it seemed a treasure. It would add nearly fifty per cent. to his wages for four weeks. It would keep the wolf from the door. It would give bread—bread enough ; and he asked little more. The labourer—oh, the poor labourer ! what a life is his, in the richest, the most industrious, the most charitable country in the world ! It is not alone the hard unremitting daily toil for bare subsistence, which makes the sadness of his lot ; it is not the privation of every material comfort, of relaxation, of warmth, of sufficient nourishment, of care in sickness for himself or his children, of every thing in the shape of enjoyment ; but it is the privation of hope and expectation—of prospect : the blighting not only of the present harvest but of the seed for the future crop. Is this an exaggerated picture ? Let those who have lived much among the lower classes, as I have, answer. What has the British labourer at any period of his course to look forward to ? what are his prospects ? A life of unremitting, ill-requited toil, constant necessity, without the power of providing aught for an evil day, cold in his dwelling, want at his table, sickness in the train of want, neglect in the time of sickness ; age, infirmity, and death in the rigid imprisonment of the Parish Union. Add to this, the sight of his

children brought up to the same lot ; to live like him without hope, and to die like him in beggary. Such are the prospects of the British labourer ; and I defy any one to prove that they are generally better.

Take hope from man, and you render him a demon. We have done it ; we are doing it ; and we wonder that there are flaming ricks and stack-yards smouldering in their ashes. Let us beware before it be too late, lest the fire extend somewhat further. It was an ancient custom, in Morocco, to punish criminals undergoing sentence of death by giving them small handfuls of couscousou, just sufficient to keep them alive and protract their torture ; but the wise rulers of Morocco impaled them first, so that they could not spring upon their tormentors. We give our men the same diet, and leave them in nearly as much misery ; but we do not secure ourselves by fixing them on a stake.

However, Ben Halliday was comparatively happy. When Allan Fairfax found him, he had not a penny or a loaf of bread in the house ; he had seven shillings a week, as a recompense for six days' incessant profitable labour ; he had himself, his wife, a son incapable of gaining any thing, and a dying daughter to support ; he had been told by his master, one of the guardians, that if he applied to the Union, he would not receive any relief, unless he came into the house with his wife and family ; and that if he did come in, he should be separated from his wife and family, and be made so miserable that he should soon be glad to quit it again.* Such was his state when Fairfax found him ; and now he had more than thirteen shillings in the house, and the prospect of obtaining five shillings a week more, merely for the care of a mischievous idiot. It was wealth—it was prosperity—it was happiness ! How the whole family blessed Allan Fairfax ! He seemed like a guardian-angel, come to save and to restore. The next morning, Ben was up before daylight, working away in the shed to render it fit for the reception of Tommy Hicks, and he had done all that could be done without boards and nails ere the sun rose, and his time of daily labour returned. In the evening he went to Brownswick, and concluded the whole arrangement with the person who paid for the idiot ; and at night he worked away at the shed with his cousin Jacob, his wife having in the meantime procured the necessary materials. By the next morning all was ready, the place made warm and tight, and on the third day the idiot was installed, his bed and clothes moved up, and he an inmate of Ben Halliday's dwelling. They began well together. Father and mother and children did all they could to make the unhappy man comfortable, and he seemed to like the change from old Grimly's cottage. He laughed and talked amazingly, and leered fearfully about him, and said he should be very merry there, and would show them strange tricks. There was only one matter of dispute between him and Ben Halliday. He took a particular affection for Mr. Fairfax's portmanteau, and would sit on nothing else. When it was taken from him, he turned sullen and walked out of the house, wandering about without returning for twelve hours. He was not far distant, however ; for amidst his ramblings he twice found his way to the cottage of Jacob Halliday, and seemed inclined to curry favour with his

* This is not a fiction. The case occurred within my own knowledge ; the farmer made this exact reply ; the labourer had three children ; the wages were seven shillings a week ; but the county was not Cumberland.

family, cutting a stick for his son Bill into various grotesque forms, in which art he was extraordinarily skilful.

I have said nothing of Fairfax's movements subsequent to the day of his return to Cumberland, except what the reader has seen in his note to Margaret; but it may be necessary to mention, that he returned once to the cottage of Ben Halliday, the day after his former visit, and took out of his portmanteau some clothes and a dressing-case, which he sent down to the inn at Brownswick by a little boy of the village. He was seen once or twice for a day or two afterwards, but then disappeared for some time.

In the meanwhile, Jacob Halliday began to regret that he had not accepted the charge of the idiot himself; for with a perversion of affection, not unfrequent in such persons, Tommy Hicks seemed to attach himself to Jacob in proportion to the dislike and threats of the other. Besides, pecuniary matters were no better with Jacob than his cousin. It is true, he had but one child; but then his wife was not as careful and as active as Ben's, and she bore her fate less meekly. Misery and wretchedness were at their height in his cottage. There was hardly a bed to lie on, or clothes to cover its inmates, and Jacob's impatient spirit fretted under the yoke. He used rash and angry words, and at length he went down himself, and vehemently, but not without rude eloquence, represented his condition to the farmer whom he and his cousin both served.

Farmer Stumps was irritated, and threatened to dismiss him altogether if he heard any further complaints; and Jacob, after gazing at him sternly for a moment, turned upon his heel and walked away, muttering more than once as he went,

"We must teach them better."

Two days after his wife seemed more contented, and he himself in better spirits; and one night he brought up to his cousin's house a poringer of very excellent soup for poor Susan. The girl was delighted with it, and said it tasted better than any thing she had ever eaten; and Jacob laughed, and replied that it was made of nothing but what grew in the fields. The idiot took a spoonful, and laughed aloud, answering,

"Ay, with fur and feathers for leaves."

Jacob said nothing in return, but went away; and two days after, Tommy Hicks, after having been out till after nightfall, came back with a brace of rabbits in his hand, capering and grinning, and showing a trap of his own invention, which was quite as well adapted for snaring hares or any other animals as those which he had caught. In vain did Ben Halliday attempt to make him comprehend that he brought himself into danger by such proceedings; in vain did Mrs. Halliday refuse to roast the rabbits for him. Tommy set to work himself, and skinned and cooked them in his own peculiar fashion, devouring them both when they were done, with all the relish that even wiser men than himself find in game of their own taking.

So far all went well enough with Ben Halliday; but three nights before the marriage day of Margaret Graham, the little boy suddenly pointed to the window about nine o'clock, and cried,

"Look, look, dad! What a pretty colour in the sky. It seems as if morning was coming already."

Ben went to the door, and gazed forth, saying,

"It's the north-lights, I think." But the moment after, he exclaimed, "No, I do believe it is a great fire somewhere!" and, without waiting to take his hat, he ran out, and proceeded till he could see clear down over the moor. The road he took was not the same as that on which he had lately met Mr. Fairfax; for, as I think I have before explained, the moor extended far along the side of the hills, broken by patches of wood and cultivated ground, and in about five minutes he had a fair view of all the country towards Brownswick. At the bottom of the descent lay the principal farm of his present master, with its rick-yard and stacks all round it, and from that point rose the fitful blaze which illuminated the whole heaven, and showed him the lines of barn and stable, housetops and trees, at about a mile and a half distance, with the undulations of the moor in red light and shade between. Two ricks were already on fire; the wind was blowing cold and strong over the yard and the buildings, and, without waiting for further examination, Ben Halliday ran on as fast as he could to give assistance. As he approached, he heard loud voices and curses and threats, but there was, at the moment, a hedge and some tall trees between him and the scene of conflagration, and he could not perceive what was going on. When he had passed that screen, however, a sight presented itself, which has been seen more than once since in many counties in England. Three large ricks were now blazing, the wind was driving the sparks and lighted straws right upon the rest of the valuable produce of the last year's harvest. The farmer, his son, and some of his house-servants, were labouring furiously to extinguish the flames, but only adding to their intensity, and endangering the rest of the property by throwing down the blazing corn. Around stood no less than twenty labourers from that and the neighbouring farms; but all their arms were crossed upon their chests, and not a man moved a finger to save the wealth of the hard, rich man. In vain he swore, or threatened, or entreated; no one stirred.

"You villains!" he cried, "you have set it alight yourselves, I do believe!"

"No, no, Master Stumps," answered a sturdy fellow, "that won't do. We did not light it, and we won't put it out. You don't help us, why should we help you?"

"There goes the blood and sweat of many a poor honest man, Farmer Stumps," said another, "blazing up to Heaven, to tell how you've used him."

"We should never have had a bushel of it," cried a third; "let those save it as were like to get it."

But at that moment Ben Halliday burst into the midst of them.

"For shame! for shame, men!" he cried, "to stand idle there and see a neighbour's corn burn! Do you think bread would be cheaper, if all the yards in the country were in a blaze?"

"No; but wages would be higher, if masters were taught not to starve their men," said a voice, not far off, and a loud laugh from several of the peasants followed.

Ben Halliday listened not to this rejoinder, but leaped over the low wall of the rick-yard; and running up to the farmer, exclaimed,

"Don't, Master Stumps; for Heaven's sake don't stir the fire that way. You've got plenty of rick-cloths; get them all out, dip them in the pond, and draw them over the nearest stacks. We've plenty of

hands to do that, even though those fellows won't help; ay, and to keep them wet with buckets too, till the engine comes up from Brownswick."

"That's a good thought—a devilish good thought!" cried the farmer. "You're a capital fellow, Ben. Here, help us to get down the cloths."

"Some one get the ladders!" cried the labourer, running with the farmer towards the loft over the barn where the rick-cloths were kept.

His simple suggestion soon changed the face of affairs. The heavy canvas-cloths were speedily brought forth, dragged through the neighbouring pond, and then, not without great labour and exertion, drawn over the nearest ricks. Several men were employed to keep them constantly wet; the rest to throw water over the ends of the barns nearest to the fire; and the farmer's wife, daughters, and maids, though in a strange state of confusion and agitation, were directed to watch the roof of the house, and guard against the sparks catching the woodwork.

In every effort, in every exertion, Ben Halliday bore as great a share as any one; but his example had no effect upon the other labourers, who, after seeing that the fire was likely to do no more damage, and hearing the engine coming along the road, dropped away one by one. It is a sad thing, but it too often occurs, that he who on any occasion renders the most service to others is the one who suffers, as if a certain amount of disaster was to be inflicted, and that those who turned it aside from friend, or neighbour, or country, or society, took it upon himself. Thank God, we know that such is not the case, and that all is ordered mercifully and wisely; but yet, as I have said, so it is, the greatest benefactors are the worst requited, and generally suffer by their exertions in favour of other men.

Sad, sad philosophy! Too terrible truth!

Poor Ben Halliday laboured hard for an hour and a half amidst flame and intense heat; he was wet with the water which he brought from the pond; he was overheated with the fire and the exertion; and when all was done, and he saw that the rest of the property was safe, he turned away hardly noticed, barely thanked, and walked musing over the moor, towards his own miserable abode. The night wind blew keen and sharp; but he went slowly, for he was both weary and sad. He had much food for thought, too; for a voice had sounded in his ear which he knew well, and had raised painful doubts and suspicions. Suddenly he quickened his pace, for he felt the blast strike and chill him; and when he lay down to rest upon his hard bed with scanty covering, an aguish shivering seized him. The next day he rose feeble and feeling ill; but he went to his work as usual, and returned worse. Still he would not apply to the union for assistance—he had never received any aid from it, and he disliked the very thought; but at length the pain in his side, the difficulty of breathing, the utter prostration of strength convinced him he was very ill, made him believe he was dying, and he consented that his wife should go and seek the aid of the parish surgeon. It was a thing that could not be refused, but, as we have seen, that to obtain it she had to walk near twenty miles, and to be absent from her family the whole day.* She did

* The case, as it actually occurred, was as follows: A poor woman, whose husband was seized with acute inflammation, living at S—, went thence to N— to get an order from the overseer for medical relief; the distance there and back being five miles. She had then to carry the order to E—, five miles, but on presenting it to the medical officer at E— he told her that her house was in a parish out of his district, and she was sent back five miles to N—. She was

not mind the toil; she did not even care about seeing Ben Halliday written down as "Pauper," so that she obtained speedy help for him; but when she got to Brownswick, and found that aid was likely to be delayed some eighteen hours longer, the poor woman's heart sunk. The Union authorities were bent upon lowering the poor's-rates; it was the object of the institution—they thought it the sole object—for they very well knew as to its improving the character of the labourer by throwing him more upon his own exertions, that was all nonsense—parliamentary commission report nonsense. They took care, in their individual capacity, that his own exertions should be as unfruitful as possible; the new law and the increase of population only gave them the opportunity of doing so more easily. The old law, by an easy, constitutional, and, if wisely administered, safe operation, acted as a check upon the rapacity of employers: it provided, that what was not paid in wages should be paid in poor's-rates; but that law had been swept away, and the object now was to reduce the rates. They, therefore, cut down every thing, and amongst the rest the allowance to medical officers. They demanded tenders; they demanded no testimony of ability, skill, kindness, conscientiousness: all they demanded was cheapness. The cheapest man in Brownswick was Mr. M'Swine, surgeon and apothecary; and he was appointed. But Mr. M'Swine had no inclination to put himself out of the way for paupers. He farmed them upon an average of twopence-halfpenny per head for medicine and attendance, and it was not to be expected that he should give them much of either. His was a true homœopathic system as to the former, and as to the latter, he called on the sick poor when it was convenient. The more of them that died the better for him, provided it could not be proved that it was his fault. It is all very well to presume that men will not be scoundrels, but much better not to tempt them to be so. Mr. M'Swine was at home when Mrs. Halliday came with the order; but his shop-boy had directions what to say on such occasions, and the poor wife of as good a man as ever existed stood before his door in despair. She saw some one ring Dr. Kenmore's bell; she knew him to be a good, kind, humane man, though somewhat rough, and taking heart of grace, she went over too, after a few minutes' thought.

The good doctor's reception of her we have already seen, and revived by the wine he had given, she turned her steps homeward with hope refreshed. She found her husband tossing about anxiously in bed, and trying every position in order to draw his breath more easily, but in vain. The two children were close to his bedside, the sick girl at the pillow, the boy near the foot. In the further corner of the hut sat the idiot, Tommy Hicks, on the beloved portmanteau, talking to himself in a low voice, and cutting a stick according to custom.

Ben Halliday's first question was, "Is Mr. M'Swine coming, Bella? If he does not make haste, it will be too late."

"No, Ben, but Doctor Kenmore is," answered his wife, drawing near and sitting down on the side of the bed; "he will be here directly, God bless him; and he gave me a glass of wine to comfort me."

"Ah, he is a good man," said Ben Halliday, "and he'll cure me if any

then sent by the overseer to the relieving officer at Da—, about two miles. The officer was not at home, and she could get no aid that night, but returned to her own house, a distance of more than three miles. Medical attendance was not obtained till the middle of the next day, when she had walked eight miles in addition to the twenty she had previously journeyed.

one can. Now, run out, Charley," he continued, in a lower voice, "and see what it was Tommy Hicks put away under the thatch. He is always hiding something like a tame raven."

The boy ran out, but the moment the idiot saw him approach the thatch, he started up to follow him. "Sit down, Tommy Hicks," exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, in an authoritative tone, fixing her eyes upon him as she spoke, and the idiot resumed his seat without a word. The little boy, Charles, returned the next minute with a table-knife which Tommy Hicks had hid under the thatch; and a candle being lighted, Mrs. Halliday prepared herself a cup of tea, as some refreshment after her long walk. About three-quarters of an hour elapsed, and Ben Halliday became anxious, with the impatience of feverish illness, for the arrival of Doctor Kenmore. The little boy was sent out to look along the road by the moonlight, and see if he was coming. Nobody was in sight, however, but their kinsman, Jacob, who was wending his way slowly towards the moor. After a few minutes' pause, the boy went out again, but this time he returned instantly, saying, "Here he comes—here he comes, with his stick up to his nose; I see him quite well."

The sick girl got up from the stool by her father's side to leave a place for the doctor, and as soon as his step was heard approaching, Charley Halliday opened the door. As soon as he entered, however, Tommy Hicks started up with a laugh, and thrust the stick he was cutting between the good old surgeon's legs, nearly throwing him down, and exclaiming,

"Ride in, Doctor Kenmore!"

The good man on whom he played off this trick was constitutionally somewhat irascible, and several things had occurred to vex him on a day which he had set apart as a day for happiness. Without more ado, then, he lifted his cane and struck Tommy Hicks a smart blow over the shoulders, saying,

"I'll teach you to play me such tricks, you mischievous devil!"

With a howl of pain and rage the idiot ran out of the cottage, and Doctor Kenmore approaching Ben Halliday's bed-side sat down, and resumed his kindly nature at once.

"Well, my poor fellow," he said, "so you have got yourself into a bad way. Inflammation of the lungs, caught helping farmer Stumps to put out the fire."

As he spoke he laid his hand on Halliday's pulse, and the labourer replied, "I don't know what it is, doctor, but I am very bad—I never was so bad as this."

"Well, you shan't die this time, Ben," answered Doctor Kenmore, putting his hands in his pockets; "give me a basin, Mrs. Halliday; we must have a good drop of blood, Ben," and taking out a pocket-book and two rolls of list, he spread them out upon the bed and chose a lancet. Ben Halliday's sleeve was then tucked up, his brawny arm extended grasping the doctor's cane, and in a minute after the thick, dark blood was spouting forth into the basin as if it had been propelled from a syringe. Doctor Kenmore suffered it to flow for several minutes, watching the labourer's face as he did so with earnest attention, but at last Halliday spoke himself, saying, with a sort of sigh of relief,

"Oh, that is so comfortable! it seems as if some one was pouring cool water upon the hot place in my side."

"I know that," answered Doctor Kenmore, "but we must go on till

you feel yourself faint, — ay, and must repeat it to-morrow, in these cases it is no use doing things by halves. Open and shut your hand on the stick, my man—do ye feel faint ?”

“A little, sir, and not much,” answered Ben Halliday, in a low voice ; but the next moment he fell back in the bed, and Doctor Kenmore put his thumb on the vein, saying, “That is all right.”

Mrs. Halliday was a little frightened ; but she had great confidence in the doctor, and in a few minutes her husband was restored to consciousness, and declared that he felt comparatively quite well.

“Ay, Ben, but still you will need to be bled to-morrow again,” answered Doctor Kenmore. “But we must manage the matter shrewdly, Goody Halliday.* If M^r. Swine does not come to see him to-morrow before twelve, let me know, and if he does, tell him I said Ben was not to be bled any more, and then he is sure to bleed him.”

Doctor Kenmore knew his professional brother well, and after giving a few more directions, and leaving a blister, which he had brought for Mr. Graham, to be put upon Ben Halliday’s side, he bade the grateful family farewell and set out upon his return towards Allenchurch. He was seen by a servant of the manufacturer who had bought Mr. Graham’s former house, just at the crossing of two roads. He was met by a cottager and a little boy, about a quartel of a mile further on, just at the edge of the moor. These it would appear were the last persons but one, who saw Doctor Kenmore alive.

CHAP. X.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

LET us return to Margaret. By the time that eleven o’clock had arrived she had grown somewhat anxious, but she consoled herself by thinking that poor Ben Halliday might very likely require more immediate and constant attention than her father ; but when twelve o’clock came and Doctor Kenmore neither came nor sent, she became seriously alarmed. The next question was, what she should do. Her father still slept, but there were only two maids in the house, and the nearest cottage was nearly half a mile distant. It was necessary to do something, however, and after revolving the matter in her own mind for some minutes, she sent the elder servant down to the Rectory House at Allenchurch with directions to call up the clergyman, who was a very worthy man, and tell him all the circumstances.

It luckily happened that the rector was composing his sermon, and had not yet gone to bed, and putting on hat and coat he came down instantly to Mr. Graham’s, bringing his man-servant along with him. After a kindly consultation with Margaret, and endeavouring to allay her fears as much as possible, he sent his servant to Brownswick in the belief that Doctor Kenmore might have returned to his own house for some medicines for the two sick men. In about an hour, however, the servant returned with the worthy surgeon’s own footman, bringing intelligence that he had not been heard of at Brownswick. The matter now became serious, for it was by this time two o’clock in the morning, and Margaret felt sure that if necessarily detained so long, Doctor Kenmore would have sent some one to inform her of the fact. Some cottagers were roused from their beds, lanterns were procured, and headed by the rector in person, the whole party set out from Allenchurch to trace the good

surgeon's course up to Ben Halliday's house. Spreading out for some way on each side of the road, they walked on and reached the top of the hill without discovering any thing of him they sought for. The good rector began to hope that they should find him at the cottage, but when they approached it all was dark within. To make quite sure, however, they knocked, and Ben's voice was heard immediately after, saying, "There is some one knocking at the door, Bella. Get on some clothes, and see what they can want at this time of night."

"We want to know if Doctor Kenmore is here," said the rector, speaking through the door; "you need not trouble yourself to open, Mrs. Halliday, only let us know where the doctor is, if you can."

"Oh, dear, sir, he has been gone from here these five or six hours," said Ben Halliday's wife. "Has he not got back yet?" and at the same time she opened the door.

"I am sorry to say he has not," answered the rector of Allenchurch.

"Then he must be at Mr. Graham's, sir," rejoined Mrs. Halliday, as if the thought struck her suddenly; "I know he was going there, for I heard him say so."

"He was expected," answered the clergyman, "but has not returned; perhaps he may have taken the short paths over the moor. We will go and see."

Now it happened that there were two roads between Allenchurch and the village at the top of the moor, by either of which a foot passenger or person on horseback might reach Ben Halliday's cottage. The public road was the easiest and best in ascending the hill, for it was not so steep as the other, which was not fitted for carriages. From habit more than ought else the searching party had taken the broad way in ascending, but they now pursued the narrower bridle path back towards Allenchurch. The lanes leading to the moor offered nothing to call their attention; but within five hundred yards after they began the descent, close by a spot where stood the remains of an old cottage or hut, long abandoned, they saw by the moonlight, something dark lying on the road before them, and one of the men running quickly forward, exclaimed, "Here he is, poor old gentleman! He's fallen down in a fit."

"Do not move him," cried the rector, who knew, from Margaret's account, that he had a large sum of money on his person when he left Allenchurch; and, hurrying forward with the lanterns, he stooped down over the body.

"Here is blood," he said, as he gazed, "this is no fit."

Doctor Kenmore was lying on his face, with his head towards Allenchurch, as if he had fallen descending the hill. His hat lay at least ten yards further on, and at first all present imagined that he had not been moved since he fell; but a very little inspection showed them that such was not the case. The pockets of his coat were turned inside out, and so were those of his trousers; but, strange to say, his gold watch and chain, the seals appended to which were quite visible, had not been taken. Yet the silver buckles were gone out of his shoes, and the gold head had been wrenched off his cane, which lay bent underneath him. On further examination, a severe contused wound, as surgeons term it, was found on the back of the head, which had actually driven in the skull, and his face was somewhat cut by the gravel, apparently as he fell. The wound had bled a good deal and stained the road, but no instrument which could have inflicted it was found near, unless it were a large stone, weighing fifteen or twenty pounds, which lay at the side of the path; but

no hair or blood was to be found upon it. The hat, however, was dented in, and stained with a little blood in the inside, so that it had evidently been on his head when he was struck. No footmarks were found near, nor any evidence of a struggle having taken place. The crime seemed to have been suddenly perpetrated, and the murderer to have taken his victim quite by surprise.

The rector of Allenchurch made strict examination of every circumstance; and the peasants, who loved the old man, as well as his own servant, were profuse in exclamations of pity and regret. The clergyman only made one remark—that it was strange that his watch had been left; and then gave orders that the body should be removed to Brownswick, all signs of life being extinct having been found present, even to perfect rigidity of the limbs. Another and more painful task than that of accompanying the poor surgeon's body to his late home, was before the good clergyman. He had to break the tidings to Margaret Graham; and, from long and intimate communion with his fellow-creatures, he had too clear an insight into the human heart to doubt that she would be very much afflicted. That she had loved Doctor Kenmore, with the deep and passionate attachment of youth, he did not at all believe, and indeed Margaret had never affected to do so; but that she had a sincere and strong friendship for him, nay, an affectionate regard, stronger though not warmer than friendship, he did fully believe, and he felt sure that she would mourn his fate with grief little less poignant than if she had lost her father. The mode, too, in which death had reached him was very painful to relate; and as he walked on and pondered, accompanied by his servant, he determined to give her no particulars, but to merely tell her that her husband had been found dead on the common, and that a coroner's jury would be summoned immediately, in order to ascertain the cause of death. This was distressing enough; but many of the tasks of a clergyman are so, and he was too frequently called upon to administer comfort upon various sad occasions to be at a loss upon this. Yet there was a certain difficulty, too, not to render his manner too commonplace, lest Margaret, for whose feelings and for whose character he had a sincere respect, should shun his consolations, from a belief that he judged her marriage with the old surgeon harshly and wrongly, and yet not to attribute to her a warmth of attachment which he felt did not exist.

The object of all these considerations met him as he entered the little parlour of the cottage, with a face pale and anxious; but the worthy rector delayed his answer to her questions for a moment by asking kindly after her father.

"He is much better," she answered; "he woke about an hour ago, quite himself, and has since fallen asleep again—but, my dear sir—"

"I am very glad to hear it," replied the rector, "for that will be some comfort to you." I trust that your earliest and best friend may be spared to you for many years—nay, my dear young lady, sit down and listen to me. You have lost one who was deservedly dear to all who knew him, and to you more than all; but you must not repine at the will of God; and as you know that there never was any one who on this earth acted a more truly Christian part, so you may well trust that he has only gone from a scene where happiness is never unmingled with pain, to pure and perfect felicity in the bosom of his Redeemer."

Margaret sat down and wept, quietly, but bitterly. Then stretching out her hand to the worthy clergyman, she said in a low tone,—

"Tell me all. How did it happen?"

"The particulars, my dear young lady, we do not yet know," replied the rector. "It would seem he took the small footpaths back from poor Halliday's cottage over the moor; and, after having gone up by the ordinary road, we found him as we came down the other way. He had fallen upon the path, and it is probable he never moved afterwards."

"But are you sure?" exclaimed Margaret. "Is there no hope of restoring him?" I have heard ——"

"It is quite in vain," said the clergyman; "life had been extinct some hours when we found him. Do not buoy yourself up with one false hope; for nothing can restore to you the friend you have lost on this earth; and your chief thought must now be your care for your good father. A coroner's inquest must, of course, be held, and then, perhaps, we shall learn more than we know at present."

Margaret asked many questions, but those she did ask were wisely answered; for her mind never turned in the painful direction from which the rector sought to lead it. From seeing the attacks to which her father had been lately subject, she was fully possessed with the idea that Kenmore had fallen a victim to a similar fit seizing him when all aid was absent, and in that belief she remained till the following day revealed to her the particulars of her husband's fate. Then, indeed, she was dreadfully shocked, and her distress was increased by being called upon to give evidence before the coroner's jury. She went through that task, however, as she did all that fell upon her at this period of her life, with calm, quiet, graceful fortitude, and, strange to say, so much true feeling mingled with her grave tranquillity, that no one even in his inmost thoughts accused her of insensibility. She proved that when Doctor Kenmore left her father's cottage he had a considerable sum of money upon his person, but that, to the best of her belief, no one was aware of the fact but herself and the gentleman who had paid him the amount. His servant, indeed, might know it; but the man had been sent back from Allenchurch to Brownswick, and easily proved that he had never quitted his master's house till summoned to search for him. The three persons who had met the old surgeon at the top of the moor, all testified that when they saw him he was walking along with a stout step, and no other evidence of any kind was to be procured. Suspicion turned in various directions; but the general feeling of the country was expressed by the countryman who, with his little boy, had last seen the good doctor before the murder, and who said, in giving his evidence,—

"I am sure it must have been some stranger who did it, for there is not a man in all the country round who would have hurt Doctor Kenmore."

The coroner's jury, however, were forced to return a verdict of "Murder against some person or persons unknown," for they had no means of arriving at a more definite judgment; and, as usual, the story of old Doctor Kenmore's marriage and death on the same day made a week's marvel, and was then forgotten by all but those more immediately concerned.

Margaret knew not well how to act under the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, and therefore she did the best thing she could; she asked the Rector of Allenchurch and the lawyer of her late husband to act for her. The funeral took place with as little ostentation as possible; but many hundreds of the people of Brownswick and the neighbourhood spontaneously followed the body to the grave. The iron safe in which the deceased had kept his papers, was broken open, for the key

could not be found, and the first thing that was discovered was his will, by which he left to Margaret Graham, about to become his wife, or to Margaret, his wife, if the proposed marriage should have taken place before his death, all his property, real and personal, and appointed her his sole executrix and residuary legatee, taking care to guard against all cavil, almost as if he had anticipated the very fate which had befallen him. Of what his property consisted had been accurately known only to himself before his death; but every thing was in good order, and in the end it appeared that his wealth was much more considerable than had been supposed. On the examination of all the papers Margaret found herself in possession of considerably more than a thousand per annum, principally accruing from lands in the neighbourhood of Brownswick, though there was also no small sum invested in the public funds; the savings of a long life of industry unstained by ought like parsimony or meanness. There was one passage in the will which brought tears into her eyes, for it was a mark of confidence which she felt deeply.

"Knowing dear Margaret Graham well," the good man had written at the end of the paper in his own hand, "I cannot do better for my old servants than by leaving them to her care, and begging her to reward them according as their services to me may appear to deserve."

The servants had no cause to regret that their old master had not provided for them more specifically, and they all remained with her to whose care they had been confided.

But Margaret's sorrows were not yet an end. The fate of poor Doctor Kenmore was necessarily communicated to Mr. Graham, and the effect upon his spirits was even more severe than Margaret had anticipated. Gloom seemed to take possession of him entirely, and for some weeks he could not shake off the sad impression. His daughter's devotion and care were unbounded. Her whole time, and apparently her whole thoughts, were devoted to him; but she could not succeed in rousing him, till she bethought her of calling for his counsel in the management of the landed property which had so unexpectedly become hers. From that moment Mr. Graham seemed to recover a portion at least of his former energy. His old servant Ben Halliday was called to advise, and assist, and direct. Plans of improvement were suggested, and their execution commenced, and Ben, engaged as a sort of labouring bailiff, was brought down to the cottage at Allenchurch, which Margaret had so long inhabited with her father, while they removed to a neat small house to the westward of Brownswick. All seemed fair and smiling, when one morning, about six months after the death of Doctor Kenmore, his old schoolfellow was found dead in his bed with a placid smile upon his face and the eyes fast closed, as if he had expired in sleep so calm that death itself had not power to break it. Margaret had again to weep, though she praised God, nevertheless, that a short period of renewed prosperity, a bright gleam of sunshine at the end of a stormy day, had been granted to her father before night fell.

She was now alone in the world, without a tie, without a connexion, but those whose conduct in the days of adversity had severed the bond between her and them for ever.

Did Margaret ever think of Allan Fairfax? Let us not inquire too closely. If she did she tried hard to avoid it; and yet how could she help it. It was her first love—nay, her only love. She had never loved but once—she never did.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. X.

"Theodoric"—Remarks on that Poem—Singular and unexpected Visit from a Mohawk Chief—The Poet's Feelings respecting hostile Criticism—Bearing towards Hazlitt—Letter from Sydenham thanking a Friend in a Reply to the Critic—Byron's Remark on Campbell's Sensitiveness—Coleridge—Poem of "The Last Man"—Mistake of the Poet about the origin of the Idea—Campbell's attachment to Political Economy.

"THEODORIC," unintentionally perhaps on the part of the author, inclined much more in style to the modern school of poetry than the "Pleasures of Hope." The romantic school succeeded well in tempering the formality of the classic, but by this term must not be understood that prevailing flood of diluted rhyme which has been recently multiplied and misnamed poetry, seeming in its admirers' view more excellent in proportion to the abject meanness of the subject and the facility with which its torrent of words can be poured along. The merit of a fine picture by Raphael or Titian would not surely consist in the flimsiness with which it was executed, nor in the trivial character of the subject. Campbell from inclining in his last productions towards the later taste, gained nothing and lost much of the effect his previous style was certain to secure for him. A portion of the inferiority of "Theodoric" arises from this cause, independently of its feebleness as a story.

After all, it must be admitted that about those literary works of genius which are of a lasting character, there hangs an impenetrable mystery both in their composition and success. They must be taken as they appear at long intervals as they are awarded the palm of merit. The mechanical utilitarians of the hour must continue to feel astonished that literary works like the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Childe Harold," cannot be produced with the rapidity of common manufactures; that one such work is tantamount to the history of a life; that a deathless name shall continue to be allied with humble circumstance; that bloated and extensive manufactures, with a seeming claim to confer honours, cannot give a lease of remembrance beyond the decay of the material to which they belong; that the age favoured of wealth and the advance of the bulk of society in knowledge of a limited kind, should find literature and genius still contumacious to the rule of the all-worshipped Mammon, neither disclosing fresh graces, nor adding to the great productions of the past; and that genius retrogrades in place of advancing as if conscious of something in its nature which cannot intermingle with the predominant earthiness of the hour.

Allusions in "Theodoric" are many of them borrowed from the author himself. Thus for the line in the "Pleasures of Hope"—

The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore—

"Theodoric" has

The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd.

Many like instances might be cited. The story might have been made more of, but sentiment was the poet's forte, and richness of imagery his great excellence. Full of tenderness, his sentiment goes deep into the soul. The ambition of departed years is visible throughout, but it is recognised only in a dim sketch.

The concluding lines of "Theodoric" are not worthy of the commencement. It is always politic to wind up well that the reader may leave off with a favourable impress from what he peruses. The "Pleasures of Hope" comes nobly to its conclusion, and the gentle "Gertrude" terminates her song in a manner equally effective and appropriate; but "Theodoric" is brought to its termination faintly and wearily without a line that leaves upon the mind of the reader the reflection that he has been perusing a work to which he may return with renewed pleasure. It is singular that so perfect a master of his art should have overlooked this point, for he could not have intended to try how far he could lead his verse to please by extreme gentleness and even tameness as it had before astonished by the vigour and strength it displayed. He composed much of "Theodoric" in his study in Seymour Street. I wrote letters there once while he worked at his task. He corrected several of the proofs while I was present, during which I employed myself in reading; for at such times there was not a word of conversation. Although he spoke of what he had in hand, I never saw the entire manuscript until just before he had copied it out for the printer. When he mentioned the title, I said, "What the king of the Ostrogoths?"

"No, no," he replied; "a love-story. I have only borrowed the name."

It was kept standing in type by the printer for a few weeks to receive his final corrections.

Campbell was, one day about that time, surprised by a call from the son of Brant, or Brandt, the Indian chief whom he had charged with such atrocities in his "Gertrude." Some travellers, and among them Lieutenant Hall, of the dragoons, had, in visiting America, made mention in their published tours, of an Indian chief having held the rank of colonel in the British service in America. The stranger was the only son of the Indian chief whom Campbell thus denounced as the destroyer of the village of Wyoming, upon the banks of the Susquehanna, where now stands the town of Wilksbarre. It appeared that Brandt had settled in Canada under the protection of his British allies: that he had accustomed his people, the Mohawks, to farming; had built a church, and translated one of the Gospels into the Mohawk language. His grave was found by Lieutenant Hall (so his travels stated) under the walls of the church he had erected. He left behind him a son and daughter. The British government had erected a large house for the chief near Burlington, on Lake Erie. His son was a fine young man, of gentlemanly manners and appearance, who spoke and wrote English well, dressed in the English fashion, and was a lieutenant in the English service. His sister would not have disgraced the circles of fashion in Europe; her face and person were fine and graceful. She spoke English elegantly, and comported herself in speech and manners with almost Oriental softness.

This much had been known in Europe, though until the unexpected event of young Brant (as the Indian name should be spelled) coming to England, Campbell had not any other knowledge of the chief than that he might have gleaned from the "History of the Destruction of Wyoming

by the English and Indians in 1778," and that history, in some points, appears to have been exceedingly erroneous. The inhabitants were nearly all massacred, of three hundred men only four escaping. The commanders on both sides are said to have been named Butler. Brant, the Mohawk chief, was many miles from the spot when the battle took place. Campbell, with a poet's licence and haste, had taken the current account of this battle, in which Brant was represented as a monster, whereas he was an Indian of singularly civilised habits. All this became known to him for a fact by young Brant coming to England. A friend of Campbell's first announced such an event, and that the young Indian chief had documents which would incontestibly prove his father's innocence. Campbell stated that he had, as poets had done from time immemorial, drawn upon imagination for the larger part of the incidents in the poem, taking the name of Brant from history. He stated that he could not dream at the time he did so that an Indian chief would ever be affected by it, much less peruse its contents. It must be admitted that with the state of information in England even in 1808, it might as well have been imagined that the St. Lawrence should flow to London as that the people represented, and believed in England to be horrible savages, putting prisoners to unheard of tortures, and scarcely attaining beyond animal existence, should find an individual in their number who could be as sensitive as Brant was about his father's fair fame. Time and the march of information had in twenty years done wonders in England, as well as in America, and the son of the redoubted chief, whom Campbell represented as heading the slaughter at Wyoming, entered the poet's dwelling in London to ask that redress for his father's memory which the poet could not but be gratified in conceding. I think Campbell informed me afterwards, that young Brant had become Lieutenant-colonel Brant. Campbell was much taken with his gentlemanly manners and address. This incident was, upon the whole, a singular and touching event in the poet's life.

In the letter which he wrote to Brant and published, he says, that he "took the liberty of a versifier to run away from fact into fancy, like a schoolboy who never dreams that he is a truant when he rambles on a holiday from school. It seems, however, that I falsely represented Wyoming," (Campbell alludes here to the Canada newspapers,) "as a terrestrial paradise. It was not so, say the Canadian papers, because it contained a great number of Tories; and, undoubtedly, that cause goes far to account for the fact. Earthly paradises, however, are not lasting things, and Tempe and Arcadia may have their drawbacks on happiness as well as Wyoming. I must, nevertheless, still believe, that it was a flourishing colony, and that its destruction furnished a just warning to human beings against war and revenge. But the whole catastrophe is affirmed in a Canadian newspaper to have been nothing more than a fair battle. If this be the fact, let accredited signatures come forward to attest it, and vindicate the innocence and honourableness of the whole transaction, as your father's character has been vindicated. An error about him by no means proves the whole account of the business to be a fiction. Who would not wish its atrocity to be disproved! But who can think it disproved by a single defender, who writes anonymously and without definable weight or authority?"

There was a note subjoined to the letter thus addressed to Brant, which slightly noticed his own feelings about hostile criticism, and the submission.

sion of his works to the censorship of friends. I believe, from something like the best part of thirty years' closer intimacy with Campbell for a good part of that time than any other man, I believe that what he states is strictly correct. Except in early life, when he submitted, to the kind advice and critical judgment of Dr. Anderson, the manuscript copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," he consulted nobody in the composition of his poems. In solitude and silence he conceived and composed them. He was a proud man in this sense; he would have thought it an insult to his own understanding to consult this individual or that, who might be among his friends, and to take their judgment in preference to his own, after his former efforts had been crowned with great success. He might have read the manuscript to a friend or two before he put it into the printer's hand, but only when it was perfected. The world has a notion that a different is a wise course, because in these matters the world is as foolish as its own idea. Who are the critics of the hour, but men nine times out of ten utterly incapable of exhibiting a tithe of the merit upon which they assume to sit in judgment? If Racine read his verses to an old woman, it was only that he might avail himself of obvious objections that would strike plain minds before a theatrical audience, and afford him the means of considering such as might merit alteration. Such is the corruption of what is miscalled criticism in modern times, that interest, party feeling, private dislike, or the reverse, govern notices of new works, since criticisms they cannot be called, where no analysis of such works takes place—where the critic, self-styled, rarely gives the work he treats upon even a decent perusal. It becomes a writer, therefore, who has a particle of self-respect left, rather to suffer a fault to pass than submit his labours to empirics, and place himself in the position of the man who, in trying to please every body, pleased nobody, and lost his labour.

Campbell says, I have no doubt with the most perfect truth,—“Nor did I ever lean on the taste of others with that miserable distrust of my own judgment, which the anecdote conveys,” referring to a statement from which Washington Irving, in a biographical notice prefixed to an American edition of “Gertrude of Wyoming,” infers that he did. In regard to criticism, he was too proud to exhibit what he felt, though “as far as authors generally are from bowing to the justice of hostile criticism,” to use his own words. That he did feel it, and deeply, there is no doubt, but he never showed that he did so, otherwise than in some distaste to the individual from whom it originated. He never appeared to have a dread of it; no one could imagine this to be the case from his previous bearing, for he thought it would be a weakness to exhibit the cause. When “Theodoric” was published, I said, “You will have it from the *Quarterly*, no doubt?”—“O, I have made up my mind to that,” was his reply. When the Review appeared, I found it upon his study table. “You have got the Review, I see?”—“Yes,” he replied, in perfect good humour; “they are not quite so fierce upon me as I thought they would be.” No more passed, and, considering that the two “great” Reviews, as they were always styled, *par excellence*, mainly depended upon vituperating the literary works of their political antagonists, Campbell, a Whig, had nothing more to expect than he received, more especially when the poem was so much inferior to his preceding performances, of which he was himself conscious, or I certainly imagined him to be so. In such a case, had the poem been far more worthy of critical commenda-

tion, unless it fairly outdid any or indeed all his previous efforts, it would have been received with coldness.

Campbell, notwithstanding what I believe to be the correctness of the above statement, could not forgive any one who made a blow at him, where the result would not admit of being interpreted but to his disadvantage. He felt, then, that he had the worst of the matter at issue, the criticism was no party or personal matter, and that he was, in consequence, so far injured. This it must be confessed he never forgot. He did not care what spleen, or party feeling, or malevolence might do; these unjust attacks his own position and consciousness of merit might repel, but real justice in an attack struck home, and he never got over his antipathy to its author.

Hazlitt had justice on his side, when he said of Campbell, that though he loved popularity, self-respect was the primary law—the condition on which it was to be obtained. He never tolerated the remarks made by this writer, although it cannot be denied that Hazlitt has commended his poetry in the highest terms; he has given the poet all but boundless praise. But his remarks were neutralised in Campbell's estimation by the discovery that one of the lines in the "*Pleasures of Hope*" was a borrowed line, unintentionally there is no doubt; Campbell's pride would have at once prevented the accident had he been aware of it. Perhaps it was passed over even in his young years through one of those abstractions already alluded to, as so unaccountable in his after life; haply he had forgotten that he had read Blair, and the line remained confounded with his own verses in his mind. No matter, Hazlitt, amid the highest encomiums on his poetry, mentioned the circumstance, and added, that the best line in the poem—

Like angel visits few and far between
was borrowed from Blair's grave—

Like angel visits, short and far between.

This feeling exhibited itself in numberless instances; even while speaking in terms of praise of the essays of that writer, Campbell vented his ire upon the man. He declared to me, that Hazlitt had been a means of irritating John Scott to such a degree, that it was one cause of his going out in the duel where he fell: that Hazlitt was a dangerous man.

I was anxious that Hazlitt's contributions should be received in the *Magazine*, being well aware of the feeling of Campbell towards him. Before the "*Spirits of the Age*" appeared in a volume, Hazlitt had made known the incident respecting the line from Blair. Campbell never referred to that circumstance in our conversation about Hazlitt's contributions, as it might be judged he would not, since it might induce a suspicion of the cause of his antipathy, at least, so I imagined—but I was wrong here. A paper on Milton's "*Comus*," which I had written, and in which, without thinking about it, I had commented upon Pope's borrowing from Milton, word for word, in the epistle of "*Eloise and Abenard*," and had further remarked that Pope had diminished the grace of Milton's language by his interpolations, I showed to the poet at the time we had been talking of Hazlitt. This was ill-timed, but Campbell, so far from applying it as he might have done, to a parallel between himself and Blair, and imagining, as I had fought strenuously for

the admission of Hazlitt's articles, that I had something personal in view in such a paper, whereas the coincidence was perfectly accidental ; said it was curious he had not remarked Pope's plagiarisms himself, and seemed rather pleased with the observation. I had wished the article in the fire when it was too late ; yet it went into the *Magazine*. How very different would a suspicious mind have acted under the circumstances. The simplicity and integrity of Campbell's heart prevented that construction, which, without much blame, any one might have been induced to construe into design. His habitual forgetfulness could not have interposed here. I believe a more guileless man, one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed.

Still his prejudices were insurmountable where the error detected was founded on justice and could not be set aside. The "Spirits of the Age" was not published until 1825, but the remarks of the critic had a long prior existence, indeed as far back as 1816 or 1817, when they were first broached by Hazlitt in his lectures. It was difficult to imagine how Campbell at that time writhed under a few remarks that could not do him the slightest injury in reality and would not have affected any other human being at all. No writer is faultless, and Campbell's lofty elevation and established reputation as a poet it was impossible could be affected by observations which it was natural enough for any critic to entertain, and in the present case, made by one then almost unknown. He would not from indolence or self-love correct palpable mistakes in his works acknowledged to be such by himself, and it was too much to suppose they would not be matter of comment to critics. Hazlitt was splenetic and dealt unsparingly with some writers, but he by no means used Campbell so very hardly, as his character of the poet's verse in the "Spirits of the Age" abundantly testifies.

To show where this distasteful feeling had its origin, it happened that in some of Hazlitt's lectures, his remarks had excited the notice and, called forth the comment of a countryman who was a friend of Campbell's friend, Thomas Pringle. This was as early as 1818. Pringle gave the poet an intimation of this advocacy and a copy of the article. It was grateful to the poet beyond conception, and his written reply to Pringle on the occasion, dated from Sydenham, showed how deeply any remarks that he did not conceive friendly really wounded him at the time, notwithstanding his effort to appear regardless of them. After thanking Pringle cordially and gratefully for his statement about Hazlitt, he continued as follows :— "I will not pretend to be an utterly impartial judge, but neither will I submit to say, but that I think his bold style a torrent which will possibly brawl itself away a little sooner than you imagine. Of the bitterness of his heart and of the causes of his hostility to me, I know more than to attach importance to his opinion. My insensibility to his attack may arise from self-respect or from self-conceit, just as charity or severity may choose to explain it. But no feelings which I have had upon the subject interfere with the gratitude which I owe to you and to your friend. It is a kind, friendly, timely act of goodness. The spirit of your interference is generous. I will let any man read the preface, and say impartially if it be not ably and elegantly written. I feel myself honoured by your friend's vindication, both by the matter and by the manner of it. As to the spirit which pervades it, I am absolutely unable to thank you com-

pletely. No man could ask his dearest friend to write such an article. It comes spontaneously from a stranger. It is pure, gratuitous, unprompted zeal. Kingdoms could not purchase such a favourable spirit in the breast of one man for the fair fame of another. Kings and autocrats have no friends who cannot be suspected, but here is a poor poet who has a man of zeal and abilities to be a champion in the cause of his reputation. It matters not what I am, or with what egotism I may feel the obligation, but if I were not sensible to it I should be a miserable icicle of insensibility. Lastly, it comes from my native country, and the writer is my countryman. If he should be partial to me, the partiality is the more touching from the ties of native attachment with which it binds me to the name of Scotland." Such was the reply of the poet to Pringle, which bears out the remarks above made.

It will be seen how much the poet really felt while affecting not to feel about what was, in itself, of trivial importance. If Hazlitt really pointed out critical errors, the statement of that fact was surely not blameable in one who owed the poet nothing; if the criticism were erroneous it could do no mischief to a reputation so firmly fixed upon a proud and elevated basis as that of Campbell.

Byron justly says in his correspondence, speaking of Coleridge's lectures, "he (Coleridge) has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Rogers was present and heard himself indirectly rowed by the lecturer. Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive; what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can he fear from criticism!"

Now as with Hazlitt, so with Coleridge, though in a less degree, for Coleridge spoke of the style of poetry and did not criticise the individual. He attacked all works of that peculiar class. Campbell ever showed a great distaste afterwards towards Coleridge. Indeed he was, speaking of his better days, no lover of the Lake School of poets generally. He was no believer in their theories, theories delivered with no small mixture of conceit and self-assumption. Campbell thought that while doing good in untrammelling writers from superfluous and custom-ridden rules, they, on the other hand, went too far, and substituted licentiousness in place of wholesome freedom, when they scorned to discipline their verse and advocated its running wild without curb or rein. He contended that painstaking in composition and careful finish were necessary to ensure endurance in poetry, and that poetical composition requires pruning and judicious management to bear good fruit fully as much as the espalier of the garden.

His beautiful poem of "The Last Man" was written in 1824, and first published in the *New Monthly Magazine*. He imagined that Byron had taken the idea from him in the poem entitled "Darkness," beginning—

I had a dream, it was not all a dream.

He said that he had once mentioned that very subject to Byron, in St. James's Street, and that Byron had carried away the idea. I happened to know that with Byron the poem of "Darkness" originated in a conversation with Shelley as they were standing together in a day of brilliant sunshine, looking upon the lovely expanse of the Lake of Geneva. Shelley

said "What a change it would be if the sun were to be extinguished at this moment; how the race of man would perish until perhaps only one remained—suppose one of us! How terrible would be his fate!" or words to the same effect. Campbell would not admit this, but tenaciously adhered to the idea that Byron had committed the larceny. I observed to him that the idea of one man, the last of his race, remaining when all besides were destroyed, was a very obvious one. That Byron's poem had nothing more. The image of a sun quenched suddenly in eternal night, and its consequences, might have been original with both, though I was very sure I had seen it years before either had written upon it. He then began to wax warm at the very supposition, so much so that I did not like to prolong the argument. He claimed the idea of a last man existing when all the rest were no more, wholly and solely as his own idea. He did not claim the concomitant darkness which Byron introduced. I told him I would endeavour to find the passage to which I alluded and show it to him.

No one will regret that both Campbell and Byron wrote upon the same subject: their poems are both exquisitely beautiful, and yet bear little resemblance to each other. They speak how various are the phases of genius, and yet how perfect each may be in itself.

I found the image in an obscure poem, the date of which was 1811; the lines were as follow, and I took them to Campbell, who had clung to the opinion that the idea was primitive with himself; he could not gainsay a printed work.

Thus when creation's destined course is run
And shrinking nature views the expiring sun,
Some awful sage, the last of human race,
Faith in his soul and courage in his face,
Unmoved shall brave the moment of affright
When chaos reassumes the crown of night.

"You are right," said Campbell, "the idea is not original with me. I thought it had been, for I never met with it before. Foscolo has said rightly enough, that original ideas are few, the modes of putting them are countless, and there I suppose lies the novelty."

It has been stated how much Campbell was taken with political economy and doctrines that, however clear in themselves, and beneficial in their results to the nation, had not at that time the smallest chance of being adopted by the government. These principles became subjects of discussion at the poet's almost daily. The early volumes of the *Magazine* bear evidence that they were then matured in minds hopeless of seeing any other benefit from them than that arising from the discussion of fifty other great and beneficial truths of a public character opposed to dominant interests. Not but that there were a few in parliament who, fully assenting to those doctrines, never expected to see them become the guides of our legislation. When so long afterwards Mr. Villiers, to whom the merit belongs primarily of bringing forward in parliament, year after year, in the repeal of the corn-laws, one of those great principles, nobody expected to see it prevail there, until, like the slave-trade repeal, thirty or forty sessions had been occupied in convincing unfighteous interests that the principle of justice was not extinct among mankind. For a time

there were animated conversations about these doctrines *pro* and *con*. Campbell had friends on both sides of the question.

"You are obstinate," Campbell would say. "You are blind at noon-day, 'as the blind that gropeth in darkness.'"

"But consider, Campbell, we cannot cultivate the ground 'under so much per quarter for wheat; how shall men with landed estates live? It is all very well for you poets. How shall we keep our incomes?"

"You must lower your rents," Campbell would reply. "We who have no landed estates, and are twenty to one in the community to you—we have a right to live also; our incomes may fall fifty per cent. and you won't concern yourselves about us. We deny your assumptive superiority. What is your claim to exemption from the rest of the community?"

"But land is every thing, Campbell; all the nation has is based upon land."

"Not upon landholders," Campbell would archly reply. "The Dutch have no paramount landed interest, and for that reason they never have a famine. Come, my friend, it is all self-interest under a mask. There was an old woman in my country who for many long years sold the best 'bannocks' in her neighbourhood; every body bought them of the old crone. She fancied nobody had a right to sell 'bannocks' but herself. A good many people were of her opinion. A rival came and settled in the neighbourhood, selling as good bannocks—capital bannocks, and a small 'stoup of brose' into the bargain, at the same price. The auld wifie complained and whined about her 'vested interest,' and how, but for her 'bannocks,' people must have gone without. Now," said Campbell, "you landowners are old wifes, and want an exclusive right to 'bannock-selling'; that is the whole matter. You are 'pauky' fellows."

In this way Campbell would argue the point pleasantly with Mr. C—— and Lord Dillon, and two or three others, who took the anti-popular side of the question. He had no Scotch accent discoverable in conversation, unless where he chose to put it on for humour's sake, and this he would frequently do on such occasions as the above. It is long before the simplest principles, however useful, can be made prevalent. By little and little springs up the grain of mustard seed, that is to expand into a goodly tree. I have often thought since upon these discussions, at a time when the "wisdom of Parliament," in the large majority counted there was a wisdom not appearing to be with the multitude of counsellors. The poet was cold in death when Peel, more far-seeing than his old friends, and pressed upon by the conviction of its necessity, freed his wrists from the handcuffs of a self-interested party; vindicated his own reason, and scattered to the winds the law, the existence of which was the best proof upon what principles the people of England had been too long governed. The poet was no more, but his advocacy of the triumphant principle, twenty-five years before his decease, is an evidence of his patriotism and soundness of judgment. Thus, among intellectual persons, in privacy, the principles cultivated are convassed, that come forth at last to change the policy of governments and amend society, scattering before them in the dust the crumbling, yet cherished, edifices created by the hoary ignorance or self-willed interests of bygone times.

THE SACRO MONTE OF VARESE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS."

Where the stone cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Non fulge dì, non fulge ora del giorno,
Che sul monte preganti alme non meni.
Sono pii villanelli del cotorno
Che invocare messi a' patrii lor terreni;
Sono un padre sanato, e a lui d' intorno
I figli suoi di gratitudine pieni;
Son donne antichi e vergini montane
Vestite a fogge in un leggiadre, e strone.

SILVIO PELLICO.—I SANCTUARII.

VARESE is an amusing and handsome town. It is situated in a very rich country, stands very high, and commands, besides the large lakes, two smaller ones, Varese and Comabbio. There are many magnificent villas belonging to the Milanese noblesse; it is preferred by them either to the lakes of Como or Maggiore. We saw many noble terraces and elevations—indeed, the whole drive, from the shores of the Maggiore to Como, was a series of villas and churches, interrupted only by vignas, their purple clusters just beginning to ripen. The stella at which I put up is the best of the locandas at Varese; it was dirty, and *Italian* more than enough, in all its arrangements. On awaking in the morning I was surprised to find Guercino's Aurora, of Villa Rospigliosi celebrity, beautifully worked upon my counterpane. The quantity of jewellers' shops is surprising, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of the pins worn in the hair by the peasants of the Milanese, and no where are they so splendid as in this district. At the time of my visit, there was a great cattle fair going on, and the squares were crowded with oxen. They were very handsome animals, generally of a beautiful dun colour; not, however, to be compared with the *bore* of the Campagna di Roma, or with the milk white, dove-eyed beauties, which abound about Clitumnus and in the Tuscan territory.

The Duomo is fine externally, and the internal decorations are in good keeping; there are many frescoes by "Del Sole," Bianchi, and Morazzone, which are not, except the latter, of the first order of art; yet they are well drawn, and are good specimens of the powers of the artists. A number of them were engaged in preparing the roof of the edifice for painting in fresco—it was about to be entirely renewed. I climbed up upon the scaffold to examine the process, but found the artists to be merely a band of young men tracing upon the prepared walls those ornaments and architectural prospectives which some abler hand had designed. The huge pieces of coarse paper upon which the drawings had been prepared had been punctured with pins; these they laid upon the stucco, and by rubbing the surface with small bags of muslin filled with pounded charcoal, enough of the charcoal found its way through the pin holes to trace the desired figures on the wall when the paper was removed. I was

disappointed not to find any of the artists to whom the painting department belonged, that I might see the completion of the process, and the method of fresco painting now practised in the north of Italy. It is thought that the natives of Piedmont are making great progress in the art.

A drive of about half a mile brought us to the foot of the mountain, where we halted. We were soon attracted to the window of the locanda where we left our char by the cry of "*Sella Inglese*." The ragged rascals who supply the devout with quadrupeds had already discovered our nation, and accordingly a side-saddle, which is their translation of "*sella Inglese*," waited underneath till it was our pleasure to wrangle for it and the animal which bore it. The bargain was concluded for it and a couple of companions, and we got under weigh for the mountain. Half way up we were amused with seeing a party of native ladies riding comfortably along without any fuss or difficulty in any thing but the fashion of our countrywomen ; to Italian women a side-saddle is little known, without any nonsense they get upon a common saddle in the quietest and neatest manner possible, knowing no other way of riding, and without apparently any *gêne* to themselves are carried along delightfully. So well did this party arrange themselves that their pretty little feet and well-turned ankles were hardly visible. I had seen this manner of riding amongst the peasant women in the villages about the Campagna di Roma, more especially at the fair at Grotta Ferrata, where a number of women, in the picturesque costume of Larriceia Albano and Nettuno, were congregated ; but in one respect there was no resemblance, the peasant women displaying their well-formed legs, as well as their feet and ankles, for the benefit of all beholders.

On entering the portal of the sanctuary, on which are the words "*Fon-datio ejus in Montibus*," a very broad well-paved zig-zag leads from chapel to chapel. It is totally wanting in the wildness and wooded character of that of Varallo, which is such a labyrinth that it is almost difficult to visit the buildings in due order; still the more formal approach to that of Varese has a grand character, which is most strikingly crowned by the buildings, church and village, which are the culminating point of the hill.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SACRO MONTE OVER VARESE.

The Holy Mountain (so called), above the royal city of Varese, lies in the province of Como ; it crowns and overlooks the town, and is its principal ornament, as it rises like a pyramid, from foundations of a considerable size, and separated from the surrounding hills, which shut it in to the south, and flank the "*Garden of Italy*." It rises, for two miles, in the form of an acute cone, to a very great height, and the view from north to south, and far over to the west, offers an uninterrupted, interminable prospect. The eye roams over the grand plains of Lombardy, now lost in the immense distance, now dwelling with admiration, on lakes, villages, and towns. The edifices on the top and sides of the sacred rock, disposed in pleasing perspective, represent to the eye a mountain town ; on the southern side the hill is clothed with laurels, vineyards, and gardens ; where the snow never lays (says our guide-book),

and where, even in winter, a constant spring smiles. The River Olona runs at the bottom.

This situation was once the key of Lombardy from the south ; and " in these environs there was a good garrison," which watched over the movements of the mountaineers, who often made incursions from the three lakes over these valleys ; there are many remains of towers and fortifications in the immediate neighbourhood ; and it is said that Varese, which is just at the exit of the valleys of the Alps, *ad vallis exitum*, was the site of a strong fortress for the defence of Insubria against the Rhetians ; and that the Roman Catholics having here fought the Arians, the latter got the worst of it. It is certain, however, that there is no mention of any such contests in the " Life of St. Ambrosius," written by Paolina, nor in the letters of that saint to Mirallina, which throw much suspicion on the opinion ; particularly as the saint mentioned to his sister the most minute occurrences of that skirmish. Others say that every single fact cannot possibly be found in contemporary authors ; there are many things in St. Ambrosio omitted by Paolina, and *vice versa*. Though we cannot receive all traditions, we must take many things on trust, that are not repugnant to common belief, to reason, and report, though they may not be found in writing, which may have happened by the omissions of authors, or the loss of MSS. That all St. Ambrosio's letters have not reached us may be gathered from certain letters of the Brothers Ratisbonensis (in the archives of the Ambrosian Library), who, in the eleventh century, occupied themselves by collecting the " Ambrosian Martyrology," and the works of St. Ambrosio. In this work they mention, incidentally, having discovered some letters of his in the cathedral at Rheims, but that some, either hidden or lost, could not be recovered. Certain it is, that a manuscript catalogue of the archbishop's, which is to be found in the Ambrosian Library, contains a short account of the Life of St. Ambrosio, wherein the slaughter of the Arians on Mount Velate, above Varese, is described. This catalogue was continued, by different pens, to a later date ; but the first compiler was anterior to the eleventh century. How fierce were the strifes between the Catholics and the Arians may be read in the work of Vicenzio Lerinese. After the year 1177, the governor Amnyro resided on the mountain, and we read in P. Galdino, that this fortress was surprised by a hostile party from Seprio, partisans of Barbarossa. In these days, curiosity, admiration, and piety, are constantly attracting to the Sacro Monte of Varese strangers and people of Lombardy of all ranks.

The origin of the worship of the Virgin on this mountain is lost in the obscurity of the past ages. The few monuments remaining attest that it began not later than the beginning of the eleventh century, thus making the age of the sanctuary to be about one thousand years. It is known that, from that time, the church was the uninterrupted habitation of a band of resident clergy, from which we may argue that long before 1017, religious worship was there performed, with every solemnity, for had not this sanctuary been already celebrated, there would not have resided in it a priest with full privileges, nor would the sanctuary have been decorated in preference to other churches, far from lightly endowed, and especially to the collegiate church at Varese, taking also into consideration its elevated situation, which rendered it difficult of access for pilgrims.

From 1017, to the present time, the religious worship of the place has never been interrupted; its priests can be, many of them, traced in succession. St. Carlo Borromeo made the office of its vicar a perpetual one: before his time a monastery had been formed by a noble lady, Catherine Moriggi, of Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore, about 1502, and Leo X. gave up all reserves to that foundation, to which the service of the church was attached; it may, therefore, safely be argued, that this religious institution has descended regularly since the earliest times. It has been enriched, by many noble families connected with its clergy and the country, and, in later days, by the Roman pontiffs.

Prior to the sixteenth century, though the ascent of the hill was very steep and fatiguing, the multitude of visitors was very great. Tecla Maria Cist, the wife of a general in the Spanish army, was the first person to whom it occurred to erect a building on the hill, which might serve as shelter and a resting-place to the pious. Thus was the first impetus given to this great work, which was afterwards carried out at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by a Capuchin friar of Monza, who imparted his wish to see erected there the "Fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary," to a priest, who was curate of Malnate. The latter became so interested in the work, that he preached a crusade for that purpose, in the churches far and near, and soon succeeded in enlisting all the people of Lombardy in the undertaking. The inhabitants of Malnate had the credit of being the first to engage in the work. They built the piazza at the foot of the hill, which forms the entrance into the sanctuary. From that time, so much poured in, in alms and offerings, that the sum was quickly increased to a thousand lire, as may be seen by the archives of the establishment, in which the extraordinary excitement of the people is mentioned, whole communities depriving themselves of their clothes, "to present to the Virgin Mary."

The people of Varese, although engaged in the rebuilding of their principal church, and in spite of the disastrous times, contributed, to the amount of a thousand scudi, in jewels and money. This sum was placed in the hands of the archbishop, Frederick Borromeo,* who was at the time visiting the mountain, and offered his special assistance and protection to the work. He delegated honest and trustworthy persons at Varese, to superintend and receive the offerings for the time being, which appointments were confirmed, in 1608, by a brief from Pope Paul V.

The direction of the building was intrusted to the architect Joseph Bernasconi, of Varese, who may be reckoned to be of the Pellegrini school. He must be forgiven for some remnants of the bad Borromean taste.

The first oratory is a temple dedicated to the Conception; to which the ascent is by a flight of steps, flanked by an elegant balustrade. Here is a picture of the "Council of Trent," on one of the walls, and some other symbolical ones. The statue of the Virgin is in plaster.

N.B. This is not one of the fifteen chapels; but introductory to them. Before arriving at the first chapel of the Annunciation, there is a fine arch, adorned with statues and pillars. The statue of the Virgin is particularly well executed: the others are of saints: the interior of the arch was painted by Antonio Busca.

* He of the "Promessi Sposi."

CHAPEL I.

The Chapel of the Annunciation is turned towards the south, commanding a fine view over the Val Brinci, which descends, with many windings, towards the Lago Maggiore. The plan of the oratory is square; the entrances are ornamented with double columns. On the façade are appropriate texts in Latin. Inside is represented the humble dwelling of Nazareth. The statues are by Christoforo Prestinari.

Hard by is a picturesque spout of water, which is brought down from the mountain.

CHAPEL II.

This is a rectangular chapel on the outside, of the Ionic order, with a bold façade; at the angles are some obelisks. This was a very costly chapel. A few statues, in stucco, by Francesco Silva,* are expressive and well-designed. The cupola is painted in landscapes, perspectives, and elevations, from amidst which a thousand figures of prophets announce the birth of the forerunner of the Messiah. It is the work of Ghianda, who has also represented, in a large picture, the announcement of the birth of John to Zachariah, by the angel, whilst engaged in offering sacrifice.

From the earliest times, the painters of the Lombard school were distinguished by their love of introducing landscapes and architectural views into their pictures. It is said that Giotto, who is mentioned in the times of Dante, as having "Il grido della Pittura," never adorned his pictures with landscapes, until after his sojourn at the court of the Visconti. This style was invariably carried out by the Lombard school, and even by their sculptors; witness the façade of the Certosa, at Pavia; and that of the Duomo, at Milan, which prove the prevalence of that taste.

CHAPEL III.

The Nativity.

This chapel is superior to the former. In front, and on the two sides, there is a portico raised upon columns. The interior is oval. The cupola, cased in lead, covers a little tower in marble, which finally ends in an obelisk. On the tympanum are these words: "And she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

* Francesco Silva was born at Morbio, in 1560—studied in Rome, under Della Porta. The bassi relievi, at the entrance of St. Peter's, are by him—the model of the great fountain at Loretto, which was afterwards cast in bronze; and several statues at the Duomo of Fabriano. After his return to his native place, he executed the chapels at Varese. Il Giovio says, "These images are speaking; and such excellent works, united to such fine scenery, make it a most interesting excursion to strangers." "Christ amongst the Doctors" is truly a divine Child. The faces of the listening Jews and Pharisees are wonderful works. His last work was the "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Cathedral at Como, executed in stucco. The façade of the Church of St. Giulio, at Como, is by him; and so are the figures in two chapels in that church. He died in 1641. Silva has left proofs of his uncommon talents in ten of these chapels, as is seen by a memorial to that effect, left by his son Agostino Silva, who, in 1701, restored the works of his father. Agostino was the sculptor of the stations at the Madonna del Soccorso, on the Lake of Como. Both he and his son injured their works, by throwing off the simple style, being carried away, in search of novelty, into an inflated one.

Prestinari and Silva vied in adorning it. The Son of God, lying on his humble bed, receives the devoted worship of the humble flock. Eleven shepherds with rural instruments re-echo the praises of the angels, who, descending from above, are singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." Villa painted the interiors in four compartments. 1. The Kings of the East, with a numerous Suite, in Adoration before the Messiah. 2. The Angel warning Joseph to flee into Egypt. 3. The Patriarch hastening to comply with the Commandment, whilst the Sword of the jealous Tetrarch is put forth for the Murder of the Innocents; meantime the Holy Family accomplish their Flight. This is a fine composition. Lastly, the Flights into Egypt, executed with great truth by Villa and Pamfilo.

CHAPEL IV.

The Purification.

This chapel was finished in 1662, at the expense of an uncle and a nephew, the latter a cardinal of the Omodei family. Four doors form a cross, and support a circular chapel. The interior represents the Temple. Giovanni Ghisolfi, in order to give a greater appearance of size, imagined the expedient of painting an open peristyle of columns all around, under which various groups appear to be taking part in the ceremony that is going on. The Virgin is represented in the midst, and presents her first-born Son at the altar. There are thirteen statues, all executed by Silva, and very successfully grouped.

CHAPEL V.

Christ amongst the Doctors.

This building is so large as to be almost more than a chapel. It was founded by Archinti, Bishop of Como. It is a beautiful building—the interior forms a cross. Pamfilo painted the Four Evangelists in the corbels of the cupola above the figure of our Lord, and on the sides Sybils—on the wall opposite to the entrance, a perspective view by Villa, which is somewhat injured by time, as well as the corbels and cupola. Silva executed twenty-two figures in plaster for this representation. Twelve doctors are sitting in conclave on each side of the Saviour, who expounds to them his doctrine. The groups in general are well arranged, the attitudes varied, the dresses natural, and the expressions very spirited.

CHAPEL VI.

The Agony in the Garden.

A second arch divides the former chapels from those of the painful mysteries about to follow. The arch is of moderate architectural taste, surmounted by a statue of St. Carlo Borromeo. Here again the fountain for the refreshment of pilgrims has another exit.

The oratory represents the Garden of Gethsemane. It overlooks the beautiful Valley of Velate: it is of simple form externally, and within represents the Mount of Olives and the surrounding scenery in basso relievo. The Saviour is represented as kneeling in agony, whilst a comforting angel appears; on the descent of the hill are the three disciples asleep. The other events of the garden are pictured on the wall by

Bartolomeo Ghiandone. The subjects are—Jesus led through the streets of Jerusalem like a malefactor, Judas preparing the halter for himself. Some of them seem unfinished, and some ill-restored. Statues by Silva,

CHAPEL VII.

The Flagellation.

This chapel is circular, within and without. It is painted by Morazzone, and called his chapel. It represents the Pretorium of Pilate. On the architrave are the words, "Pilate took Jesus and scourged him." The cupola represents a cloudy sky, and angels are weeping bitterly. On the walls the subjects are, Jesus dragged from tribunal to tribunal, first taken before Herod. Next Pilate proposes the alternative of the escape of Jesus or Barabbas at the Festival of the Passover. The Jews cry out, "Crucify him!" whilst the judge, temporizing and alarmed, gives him up to be scourged. Next we have the binding to the column, all executed in a bold and masterly style by Morazzone. The figures are by Martino Reccio. Those representing the executioners are overdone, and affected by the endeavour to excite disgust. Our Lord is a simple and dignified figure. There are likewise several statues on the façade of this chapel.

CHAPEL VIII.

Jesus crowned with Thorns.

Silva again—Ten statues in plaster, horrible figures insulting the Saviour in every variety of mockery—Recchi's frescoes cover the wall—they represent Pilate washing his hands, and the preparation of the cross.

CHAPEL IX.

Ascent to the Cross.

A great mass of figures—Jesus is represented as falling under the weight of the Cross; he is dragged forward by an executioner with a rope—Some of the soldiery are on horseback—A group of women follow the procession weeping—Simon the Cyrenian assists in raising the cross—and one of the women wipes the Redeemer's face, which, according to the old legend, retains his image. The effect of the scene must have been heightened by the walls, which represented, in fresco, the inhabitants of the city pouring out to witness the execution; they are the work of Zavallone and Recchi, but are much injured by time. The Statues by Silva are extremely fine; perhaps the best he has produced.

CHAPEL X.

The Crucifixion.

A large chapel—more horribly real, more full of life, and of detail, than we had seen at Varallo or elsewhere—An immense number of figures by Bassola (before noticed as a good sculptor). The fault is want of space—The walls are also painted by him, and he has chosen the moment of the earthquake—and the fear depicted on the countenances of the standers by, who seem to feel the earth tremble under them, is wonderfully well represented—The sun is darkened, and on all sides nothing but horror and awe—The lances of the assembled soldiery are on all sides.

Some are on horseback, some revile the meek sufferers. The figures on the walls take up the tale, and the number of spectators seems innumerable—Antonia Basca is the painter. Amongst the most prominent of the figures is that of the Virgin Mary, and the other women; both in dress and expression, every figure in the chapel is wonderful.

CHAPEL XI.

The Resurrection.

Figures by Silva—Paintings by Campione, who has represented Paradise, and the elect going forth triumphant to meet the Lord, who rises immortal from the sepulchre. The statue of the Lord seems literally to be rising in the air, and is one of Silva's best works; the Soldiery sleep around the Tomb; they fall back dazzled, seeming to have been awakened for a moment.

CHAPEL XII.

The Ascension.

Statues by Silva—The Virgin and Apostles grouped around, look on with an expression of grief and love, while the Lord is taken from them into Heaven. The angels above are singing a song of triumph. The paintings are by the two Lampugnani.

CHAPEL XIII.

The Day of Pentecost.

The subject is a very difficult one to express, and there is apt to be something rather absurd in the representation of cloyen tongues. This chapel was not adorned with statues until 1684. The brothers Grandis of Varese painted the scenery of the walls. Frederigo of Masnago added to it groups of figures, they are sitting around, accompanied by the three Marys. Fifteen figures in all.

CHAPEL XIV.

The Ascension of the Virgin.

The statues by Silva. The Virgin carried up into Heaven by eight Angels. The Apostles are represented as regarding the empty tomb. Legnani painted it in 1717 for the sum of three thousand scudi. Giralaldi finished the work on Legnani's death.

This is the last chapel, from it a wide path leads to the church. At the heads of the last staircase there is a fine piece of architecture, in the centre of which is a colossal statue of Moses from either side the water pours forth in great abundance; it is the source of the Mavemma, and is carried down from a high hill to the left of Varese, after supplying the convent, it is conducted here and there to the little fountains above-mentioned.

From the platform, in front of the church, the view is glorious; the Lakes of Varese, Comabbio and Ternate, two smaller ones lying near and to the south-west, two branches of the Maggiore; to the east lies Como, and to the south, stretching far away and dotted with innumerable towns and villages, are the plains of Lombardy, with Milan and its cathedral conspicuous objects. Beneath us lay Varese with its numerous villas, embosomed in vines, and having its slopes covered with all the luxuriant foliage of an Italian landscape; here and there a stone pine or a cypress reared their wide spreading or spiral forms in strong contrast to the wild and different character of the scenery which closed

the landscape to the north, where the snow-clad Alps towered above the fertile south in an iron-bound line as far as the eye could reach, peak above peak; and the whole bathed in the western sun, was one of the finest, bird's-eye views possibly to conceive.

The church is not large, but is overloaded with ornament; there are many pictures, but none particularly good. The building is very ancient, and there is an under church, rude and curious. It has been adorned and endowed by a number of potentates; amongst others by many of "the Sforza" family.

The convent was founded about 1454, by a young lady of the family of Moriggi, who, from a very early age, consecrated herself to the monastic life. She had several companions, and they lived in a cave until Sixtus IV. gave them permission to change their hermitage into a monastery; they observed the Augustine rule, with the Ambrosian ceremonies. In 1582, the Archdeacon Gasparino Porro yielded to them the funds belonging to the church. In twenty-four years after the death of the founders the house contained fifty nuns. In 1798, the Cisalpine government suppressed the convent, which had flourished for more than three centuries. The patrimony of the convent was in great part dispersed together with that of the sanctuary. In 1803, what remained unsold of the patrimony of the sanctuary was erected by the government into a parish, with provision for a priest as rector of the sanctuary, with four assistants.

The first care of the restored managers was to repair the plaster figures, and in many cases to recolour them. They also erected the architectural fountain, mentioned above. In 1822, such of the old nuns as remained were permitted to return to their convent, with many from other suppressed monasteries. A modified regola is adopted there, and they keep an elementary school for the children of the neighbourhood.

The "Sacro Monte" over Duomo d'Ossola has been allowed to fall into ruin; even at its best it must have been very inferior to any of those we had visited. The summit of the hill upon which several of the last chapels are situated is a fine *mélange* of conventual buildings, arches, cypress, pine, and bay. The view from it commands the Simplon Road, the valley thence towards the Maggiore Lake. In concluding the subject of Sanctuaries and Calvaries, I cannot but consider it extraordinary that they should have been so little visited or noticed by the lovers of Art. There are few places from the "North Cape to Botany Bay" but are familiar to most readers, owing to the indefatigable research of our travellers. Strange that they should have overlooked these wonderful establishments. The solution probably lies in their easiness of access. Situated no further off than the Hills of Piedmont, they required no enterprise to reach them. Protestants are apt, too, to turn with a feeling of disgust from such representations; but these feelings might alike apply to paintings from which statues in plaster only differ by being more vivid and more alive. That the lower order ignorantly worship and bow down to what is merely intended as a representation is unfortunately too true, but this is equally the case with every picture on a sacred subject.

I was much pleased to find in the life of the learned and excellent Dr. Arnold, a notice of how much he had been interested by a visit to Varese, and how far from disgusted by the subject of the chapels.

It is still more strange that the admirable painters of Piedmont should

have been so much overlooked; in these days, too, when so much is said and written about art, and of fresco painting in particular, in which lay their great power. I am at a loss which to consider most wonderful, the vast expense of the works that were executed, or the numbers of artists (many of them in very early times) who were found to adorn the chapels with painting and sculpture. The fact seems to me to have been that a very strong religious feeling animated many of the artists, and that the great encouragement afforded by such undertakings produced a host of minor scholars, to fill up and carry out their designs. No later than the middle of the sixteenth century, the best era of art, Gaudenzio Ferrari, the friend and pupil of Raphael, painted at Varallo; and we find him with other good artists covering walls containing hundreds of figures, many of them grouped and designed by himself. Yet do these chapels remain almost unvisited except by the native worshippers. I cannot help hoping that this slight sketch, by an humble amateur, may be the means of inducing those who are now engaged in the great work of endeavouring to restore fresco-painting to visit this northern corner of Italy.

At Varese I left my friends and descended to the Como Lake. I took up my abode at Menaggio, for the purpose of making some sketches both of the scenery and the beautiful heads of the women. In my upward course I again visited the Madonna del Soccorso, and landed to sketch the deep cascade of the picturesque village of Nesso, which lies lower down on the Como side. Before leaving the lake, having a few idle hours to dispose of, I took boat and landed at Bellagio, where I occupied myself with finishing up the fair faces of my Menaggio models. I found the Donzella of the house, who placed some figs and cool wine upon the table, exceedingly interested with the recognition of some of them, who turned out to be particular friends of hers. She requested I would make a drawing of her. As she was very handsome, and "spoke me so fair," I could do no less than comply. Just as I had finished her, I heard from the balcony above a voice that there was no mistaking—there could not be a second. Shortly after, on looking into the strangers' book—I am ashamed to confess for what purpose (that of stealing a leaf for an outline, all my drawing-paper being expended)—I found the following entry, which sufficiently accounted for the voice from the balcony. The ink was hardly yet dry upon it; it stood thus—"M. Lablache et sa famille, qui se compose d'une femme et d'un chien.—Le 21 Août, 1845."

From Como a beautiful drive through a country half Swiss and half Italian in its character leads to Lugano. A large and rambling inn by the lake-side was filled with families, servants, squalling children, and noisy vetturrini. The lake wants the extreme beauty and softness of Como, but cannot be called other than beautiful. In the Capuchin Church there is a noble work by Luini—a screen which separates the choir from the body of the church, wholly covered with the representation of the Crucifixion; a great work, free from the stiffness which characterises his easel pictures. The cloister into which we were shown by a good-humoured Capuchin contains a fine work of his preserved under a glass.

Milan, with its broad streets, smart hotels, and gay shops, has, at first glance, more the air of a French than an Italian town. Independently of its stupendous Duomo, it is rich in church architecture; many of them are remarkable in external and internal decorations. The Duomo, so

often described, has been invaluable to all connoisseurs in architecture, as affording them the opportunity of pulling it to pieces in detail; but with all its faults—its heaviness, Grecian windows, with Gothic arches, its mixed and incongruous architecture it is, as a structure, grand and imposing; and nowhere is the “dim religious awe” more deeply felt, whether wandering amidst its groves of pillars, and groups of worshippers engaged in the solemnity of high mass, or in distant aisles where all is solitude. And the whisper of some aged suppliant, at a retired altar, alone breaks the silence. At such times it is that its stupendous effect alone is felt, and as one gazes upon the pile without, all idea of its imperfections are absorbed. Vastness, and the extraordinary whiteness of the marble (unimpaired by the climate) particularly strike the northern eye, every statue and pinnacle retain their beauty, and come forth sharp-cut out against the clear blue sky.

Unluckily, the walls of the Breda were embarrassed with an exhibition of gaudy modern pictures, which, as an Italian painter observed to me, “Facevan’ mal all’occhio,” so that it was with difficulty we could make out the celebrities we had come to seek. One modern picture, there was of much merit, Raphael making the original sketch upon the end of a barrel for the Madonna della Seggiola, for which the lovely Roman model, Grazia, was seated on a broken column, with a child in her arms. Various of Raphael’s fellow-workmen are gathered round him, and both the composition and colouring excessively well managed.

The beautiful chef-d’œuvre of Guercino’s, “Hagar dismissed by Abraham,” escaped the general covering up, and in spite of the glare of the modern pictures and expectations highly raised, did not disappoint. It has more expression, more poetry, than in any work I have elsewhere seen of his, and one feels deeply for the young mother and her child about to be sent forth into the perils of the desert.

In the Ambrosian Library is the grand Cartoon of the school of Athens; it is enough that it is Raphael’s. Some Titians there are, and a St. Sebastian by Giorgione; vast rooms, and a large collection of manuscripts.

Though it was far too early for the Milanese world, who were all in “villeggiatura,” the Scala was open. It was, however, so ill lit that it did not produce its full effect; neither was there any thing on this evening, either in the singers or the opera, to make up for the beggarly account of empty boxes. We had a “mélange,” part of “Conrado d’Altamera,” and the absurd mad chorus from “Columella.” At the Teatro del Rè were plays, being usually translations from French vaudevilles. The imitable Modena, a celebrated actor in the style of our Liston, was “capital” in the part of “Jacquart,” the inventor of the French power-loom in the time of the First Consul. It was well got up and perfect as to costume, the women being dressed (hair included) exactly in the style then in vogue. Another night we saw the “Mariage sous Louis XV.” very cleverly acted. It is a very small theatre, a great advantage, as it enables one to catch every word, and the best of all lessons in Italian to attend. The whole expense, key of the loggia, and entrance money, was something under a scudo.

In the church of St. Maria della Grazie, to which is attached the convents containing the celebrated but now defaced Cenacolo, is a beautiful specimen of Guadenzio Ferrari, “The Scourging of Christ,” as also a fine Laini; so enamoured had we become of the former master’s works,

that we went about searching for them everywhere. The exterior of the church is a curious mixture of Gothic and Cinque Cento, and is principally made of terra cotta, and, in passing to St. Maria della Passione, the noble elevation of the Palazzo Litto makes but one amongst the many to be remarked in Milan. Near the Church of Lorenzo are the only considerable remains of Roman Antichità; the church itself is a fine circular one, but all attempts to lionise it failed, as it was unluckily filled with catechists, an enormous population of children undergoing examination.

Our coachman, after having driven us from church to church, and a slight demur arising as to what should be our next object, turned round. "Se lor Signori," said he—wish to see "una cosa stupenda"—"Ma una cosa"—in short, most wonderful. We accepted his ciceroneship, and found ourselves conducted to "San Bernadino del Monte," a sepulchral chapel lined with skulls—the man said of those who had died in the great plague. There was nothing to see; the chapel was closed, and disagreeably full of country people in the deepest devotion. This, then, was a hackney coachman's idea of the finest thing in Milan; much upon the same principle that the fat sacristan cannot make out what people find to admire in the magnificent structure of the cathedral at Strasburgh, instead of remaining to witness a figure come forth and strike the hour, in an ingeniously constructed modern clock. After visiting St. Ambrosio, with its wonderful altars of brass, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the goldsmith's craft—its remarkable Apsis—its Baldichino, rich in blue and gold—its pulpit, and the pictures with which it is decorated—we found ourselves in the adjoining convent, in search of the fresco by Titian, "The Marriage of Cana in Galilee," decidedly one of his finest works on plaster, and which miraculously escaped the general destruction of the frescoes with which the convent was adorned before the French soldiers voted them targets. This fresco is at one end of a long room, used as a ward for sick soldiers, and there is some difficulty in gaining admittance; but by the aid of a little military freemasonry with the Austrian corporal on duty at the door, and with the all-powerful aid of a couple of swanzigers, all the men were ordered into bed, carefully covered over with blankets, and all the party were admitted.

But one of the least known and most interesting churches in Milan, is that of St. Maurizio Maggior, otherwise called the Monasterio Maggior, the refuge of such of the old nuns formerly driven out by the French as still survive, for there are now no convents in Milan. The screen, the altar, the organ-loft, are all richly and beautifully painted, by Luini and his scholars. Those who have only seen the easel pictures of this master can form no idea of the grandeur, the freedom, and beauty of his frescoes, and a journey in search of the works of the Lombards, Luini, and Ferrari, would entirely repay a lover of art.

At Santa Maria della Passione we found another fine Gaudenzio, and I cannot too often press on the lovers of art the extreme merit of the works of Gaudenzio Ferrari, and Luini, as seen, and seen only, at Milan and its environs. Our last drive is impressed upon me by the lugubrious character which, without any intention on our parts, it accidentally assumed. We desired to be driven to the Ospedale Maggiore, a work of the fifteenth century, of immense size, splendid in architectural decorations, and vast in its accommodations. It is in Italian Gothic, most elaborately orna-

mented in terra-cotta. Whilst wandering about its courts, I happened to look into a door, which seemed that of a waiting-room. A poor woman had just been brought in the sort of portable covered bed they use for bringing the sick through the streets. About her stood a sister of charity or two. One look at her fair face was enough ; it was pleasing, and might have been lovely in health, but the unmistakeable hue of death was upon it, whether by disease or by some sudden accident, I knew not. It was something, that she seemed cared for and tended in that fearful hour ; and hurrying away, I joined the carriage at the gate. We went from thence to the lazzaretto without the Porta Orientale, now moss-grown and deserted, and surrounded by low shops. The fearful images of the plague, as described by Manzoni, returned in full force to my mind, and joining somehow with the hospital just left, and the death so vividly brought before me, conjured up such pictures of middle-aged Milan, of sorrow and of suffering, that it seemed quite odd to emerge into the gay Corso, crowded with smart carriages, the inmates of which were brilliant in the glories of the last French fashions. From thence we went to the "Scala." The beautiful "Lucia" was given, in addition to a gorgeous ballet ; and after enjoying it fully, we were tempted by the fineness of the evening to walk back to the hotel, or rather to eat ice, preparatory to doing so. Half the frequenters of the opera did so too, and the lovely concluding solo was borne from street to street by each retreating group, till the ear lost it by the increasing distance.

Having been foiled by thick weather, in our attempt to see the Alps from the top of the Duomo, we determined to give it another chance. But the leads alone are well worth a visit, as one wanders through a labyrinth of statues and pinnacles, of the size of which no idea can be formed when seen from below. Amongst these, Napoleon has been handed up to posterity by Canova. I was called, therefore, before five the following morning, and proceeded to knock up my companions. We were soon ready, and getting quietly out of the house, made our way to the Piazza del Duomo. It was a lovely morning, clear, without a cloud in the horizon. On getting into the cathedral, we could not see across the aisles, nor was the custode yet come. On reaching the leads, the sun had not yet risen ; the plains of Lombardy were enveloped in a dense fog, above which, to the northward, the chain of snow peaks of the Alps from the Mount Cenis to the Brenner, stood cold, livid, and death-like, against the sky of the leaden hue of early morning, all their buttresses and inferior satellites concealed in the vapour, gave double effect to the monster Alps. Our first impression, that we should be again foiled, was soon dissipated : the gigantic peak of the Monte Rosa first caught the light, then the glaciers of the Simplon, until every peak flushed, one by one, in the advancing sun. The curtain of vapour next rolled away from the plains ; church after church, city after city, became revealed to us, until all around became bathed in the flood of glory which poured over the whole scene, and far, far as the eye could reach, it wandered over the plains of Northern Italy, confined only by the Apennines above Genoa. It was our farewell of Italy—our last look to the south—the horses were already harnessed that were to bear us back over the Alps.

THE PORTFOLIO.

NEW SERIES.

No. I.

So much as from occasions we may glean.—*Hamlet.*

THE WAR OF PEACE.

DURING the long and arduous contest with revolutionary France, when ours was the only European soil untrodden by a hostile foot, when we neither saw, nor heard, nor knew any thing of the desperate struggle that was devastating the world, except through the medium of the public journals, and the occasional roar of cannon for a victory, this favoured island may be said to have enjoyed the Peace of War. In the present contention of the many against the few for a complete equality of civil and religious rights, and for the abolition of class legislation and monopoly; in the bitter hostility of sect against sect, and of schismatics within the church against the establishment itself; in the struggle between the Celt and the Saxon in Ireland, between manufacturing and agricultural interests in England, it may now be said that we are waging the War of Peace. While we were fighting with all the world, our bellicose propensities found a foreign vent, and we were tranquil at home; now that we maintain amicable relations with all the world, we are in a state of perpetual agitation and disturbance; we have substituted a civil war of opinion for a foreign one of arms, and it is not a little remarkable that other European powers are in a precisely similar predicament. Religious orthodoxy, that firebrand question, which instead of being extinguished, seems to be blown into a fiercer burning by the breath of centuries, is everywhere brandishing its torch and inflaming the people. * Even the Jews, who for thousands of years have clung with such a stubborn tenacity to one doctrine, are now, for the first time, split into two hostile sects, and are exhibiting the novel spectacle of building separatist synagogues. In Scotland they are also constructing new churches for seceders. In Germany Ronge and his followers are converting the people from Popery to Protestantism; in England Dr. Pusey and his adherents are reversing the process. 'Tis but an old game newly revived, for Arbuthnot assures us that, "neither cross and pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy-dandy." Luckily the furious combatants on all sides are deprived of the sword and the fagot; otherwise what Sicilian vespers, what massacres of Saint Bartholomew, what mutual burnings would there be! and all for a religion of love, and brotherhood, and universal charity.

But are we really and in any sense at Peace? Can we bestow that hollow name on the armed European truce which, so far as military and naval establishments are concerned, may rather be termed War without fighting? And even for the prudent fear of consequences which binds them over to keep the peace between each other, the civilised powers, proving that appellation to be a complete misnomer, are taking their revenge by waging an unjust warfare against the races whom they presume to term uncivilised. France is reading a beneficent lesson of fire, sword, and wholesale smotherings to the savages of Algeria, Tahiti, and Madagascar; England is enlightening the barbarians of Caffreland, Borneo, Australia, and India, by the humanities of gunpowder and steel; Russia is

favouring the Caucasians with paternal persuasives of the same winning character. English pugnacity is taking a similar direction across the Atlantic, where our American progeny are attacking their savage or semi-civilised neighbours in all directions. Over the entire world it would seem that the barbarian races are doomed to be thus gradually extirpated, and sent to join the extinct animals whose former existence is only made known to us by their fossil remains. Doubtless, these doomed tribes have answered the purpose of their creation; they have served to hunt down, diminish, or extinguish the wild beasts, and they are now undergoing, as biped *feræ naturæ*, the warfare they inflicted upon the quadrupeds. Under our very eyes is the transition occurring, in the animal races, as well as in our own. The Dodo and the Apteryx Australis have disappeared from the earth, so have the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, and various communities of Red Indians, precursors, in the shadowy world, of many a kindred horde. Let it not be believed that their Caucasian successors, realising the prediction of Horace, are "*nox daturus progeniem vitiosorem*." Away with the thought unworthy both of God and man! Mine be the more cheering persuasion that we are constantly, though perhaps imperceptibly, rising higher in the scale of creation, both physically and morally.

Does the less sanguine reader exclaim "What then becomes of the armed truce which you have denounced? Where is the evidence that it will finally be supplanted by a real and universal Peace?" I point in reply to the forward moving hand upon the dial of Free Trade, which, like the handwriting on the wall, announces the passing away of an old system, and the advent of a new one. When nations, by the universal and unrestricted interchange of their products, favoured by the daily increasing facilities of intercourse, feel the advantage of mutual dependence, a dependence which habit will gradually convert into a necessity, men may safely turn their swords into ploughshares, for there shall be an universal and enduring Peace upon earth. By being the first to set the example of Free Trade, England, eventually achieving a triumph over all her difficulties, will have accomplished a peaceful Waterloo ten thousand times more illustrious than that which gave so glorious a termination to the last European war. *Veniat optabile tempus!*

As momentous events or severe trials do but rarely occur, and yet many men are unhappy during the greater portion of their lives, it is evident their infelicity must be occasioned by trifles; the great secret of content is not to seek unattainable objects, and not to be annoyed by petty thwartings. Children are always happy because they are generally pursuing trifles easily overtaken. We laugh at them when they deviate from this course, and cry for the moon; yet how many adult "children of a larger growth" are made miserable by not less absurd hankerings!

The aggregate of existing human happiness may be incalculably increased, although much individual infelicity may still exist, for we measure our portion in life by our inferiority to our contemporaries, not by our superiority to our predecessors. Forgetting abstract benefits in relative disadvantages, men think much of what they themselves have failed to win, little or nothing of what mankind has gained. That the enjoyments and comforts of corporate life have been abundantly enlarged, is

proved by the marked increase in its mean duration, a fact well attested by statistical returns. In all civilised countries the richest classes are the longest lived, because they are least subjected to wear and tear either mental or bodily, and have the greatest command of the appliances that protract existence. If a whole community have gained, in longevity, we may therefore safely pronounce that it is rich in all the solaces and luxuries of life as compared with its predecessors. Away, then, with the unholy practice of exaggerating human unhappiness, which is but an oblique reflection on the benevolence of the Deity. Some suffering is even necessary to our enjoyments, for had man been made animally happy, and left without any motive to develop his energies, he would have been deprived of that nobler felicity which arises from the virtuous and successful exertion of his faculties and talents. Small, indeed, is the portion of partial evil that is not conducive to universal good. When a Castilian told a Frenchman that Cervantes, after bearing arms in the service of his country was old and poor,

"Why, then," demanded the Gaul, "is he not maintained out of the public treasury?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the philosophical Spaniard, "that his necessities should ever be relieved, since it is these which make him write. It is his poverty that makes the world rich."

Evident is it that our English ministers are well aware of this fact, for while they bestow magnificent pensions upon soldiers, sailors, retired placemen, and others whose claims are less manifest, they leave literary merits altogether unrewarded, or remunerated with a paltry pittance that effectually secures them from idleness and independence.

ART MYSTICS.

"Every consummate work of art should leave something for the intellect to divine," says Göthe, a remark which accounts for the occasional obscurity of his own "*Faust*," while it lets us into the secret of some parts of the Kantian philosophy as well as of German mysticism in general. A well-known preacher once confessed that he made a point of inserting one or two incomprehensible sentences in every sermon, upon the principle that men quickly forget what they understand, while they will go on guessing at an enigma for weeks; a process which helped to fix his discourse in the memories of his congregation. Without literally adopting either of these expedients, it may safely be affirmed that all art is more highly relished, by cultivated minds, when it is suggestive as well as demonstrative; when it stimulates our own thoughts while depicting or describing the thoughts of others. As the great pleasure of life consists in looking beyond what we have reached, so the delight or art is enhanced when it excites us to look beyond what we see; when the manifest throws our mind into the invisible; and the corporeal ministers to the pleasure of the mental eye. It has been well said that man is but a poor creature, after all, unless he can lift himself above himself. Let the sons of genius raise their works also above their works, by the lofty associations they awaken. Let them rather seek to spiritualise art with Raphael than to sensualise it with Rubens. Like the translucent waters of the sea, writers may be deep without being dark. Away with all mystery, for it has ever been the confederate of imposture. It is derogatory to the majesty of truth that she should even wear a veil; still more

so that she should be dressed up in a disguise. Instead of affecting to be dark lanterns, authors should not only throw their light around them but beyond them, making its rays project forward and upward, so as to anticipate the coming day and recall the days of old, when, their mission being deemed sacred, the same word signified both a bard and a prophet.

FLOWERS.

SMITH, in his "Introduction to Botany," says, "As plants possess life, irritability, and motion, spontaneously directing their organs to what is natural and beneficial to them, and flourishing according to their success in satisfying their wants, may not the exercise of their vital functions be attended with some degree of sensation, however low, and some consequent share of happiness?" To be sure it may. Who shall disprove the conjecture? Who shall lay his finger upon the precise point where vegetation and animation severally begin and end? Linnæus thus discriminates the three departments of Nature. "Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and think;" but this definition is obviously inaccurate; for although stones may enlarge by outward accretion, they have no growth, which implies the inward development consequent upon organisation. How close is the affinity between the vegetable and animal kingdoms! There are terrestrial, aquatic, and amphibious products in each, requiring different soils, as well as peculiar food, for their respective nourishment and support. The health of all is impaired by interrupted perspiration; all are similarly affected by heat and cold; all die when deprived of air. Plants, it is true, have no power of locomotion, yet are they more moveable than sponges and many other zoophytes, which, fixing themselves by stems to the sand or the crevices of rocks, can merely extend and contract a portion of their bodies. Like animals, again, plants have been divided into the oviparous and viviparous, the former being reproduced by seeds, and the latter by buds and bulbs; while the renewal by slips and cuttings finds an animal parallel in the polypus. Hybrids, also, may be produced in both.

And who shall deny, beautiful Flowers! that ye are all *sensitive* plants, and possess an instinct that seems to imply a certain exercise of volition? Many fold up their leaves, and some their petals, at the approach of rain, or cold weather, or night, again to open their floral eyes on the reappearance of the sun. All turn spontaneously towards the light which is their sustenance. Parasites, unable to grow in a perpendicular direction, send out tendrils in different ways, which, as soon as they have laid hold of a support, coil up, and draw the stem after them. Ivy throws out claws, which enable it to climb up a wall; when the leaves of holly are beyond the reach of cattle, they cease to throw out their protecting prickles; and in some plants these weapons of defence disappear by culture, as there are animals which, becoming domesticated, lose their ferocity and their horns. Linnæus calls this process the taming of the plant. The sting of the nettle, and similar tribes, operates by a contrivance closely resembling that of the adder's tooth and the wasp's sting. The *dionæa muscipula*, the teasel, and others, set traps to catch the purloiners of their honey or their seeds.

A German writer, after defining woman as something between a flower

and an angel, says that the man who does not love flowers has lost all fear and love of God. For this impiety I shall never require absolution.

O floral smiles and blessings of our genial mother earth so well do I love ye, that I cannot bear to see ye severed from the maternal bosom ! How pleasantly and cheerfully do living flowers talk to us, their various odours being so many different languages, and all intelligible to the keen-eared listener. "Behold," says the wafted perfume (the sweetest of all sermons), "how piously we pour our morning libation of dew upon earth's altar, how regularly our chalices become censers, throwing up incense to heaven, how incessantly we lavish our odours upon the wings of the wind, that all whom they can reach, the distant as well the near, may be recreated by their fragrance ! Go, passenger, and do thou likewise, endeavouring to show thy gratitude to the Creator for the gifts and delights with which he has endowed thee, by imparting them to others without restriction or distinction."

Surely there is a degree of irreverence in tearing these delightful preachers from their earthen pulpits ; surely there is cruelty and gross selfishness in cutting down for our own fleeting gratification that which would have ministered to the enjoyments of all for weeks or months. Frankly do I confess that I dislike a wanton floricide. He has robbed the world of a pleasure ; he has blotted out a word from God's earth-written poetry. Let him beware, lest in abandoning himself to these impulses, his depredations and his truculence assume a character of criminal, instead of sentimental offence.

Many there are, who, deeming this a fond and morbid phantasy, can gaze with delight on a vase of wrought alabaster surmounted by a nose-gay. To me it is a sculptured catacomb. A Roman emperor passing a troop of gladiators on their way to be sacrificed for his amusement at the amphitheatre, was saluted with the mournful cry of "Salve, Imperator, morituri te salutant !" So when I pass these doomed flowers methinks the perfume that spoke so jocundly of health and vigour, when they were flourishing in their native fields and gardens, now grown faint and sickly, vocalises itself into this mournful benediction—"Farewell, destroyers ! we bless ye with our dying breath."

II.

THE DESERT DREAM.

• BY ANNA SAVAGE. •

"The holy chime
Of those sweet Sabbath bells, the dreams of yore."

THE trackless desert's burning sand around the Wanderer spread,
The dead air ceased to echo back the weary camel's tread ;
He turn'd him to the glowing sky, pale in the day-god's blaze,
Then far across the scorching plain he cast his sick'ning gaze.
Alone he stood, no welcome stream, nor mountain's shadow broke
The boundless waste, no sound of life the deep dim silence woke.

Alone! if 'tis to be alone, when Mem'ry's spells are cast
 To summon phantoms from the dead, and voices of the past,
 Long woven in the tangled web of the mysterious brain,
 'Till Time and Space are things of nought—and all is ours again.

More slowly move the wand'ring band, veiled is the slumberer's brow,
 No longer on the drear expanse his spirit broodeth now.
 'Mid the wild woodlands of his home, beside the mountain stream,
 His boyhood's sports, his manhood's hopes, are crowding on his dream.
 The thousand memories, that Time hath shadowed with his wing,
 And forms long silent in the grave, about his pathway cling.
 The willows with their drooping boughs their checker'd shadow cast,
 The summer breeze swept o'er the wave, as when he saw it last.
 The dew still sparkled—not a blade but bent beneath its gem,
 And not a flower but hailed the day with its bright diadem.

But sweeter things than Summer flowers that slumber's sense reveals,
 'Tis Woman's glance in Beauty's might upon his vision steals,
 And whisper'd words are blending with the water's gentle flow,
 From fond lips murmuring near his own, in tones as soft and low,
 As if the sweet task still were theirs, his gloomy fate to bless;
 Or, as the world had never wreathed his own in bitterness.
 The bright cheek pillow'd on his breast, wears still the smile it wore,
 And fairy hands have clasped his own—that he will clasp no more.

The fair young face is fading now, and other forms arise,
 And wilder glances fill the place of those deep loving eyes;
 With mocking smiles that lifted his faith with wild'ring light astray,
 When Passion startled from his path, his early Truth away.
 (False gods! before whose shrine to kneel, was but to tempt their fall,
 Poor barter these for thee, young Love, the sweetest dream of all.)

Here mingled friendships form'd, e'er yet the world's dark den of strife
 Was enter'd, when the loyal heart, with generous impulse rife,
 Gave forth the rich untutor'd thought, the Future laughs to scorn.
 Or utters with the with'ring sneer the young lip ne'er had worn.
 Man's graver converse blends with sports of boyhood's boisterous glee,
 And childish tasks, his lip hath lisp'd beside a mother's knee.
 Amidst them all, distinct and slow, a measured music swells,
 And hill and valley seem to breathe the sound of Sabbath bells.
 Softly the ancient village chime comes o'er the wave, as clear
 As though the passing breeze had borne the echo to his ear.
 The slumberer starts—no memories rise with forms that meet his eye,
 Yet still upon his rapt ear hangs the well-known melody.
 He shrouds his face,—but not to veil the noontide's fiery ray,
 Though e'en the desert's swarthy child drops on his weary way;—
 The dark and fiercely glancing orbs that on his wakening gleam,
 Are others than the looks of love that smiled upon his dream.

Thus in the World's wild wilderness, where springs and shade are none,
 When hopes, like dreams, have pass'd away, and youth's bright scenes are
 gone,
 Across the channels of our tears, whose deep fount long hath dried,
 Comes o'er the heart's drear waste some sound that home hath sanctified.
 Mock not the dreamer! can'st thou track the spirit's mystic flight?
 Vainly ye seek to raise the veil that shrouds it from the sight;
 He from the shadowy land beholds the forms none else may see,
 Some echo lingereth in his ear, although unheard by thee.
 Oh! mock him not, thou can'st not tell where that rapt soul hath been;
 Thou can'st not trace the link that binds the seen to the unseen.
 To some far rest it gently calls, of some lost hope it tells,
 And pale lips, long unused to pray, have blest such Sabbath bells.

THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN (EL MAGICO PRODIGIOSO)
OF CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

IN the reign of the Emperor Decius, a new magnificent temple was dedicated to Jupiter at Antioch. The town was thronged with people, who zealously assembled to see this extraordinary honour paid to their greatest deity, but the student Cyprian took no delight in the festivity. Retiring to a secluded spot, a short distance from the city, he resolved to devote the day to study. There was something in the Pagan mythology which did not accord with his ideas of divinity, and a passage in Pliny had increased his disbelief in the prevailing superstition.

Cyprian.—I am alone, and if my intellect
Suffices, I may study this deep point
Which holds my mind suspended. I have read
In Pliny, couch'd in dark, mysterious words
The definition of what God must be,
And therefore am I troubled, for my mind
Cannot discern a God, who in himself
Contains these wondrous, mystic attributes.
This truth obscure I must essay to find. [*Begins to read.*
Enter the DEMON gaily dressed.

Demon.—Ay, thou may'st study hard, my Cyprian,
Thou ne'er shalt find the truth which I will hide.

Cyprian.—Surely these branches rustled. Who is there?

Demon.—A stranger, who has wandered since the morn
About this hill, having dismiss'd his horse
To rest and pasture on the emerald
Which is the carpet of the mountains here.
Bus'ness of weight takes me to Antioch,
But straying from my friends, absorb'd in thoughts
About my cares (a common property!)
I lost my road, and lost my comrades too.

Cyprian.—I marvel much that when thou hast in sight
The tow'rs of Antioch, thou strayest thus.
Of all the roads that intersect this mountain
There is not one that does not reach the walls,
As its own proper centre. Take your choice—
You cannot miss.

Demon.— Ay, this is ignorance,
E'en in the sight of science not to know
How to apply it. Come, 'twould not be well
For me to enter thus a foreign town,
Asking my lonely way. I will stay here
Until the day is vanquish'd by the night,
Because I argue from the garb you wear,
And from the books that form your company
That you're a mighty student, sir; my heart
Loves those who seek for learning.

Cyprian.— You have studied?

Demon.—I have not, but I'm sure I know enough
Not to be ignorant.

Cyprian.— Well, what's your science?

Demon.—Plenty.

Cyprian.— Why, even long and painful study
Will not suffice to master one alone,
And, without study, you can know so much?
Monstrous conceit!

Demon.— Nay, from a land I came,
Where e'en the deepest sciences are learn'd,
Without the toil of study.

Cyprian.— Happy land,
When here the more we toil, the less we know!

Demon.— So far my words are true, that, without study,
I tried to gain the first professor's chair;
Such was my vanity—ay, and I thought
That I had got it—I had many votes;—
I lost it, to be sure, yet the attempt
Was something—there are honourable losses.
If you are still unwilling to believe,
Tell me your studies, we'll discuss a point.
I know not what opinion you may hold,
But be it ne'er so sound, for argument,
I'll take the other side.

Cyprian.— Oh, I am charm'd
To find that thus your inclination jumps.
This passage here in Pliny troubles me;
A thousand anxious doubts disturb my mind.
When I would understand who is that God
Of whom he speaks.

Demon.— Ay, I remember well
The passage, ah! methinks, the words are these—
“God is one highest good, one substance, essence,
All sight, all hands.”

Cyprian.— You quote the words aright.

Demon.— What is there hard in this?

Cyprian.— I cannot find
This God of Pliny, this the highest good.
Why perfect good is wanting e'en in Jove.
Only observe how often he has sinn'd,—
Let Danae, Europe tell their wrongs,
Now surely human lusts do not accord
With highest goodness, ev'ry act of which
Should be most holy.

Demon.— Nay, those histories
Are false, and 'twas the writer's sole intent,
Under the names of deities, to mask
Moral philosophy.

Cyprian.— That answer, sir,
Will not suffice; such honour should be God's,
That even false reproach should touch him not.
Enquiring further:—if the gods are call'd
The highest good, it follows, sir, of course,
That they must ever aim at what is best.
How is it, then, that one desires one thing,
And one another? Thus it is, we find
By the dark answers which their statues give,
So do not say I only quote the poets.
Two images once promised to two armies
The victory, yet one endured defeat.
'Tis clear now, if two wills are opposite,
They cannot strive to gain a common end;
And, being contrary, 'tis likewise clear,
If one is good, the other must be bad;
The thought denotes an evil will in God,
And hence they cannot be the highest good
Without agreement.

- Demon*.— I deny your major.
These dark responses bring about some end
Beyond our knowledge. This is Providence :
Defeat to him who lost the fight was more,
That victory to him who conquer'd.
- Cyprian*.— Good.
I grant the point, but gods should not deceive,
And hence *that* god should not have promised conquest.
If he permitted loss it was enough ;
Besides, if God is, as we read, all sight,
Each god must plainly see how all things end,
And would not promise what could never be.
Again, if we suppose the Deity
Composed of many persons, still his essence
Must, in such circumstance, be purely *one*.
- Demon*.— But in the present case it was expedient
To stir the human passions with his voice.
- Cyprian*.— The genii would have sufficed for that,
The sprites the learned class as good and bad,
Because they freely roam among us men,
Inspiring good and ill (an argument
To prove th' immortal nature of the soul).
These would have served to stir the human heart,
Nor need a god have shown mankind he lied.
- Demon*.— Beshink yourself, these simple contradictions
Prevent not all the sacred deities
From being one, since, in momentous things
They never differ. Man, that wondrous frame,
Sprung from one thought, will demonstrate this truth.
- Cyprian*.— If man's creator, then, was only one,
He had an undue 'vantage o'er the rest.
If all are equal, you must sure admit
They can oppose each other; and if one
Design'd a man, another might have said,
" This is a thing that shall not be created."
If God, then, is all hands, one can destroy
That which the other makes ; of those two hands,
Equal in pow'r, but diff'ring in intent,
Which can prevail ?
- Demon*.— Nay, sir, if you propound
Impossibilities, we cannot argue.
Come tell me, pray, what you infer from this ?
- Cyprian*.— The fact, that there must be one only God,
Goodness and grace supreme ; all sight, all hands,
Infallible, so that he ne'er deceives ;
So high, that he admits not of a rival.
Beginning from the first, without beginning ;
A substance, essence, power—an only will ;
And though he may comprise within himself
One person, two, or more—this God supreme
Is one in essence, and the cause of causes.

The Demon soon retired much displeased with the result of the argument. Christianity was spreading among the possessions of Pagan Rome, and the parent of evil, alarmed at the appearance of the true doctrine, could not fail to perceive that Cyprian's notions of the unity of the Deity might easily lead him to adopt the faith of the new sect.

Determined to persecute the followers of Christ, the Demon betook himself to the house of the Christian Lysander, who had brought up his adopted daughter, Justina, in the true faith, though he did not openly pro-

fess his belief on account of the persecutions of the Roman emperor. This lady was beloved by Lælius, son to the governor of Antioch, and a young gentleman named Florus, though without returning the passion of either. Mutual jealousy had caused them to draw swords in the presence of Cyprian, who prevented the combat, and offered to wait upon Justina, to ascertain which of the rivals she preferred. When he had reached the house he found them again in the act of fighting. Both having gone secretly to the spot, saw, escaping from the balcony, the Demon, who was instantly taken by each of the rivals for the other. The presence of Cyprian again prevented them from engaging, though each departed vowing vengeance against his adversary. The object of the Demon in escaping from the balcony was to injure the reputation of Justina.

CHAP. II.

CYPRIAN had no sooner seen Justina than he felt inspired by the most violent passion. He declared his love for her, but was treated with indifference, and thus soliloquised on his state of mind.

My memory confused, be not so potent,
Persuading me there is another soul
Which guides my frame. A blind idolator
I have become ; ambition has destroy'd me,
Gazing upon a beauty so divine ;
Feeling the force of her mysterious anger.
I know the object of my love, but not
Of whom I should be jealous ; and this passion
Prostrates so utterly my mental pow'r—
This pain so much absorbs my ev'ry thought,
That I would give 'tis madness, I admit,
And most unworthy of a noble mind)
To the most devilish fiend (I call on hell)—
Being so tortured with my agony—
Yea, for this woman I would give my soul.

At these words a fearful storm arose, which startled the enamoured student.

What is it, ye pure heav'ns ?
Clear for one moment, in the next obscure,
Fright'ning the day.
Now thunders, lightnings, flames, give hideous birth
From their dread centre,
To horrors far too mighty to contain !
The heav'ns with clouds are crown'd,
And, pregnant with their terrors, do not spare
The mountains' curling head.
All the horizon
Stems painted by the fearful Monzibello ;
The sun is turn'd to cloud, the air to smoke, the sky to fire !
Have I so far forgot philosophy
To marvel at the wonders of this day ?
One mighty ruin rises from the sea
Over the clouds ;
Then, in light plumage, curls above the winds,
Casting down foam like ashes.
Yon vessel, lash'd by storm,
Seems as though ocean were too small for it,
Being most safe when from the port escaped.

The cries, the groans, the horror,
Are fatal signals of approaching death ;
And when the blow is check'd,
'Tis to prolong the dying agony.
And in this death are some peculiar horrors,
Not of the heav'n's and elements alone.
Death, as a garment, has put on the storai,
Driving the ship ashore.
The battle is not only with the sea,
The ship has struck upon a rock,
And the white foam is stain'd with crimson blood.

From the wrecked vessel came forth a man, who was at once received with great compassion by Cyprian. This was no other than the Demon, who, foiled in his first attempt upon the student, now thought to gain advantage by favouring his love. Describing himself as a person who had rebelled against a great king (thus shadowing forth the circumstances of his fall from heaven), and boasting of a great proficiency in magic, he completely gained the friendship of Cyprian, who took him home with him, hoping to acquire sufficient knowledge of the black art to enable him to win the affections of Justina.

But while thus seducing Cyprian, the Demon did not cease from his endeavours to destroy Justina's reputation. Strolling from her door like a clandestine lover, and thus almost repeating the stratagem of the preceding night, he again created a quarrel between Lælius and Florus, who were near the house. On this occasion the contest was interrupted by the appearance of the Governor of Antioch, who committed both the combatants to prison, notwithstanding Lælius was his own son. The severity of the act was, however, more apparent than real, as the governor's object was not so much to punish his son, as to break off his connexion with Justina.

When Cyprian had reached home with the Demon, he described in ardent terms the violence of his passion :

The lovely cradle of the infant sun,
Who in the morning, clad in snow and crimson,
Sheds his bright tears ; the prison, soft and green,
From which the rose perceives how April treads
The gardens, while amid the gentle coolness,
The weeping of the skies, becomes the smile
Of earth below ; the brook, by winter bound,
Which cannot even murmur 'twixt its teeth,
Because the frost has closed them ; the gay pink,
That star of coral in a smaller heav'n ;
The bird, who decks himself with varied hues,
Guitar of feathers, with a crystal voice ;
The rock, which mocks at all the sun's attempts
To melt it, when he melts the snow around ;
The laurel, bathed in the dissolving snow,
With which it fearless sports, a green Narcissus,
Frost at its foot, and sunshine on its head ;
To sum up all, the cradle, crimson, snow,
The field, the sun, the rivulet, the rose,
The love-sick bird, the smile with tears of pearl,
The pink, which crystal quaffs, the solid rock,
The laurel, seeking for a crown of rays—
These are the elements of which is form'd
That woman most divine. I am so lost,
So blind through love, that—would you credit it?—

I have put off my ancient mode of dress,
 Hoping to seem to her another man.
 My studies have I to oblivion cast;
 My reputation to the multitude;
 My heart to weeping; and my hopes to air.
 I've said—and I will act as I have said—
 (From this infer my love)—that I will give
 My soul to any fiend, who, with possession,
 Will heal this bitter agony of love.
 Still my complaints are fruitless; and my soul
 Must sure be thought a price of little worth,
 Since for that price the demons give her not.

The Demon, after proving his power by moving a mountain from its place, and bringing it back again in the sight of Cyprian, persuaded him to enter into a contract, which he signed with his blood. By this contract he gave his soul to the Demon, who promised it in the course of a year, which both were to pass in a cavern, to teach him magic enough to bring to him the fair Justina.

CHAP. III.

When the year had elapsed, Cyprian left the cave; and the Demon, delighted with the scheme for securing two victims, began, aided by kindred spirits, to tempt Justina from her usually chaste mood, and to awaken in her thoughts agreeable to Cyprian. While she was alone in her apartment, some invisible singers sung these words:

A Voice.—Which is the glory far above

All others in this life?

All.—'Tis love—'tis love.

Voice.—Round the heart of every creature,
 Love his flame is ever wreathing.
 Man, when he is merely breathing,

Lives not, as by love possess'd.

By each living thing in nature

Is the power of love confess'd,

Birds and flowers proclaim above

Other glories—

All.—Love, yes, love.

Justina.—Dark fantasy, that com'st with flatt'ring air,

When did I give thee opportunity

Thus to afflict my heart? What is the cause

Of this strange fire, increasing ev'ry moment?

What is the wondrous pain which thus can move

My ev'ry sense of feeling?

All.—Love—'tis love.

Justina.—That answer came from yonder nightingale,

The constant lover of his bride who sits

On a more distant bough. Hush, nightingale,

And do not let me think by thy complaint.

How great must be the passion of a man

When thus a bird can feel! No I am wrong,

'Tis yonder wanton vine, which flying seeks

The trunk it loves, and with its weight of leaves,

Where it embraces, cradles.—Nay, thou vine,

Thou must not make me think upon thy love,

Or I may dream of arms that would embrace.

When branches thus can fondle. If, perchance,

'Tis not the vine, the sunflower it must be

Which ever turns its face upon the sun,

And ever moves beneath his lovely light.

Oh, calm, thou flower, that grief which wastes thy beauty
Lest my imagination should conceive
How eyes may weep if leaves can mourn like thine.
Cease, am'rous nightingale ; unloose thy branches,
Thou leafy vine, and pause thou restless flower,
Or tell me, what's the power with which you move
My soul as with a poison?

All.—Love—'tis love

Justina.—Love? But who is it that I ever loved?
Lælius, and Florus—aye, and Cyprian too
All, all I slighted—Lælius I despised,
Florus I hated—and I treated Cyprian—(pauses.)
With such severity, that, spurn'd by me,
He fled, and nought has since been heard of him.
Alas! I think that he must be the object
That weakens my desire, for when I say
He lives secluded from the world for me,
I feel a pain—what pain it is I know not,
Ah, me! I know not; yet 'tis pity, sure,
To see a man, so honour'd once by all,
By all forgotten, and through me alone;
To think, that I have caused his banishment.
But if 'twere only pity, Lælius—Florus,
Deserve the same, imprison'd both for me.
Oh stop, my thoughts, for pity will suffice,
And needs no aid from you. Ye wander so,
I do not know—alas! I do not know,
That if I had but learn'd where Cyprian dwells
I should not fly to seek him.

The DEMON appears.

Demon.—I will tell you.

Justina.—Who are you that have entered thus my chamber,
When it is barred? Are you some monstrous vision
My fantasy has formed?

Demon.—No; I am one
Who, moved by this deep love that like a tyrant
Penetrates your soul, have promised to conduct you
To Cyprian.

Justina.—You will fail in your design.
This pain, this passion which afflicts my mind,
Moves my imagination, not my will.

Demon.—By mere imagining you go half-way;
Sin still is sin, you need not check your will
Thus in its middle course.

Justina.—You shake me not.
In thought I own I wander'd, and I know
That the beginning of all sin is thought;
But still my thoughts are not at my command,
And still my actions are at my command.
To follow you I have to move my foot,
And this I can resist. To think and act
Are not the same.

Demon.—But if a mystic spell
Should work upon you, urging all your steps
To its own course, how could you vanquish it?

Justina.—With the assistance of my own free will.

Demon.—But I can force that will.

Justina.—'Tis no free will

That can be forced.

Demon.—Come, come where pleasure waits you.

Justina.—No, no—for me that pleasure is too costly.

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Demon.—'Tis balmy peace.—

Justina.— 'Tis base captivity.—

Demon.—'Tis happiness.—

Justina.— 'Tis dread unhappiness.

Demon.—(*Draws her forcibly.*) But if my pow'r should conquer all resistance,

What then defends you ?

Justina.— My defence is—God.

Demon.—Ah, thou hast conquer'd, woman, thou hast conquer'd,
By not allowing me to vanquish thee.

Cyprian, who in a solitary spot was essaying all his magic to attract Justina to him, was surprised at the resistance offered to his spells, of course not being aware of the converse between her and the Demon. At last the beloved form appeared wrapped in a veil, and he clasped it in his arms.

Cyprian.—Lovely Justina, in this darksome spot,
Which with his rays the sun ne'er penetrates,
Nor with its breath the pure transparent air,
Thy beauty is the trophy of mine art.
Nought have I fear'd, nought shunn'd, but, oh ! for thee,
Lovely Justina, I have lost my soul ;
A humble price I own for such a treasure.
Now from the deity remove the veil,
Let not the sun be hid by dusky clouds,
But show his ruddy glories.

(*Removes the veil and discovers a skeleton.*)

What is this ?

A mute, dead carcase calls me to its arms,
How could those fresh and rosy beauties change
To these pale, wasted features.

Skeleton.— Cyprian, mark,
Like this are all the glories of the world.

This unexpected result of Cyprian's magic led to an angry discussion between him and the Demon, as to whether the terms of the compact had been fulfilled.

Cyprian.—You promised that my love should reap the fruit,
Which my hope sow'd among these rugged hills.

Demon.—I only promised I would bring her, Cyprian.

Cyprian.—That I dispute—you promised you would give her.

Demon.—I saw her in your arms.

Cyprian.— * It was a shade.

Demon.—It was a miracle.

Cyprian.— By whom.

Demon.— By one

Who chose to guard Justina.

Cyprian.— Who was that ?

Demon (trembling).—I do not like to say.

Cyprian.— Then I will use

The science you have taught against yourself.
Lo, I conjure you, that you do reveal
Of whom you speak.

Demon.— A God, who guards Justina.

Cyprian.—What matters one, when there are many gods ?

Demon.—This has the pow'r of all.

Cyprian.— There is but One,

If his sole will can master all the rest.

Demon.—Nay, I know nothing—nothing.

Cyprian.— I renounce

The compact, and I ask thee in the name
Of that great God, what caused him to defend her ?

- Demon (reluctantly).*—To save her honour pure.
Cyprian.—Then he must be
 Goodness supreme, and will not suffer wrong.
 But if conceal'd, what could Justina lose?
Demon.—Her reputation, if the multitude
 Should spread reports.
Cyprian.—If he sees future ills,
 This God must be all sight. But is no spell
 Powerful enough to overcome him?
Demon.—Ne;
 His pow'r is mighty.
Cyprian.—Then he is all hands,
 If he can do whate'er he will. Now tell me
 Who is this God, of whom I find he is
 Goodness and pow'r supreme—all sight, all hands,
 The God whom I so long have sought?
Demon.—I know not.
Cyprian.—Tell me who is it?
Demon.—I declare with honour
 It is—the CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

Armed with this truth, Cyprian rushed to the house of the governor of Antioch, resolved to free himself from his compact by the blood of martyrdom. A severe order against the Christians had just come down from the Emperor Decius, and in pursuance of this imperial command, the governor had caused Lysander and Justina, both of whom were found in a Christian church, to be arrested. At the same time he freed Lælius and Florus, who were now secure from the effect of Justina's charms, and made them swear mutual friendship. The sudden appearance of Cyprian in the governor's house, and the wildness of his aspect, created general alarm, and the multitude took him for a maniac. He circumstantially related the events of his life to the governor, and after narrating the failure of his attempts to seduce Justina, concluded thus:—

This was the cause that I could not subdue
 The wondrous beauty. There's a God who guards her,
 Knowing whose pow'r, I come here to confess
 His greatness and immensity o'er all.
 The Christian's God is He whom I confess,
 And though at present I'm the slave of hell,
 Bound by a compact sign'd with my own blood,
 I hope, in suffering holy martyrdom,
 With mine own blood to wipe that compact out.
 If you're a judge, and persecute the Christians,
 Lo, I am one; an aged, rev'rend man,
 Among the hills, impress'd me with the sign
 Which is the first of all the sacraments.
 Why do you wait? Quick, let the headsman come,
 Strike off my head, or with ingenious torture
 Essay my constancy. I am resolved
 To bear two thousand deaths, because I know
 That without the great God whom now I seek,
 Whom I most humbly rev'rence and adore,
 Dust, smoke, wind, ashes, is all human pride.

Cyprian and Justina were confined in the same dungeon, and beheaded on the same scaffold, and thus among the most zealous martyrs of the primitive church was

THE LILY HAND OF RIMINI.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

NINA lay in her bed. How "bravely and Cytherea-like she became it," angels may tell better than mortals.

The clock had struck twelve. Nina had laid down her book—the drowsy charmer she had called to her aid to lull her to sleep. The flame, from an alabaster lamp showered down its chaste unflickering beams; wooing, soothing. The last embers died away in the hearth, diffusing their genial warmth without a crack or murmur. Not a curtain was seen to heave, not a breath to stir the damask of that silken apartment.

Nina's kind hosts were fully aware of the treasure they harboured under their roof. More than maternal care had presided over her comforts, strewn her couch, and smoothed her pillow. Her aunt herself, the lady of Professor Mascagni, had shown the lovely girl to her chamber, disrobed her, trusting no one else with the offices of her waiting-maid. She hung in fond admiration over her as she bade her "good night," pressed her matronly lips on her brow, and called down Heaven's blessings on her dear head.

Professor Mascagni was proud of his guest. Long and earnestly had he sued for her, half-borrowed, half-stolen her from her anxious parents at Rimini. He had torn her from her mother's embrace; conveyed her home in triumph, and secured her within the ivy-grown walls of his old-fashioned suburban paradise near Bologna.

The professor had some design on his niece, and the latter was not without a boding heart about it; for she knew him to be an enterprising match-maker—Professor Mascagni had attained an European reputation as an anatomical discoverer. Ease and affluence had waited on his exertions, he rested now under the shade of his laurels. He was a gentleman-surgeon, and only practised as an amateur. His wife, a lady of the noble house of Lanzi, had raised him in rank and wealth, and it was precisely for the gratification of this proud dame, that Nina, her niece, found herself domesticated amidst the cool groves and cooler arbores of the professor's villa. A flirtation was to be encouraged between the beauty of Rimini and a Roman youth, Lorenzo da Rizzo, a student of the university, a willing captive long chained to her chariot.

Was it the strangeness of the bed, or was it the closeness of the room, the glare of the lamp and heat of the fire that kept Nina de' Lanzi so late awake in her bed? Was her heart fluttering with the anticipated meeting of the handsome adorer she had long affected to spurn at home? or did her brain reel with the sounds and sights of the ball that her good hosts had announced in her honour for the following night? Or had the book she had just thrown listlessly aside conjured up images that still wrought on her nerves, and haunted her in her sleeplessness? Or might there be other motives besides?

It was a lovely object to look upon. Her blooming countenance, bathed in the faint gleam of that subdued light, glowed with its warm incarnadine, like a spring flower steeped in liquid pearl. Her dark eyes flashed fresh and lustrous in the fretting of that prolonged unrest, as they watched the last sparks of the waning fire. Her round right arm bare to the shoulder, was thrown negligently above her head with the snowy hand slack and open—that hand the pride of her beauty, the loveliest part of a person, every feature, every form of which was transcendent loveliness.

The worship the Spaniards pay to the ankle of their brown beauties, is, in Italy, addressed to the colour and shape of the hand. One of the old Italian rhymesmiths indited a whole *canzonière* to the "*Bella Mano*." Nina's hand, unmatched in Northern Italy, went by the name of "*The Lily of Rimini*."

Presently her face languidly emerged from the pillow. The shade of the drooping lashes was partly lowered on the weary orbs which they curtained, the dews of incipient slumber stood on the downy cheek, the breath came slower and heavier, and the lips fell asunder.

She dreamt ere she slept. The tide of fitting emotions hardly ruffled the ineffable calmness of those composed features. The breath of heavenly purity, of coy and timid tenderness, of all maidenly truth and holiness issued from the fragrant mouth. Surely angel's heart never heaved under a gentler bosom.

But lo! on a sudden the slumbering beauty is seen to writhe throughout her frame. A cold, humid, clumpy sensation sends a chill through her veins. The icy palm of a shrivelled hand presses hers vehemently, convulsively. It was but one instant, and two lips frozen and stiffened as if by death rested with lingering fondness on the clasped hand.

Seconds elapsed ere instinct of terror prevailed over the trance of surprise. But Nina de' Lanzi was possessed of a more than feminine daring spirit. She did not scream. Her heart rebelled against the evidence of her senses. By a sudden effort she roused herself and started up in her bed.

Up she stood, stifling the throbs of her bosom, gazing boldly, steadfastly around.

Her eye glanced behind. The door—she saw it—was gliding noiselessly on its hinges, as if closing slowly, stealthily on the heels of a receding person.

She saw it distinctly. She was but too wide awake. The moisture of death oozed from her temples. She felt a choking at her throat.

Her fingers were still white—numbed almost with the deathly pressure they had lately undergone, and a livid impression still marked the spot where the icy lips of the phantasm had clung.

A reaction of crushing, overwhelming terror now succeeded to that first outburst of animal spirits. With her eyes rivetted on that dreaded door, she sat up, spell-bound, in her bed, striving to nerve her heart against the chances of a second intrusion; but long and tedious rolled the hours; the morning dawned gray at the casement, and the door gave no sign.

Courage returned with daylight. "And did she suffer her imagination thus to gain the upperhand of her better understanding? And could night-mares get so powerful a hold on the senses? Could illusion continue after reviving consciousness? And was her hand never before numbed by cold or by the straining of an awkward posture?"

By these and similar arguments she laughed her own fears to scorn. It was a faint laugh, nevertheless; nor, was it without a shudder she went through the redoubted door that played such awful freaks at midnight.

The following day was merry and sunny. There was a long stroll with the professor's children at the Montagnola.* Then romping and frolicking in the garden at home. Then a hasty dinner; then rigging and decking, smoothing and trimming for the evening show. And lamps

were lighted, guests crowded in, and Nina de Lanzi stood up with her partner.

From the moment she quitted the haunted apartment she had not had one second's leisure to bestow on her nocturnal adventure.

The lovely Nina stood up with her partner. The professor's lady had that evening surpassed all her former achievements. The *élite* of Lombard loveliness was here, and the sprightly students of the university, the young blood of the land, doing homage at their feet.

Nina de Lanzi and Lorenzo da Rizzo led the van of the first quadrille. The latter bright, manly, beaming, elate with the excitement of happy affection and gratified vanity; the former, a somewhat short, but unspeakably graceful figure, shaped, created, as it were, for the dance, at that early stage of the festivities still pensive and feverish with the unrest, with the vaguely remembered visitation of the previous night.

She soon rallied, nevertheless. Her head rose and was thrown backward with a half disdainful toss, as she caught the first notes of the inspiriting strain from the orchestra. Her rich hazel hair, in a maze of ringlets and tresses, bounded witchingly on her rounded shoulders, while her hand—the Lily of Rimini—it was seldom that she condescended to imprison it in white kid—waved gracefully in the air towards the youth of her choice.

Her truant partner had, however, but for one second deserted his post. Some little difficulty in the distribution of the following couples had occasioned a momentary delay. At a beck from the lady of the house, Da Rizzo had stepped up to her to give her the benefit of his advice. His absence was unnoticed by Nina, who, with averted head, continued to hold out to him the fair prize so ardently solicited.

Suddenly a shriek of anguish and terror, loud above the din of festive instruments, rang through the crowded apartment.

An awful pause ensued: every eye was instantly turned upon Nina.

She stood alone at her place, gazing vacantly at her hand. The fingers' ends were white, the nails blue, as if with intense cold. The hand of death had been once more busy with them.

"Who has done it?" she gasped, "what sad mockery is this?"

The whole company crowded up to her, aghast in the sympathy of her own consternation.

The attentions of the multitude oppressed her. She stamped impatiently. She was conveyed to a cooler room. In a few minutes she had recovered thoroughly. She asked to be allowed to retire. Remonstrances were all in vain—irritated her. The dreaded apartment—she was too proud to evince her repugnance—was hastily got ready for her. Half-playfully, half-forcibly she secured a bed-fellow in the person of Juliet, the eldest of the Professor's children, a girl aged twelve; and her lamps were carefully crimmed, the fire blazed in the chimney.

Her anxious hostess lingered in the room, till for the third time bidden to go. Little Juliet, nothing loth to give up her juvenile beaux, had already gone to roost. Nina showed her aunt to the door—listened to her retreating foot-fall; then carefully locked and bolted the door.

Almost blushing with shame, she cast a hurried glance under the bed; she peeped behind the window-curtains. She came back rubbing her hands, and breathing freely. Yet two minutes, and she was in the arms of the already unconscious Juliet.

The company in the hall were bewildered; the notes of the violin

grated in every ear. Dancing became impracticable. Conversation was carried on in ominous whispers.

Twelve o'clock had struck. The fire burned still. The lamps shone wan and faint. The two girls lay grouped in each other's arms. Girls have a peculiar talent for grouping. Arms and necks, all the soft limbs of the young creatures were coiled and twined together, as if they lay for models of the graces.

The warmth of their young blood was diffused all over the room, and the fragrance of their breath. Their cheeks glowed in contact, and their lips were glued to each other.

Both were quiet; but whilst one was many fathoms deep in the sleep of blessed innocence, the other's eyes glared uneasy and fitful as if constantly on the watch for coming terrors.

Poor Nina was game to the last. She would not fear, would not believe: she cursed the morbidness of her fancy.

"What?" she said, "ghosts from the grave, to do homage to the Lily Hand of Rimini? 'Tis conscience maketh cowards of us all: and what did conscience reproach her with? The heart-ache, forsooth, some silly fop declared the sight of her gave him? Ha! ha! It was all the work of weariness, of illusion."

"And yet the ball-scene! was it also a freak of the imagination? mere jugglery? That sudden discoloration of the tips of her fingers—was any one present aware of it? Could spectres haunt us in a crowd?"

With these reasonings she soothed herself, attuned her mind to repose and security. "After all," she concluded, "Juliet was there."

The presence of an infant, nay, of a lap-dog, is enough to allay supernatural fears. That poor sleeping, defenceless being broke through the awfulness of Nina's solitude. She pressed the little bed-fellow in her arms, and the storm in her bosom subsided.

The heightened colour in her face; the veil lowering on her eyes, the flutter and chaos of her thoughts, were hailed by her as symptoms of incipient somnolency.

She disengaged herself from the too close embrace of her little friend: buried her face in her pillow, and composed her limbs to her habitual ease.

Her manœuvres, however careful and light, did not fail to produce analogous movement on the part of the clinging girl. Her little hands both of which were turned round Nina's right, with all the fervour of sisterly tenderness, at once relaxed, and the arm of the latter, thrown fondly over the child's neck, remained thus hanging in the air, almost outside the bed.

At this same moment, the released hand was clasped in another's. The sepulchral cold again crept from the fingers' ends to the very heart's blood. Once more the earthy touch of a dead man's lips left its mark on the dimples of the Lily of Rimini.

This time Nina, though only half in her senses, was more on her guard. She rushed from her place, darted from her bed, and as her eye forthwith directed itself to the fatal door, once more, by some imperceptible impulse, it seemed to fall to, following the invisible intruder in his retreat.

We have described Nina de Lanzi as a high-minded, stout-hearted girl. Yet the reader will have some difficulty to credit the daring feat we are about to narrate.

By a degree of elasticity and presence of mind rare in a hero, she rose

superior to her first stress of dismay. She seized her lamp with unquailing hand—with a steady step she made for the door.

It would be difficult to describe how she opened it. By an unconscious act of volition, the door yielded to her touch, and she found herself on the outside.

All was still there, dark and lonely. The buzz of the revellers from the state apartments came faint, stifled by distance.

The Professor's villa was a straggling mansion, all on one floor. Nina's chamber, the best spare bed-room, opened into a square landing. The door on the right led to the state apartments, and from these the hum of confused voices was audible. On the opposite side was a long gallery, and at the termination of this a dark door loomed ominously in the distance.

Nina stepped out into the landing. Only for two or three days an inmate of the house, she allowed herself to be guided by instinct. She crossed the landing and darted into the unknown corridor.

The objects around danced and swam before her eyes. The door at the end of the gallery seemed to swing on its hinges; and when the venturesome girl reached it she found it ajar.

There was a short pause. A qualm of irresolution sickened her at heart. The lamp shook in her hand.

Once more she rallied: with her bare foot she pushed open the door. She stood within the threshold.

The floor was strewn with sand, which grated under her feet. The walls were bare, dank: a long table, covered by a white cloth, stood in the middle.

The girl went up to it. She lifted up the sheet. The shrunken features of the dead were grinning before her. She was in the Professor's dissecting-room.

It was the corpse of a man in the prime of youth. It came nameless to the house, merely labelled No. 373, from the hospital. Busy with his festive preparations, Professor Mascagni had not even found time to pay a visit to the "subject" in his laboratory. He was a stranger in town, unknown at the asylum, where he had laid himself down to die.

Happy and young, Nina de Lanzi had never before looked on the solemn aspect of death. She gazed at it in speechless fascination. In her startled fancy the body seemed instinct with life. It breathed; its chill breath reached her: the lips quivered—they glowed, yet, with the voluptuousness of the kiss they had stolen.

A piercing shriek, a heavy fall on the floor, soon caused a rush from the alarmed revellers in the hall. Nina revived after a few minutes; but her entire recovery from the ghastly scene was the work of years.

Two of these were spent with her mother at Rimini, ere she felt sufficient strength to stand up at the altar, to utter the solemn vows which were to bind her to the fortunate Lorenzo da Rizzo.

Even in that occurrence, a misgiving, as if the warm hand which clasped hers might be superseded by the icy fingers of death, irresistibly crept to her heart. Deadly paleness stood on her cheeks, and she glanced uneasily around. But two years' burial had, as it seems, cooled the posthumous admiration of the dreaded No. 373, and the bestowal of the "Lily hand" was suffered to go through without further interruption.

Even after many years of wedded life, Nina's hand—we will not venture to say how carefully it lay hid under the blankets—was never exhibited ungloved in a ball-room.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC
MEN, INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH
KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &c. &c.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. V.

London, May 14, 1816.

THE desire which appears to exist in a certain quarter for introducing not merely military pageantry but military force on every occasion wherever, with the slightest show of propriety, it can be introduced, has excited a very powerful feeling in the minds of those who, without meaning to underrate the achievements which our army have effected—without meaning to undervalue their prowess—adhere so far to the old fashioned notions of liberty for which our ancestors were remarkable, as to conceive that in the adjustment of civil matters it is far better to employ a citizen than a soldier. In the House of Commons last night the Earl of Essex complained that he had been obstructed at the bottom of the Haymarket by a party of military stationed there, who prevented his carriage from proceeding, lest the procession of the lord mayor and common council to Carlton House should be thrown into confusion. His lordship, after adverting to the illegality of this proceeding, moved for a copy of the orders under which the soldiery acted. A discussion of some length ensued, which was concluded by a division, but lost by a majority of thirty-three to sixteen. The Marquis of Buckingham then gave notice that he would on Friday next move an address to the Prince Regent praying that he would be graciously pleased to direct that a copy of the order under which the troops acted on this occasion should be placed before the house.

Ministers expect that they will be able to close the session of parliament before the end of June!

The Minister, in increasing the tax upon soap, does not evince a disposition to come forward with clean hands.

Wednesday Morning.

The west end of the town was in a state of complete bustle yesterday, the occasion, the Prince's grand levee. The following whimsical circumstance happened, a fellow who was charged with picking a pocket, had got on a complete old suit of the Prince Regent's uniform, with which the person who accused him of the theft, charged him as adding even additional insolence to his crime. The man grew impertinent, and would have been more so, had not a person in the crowd come up, who knew him to be an old offender. He still, however, persisted, that the gentleman had no right to find fault with his dress. "I should like," said the fellow, "to know the law in this country that prevents a man from wearing what sort of dress he likes, provided he pays for it. If the Prince Regent likes to wear a blue coat with buff about it, and feathers on the buttons, so do I, besides, if it's genteel, it's what I want to be; so pray let's hear no more about my having no right to wear my own coat."

The Princess Charlotte's hop.—Previously to her highness's return to

town, to meet the Prince of Coburg at the hymeneal altar, she received a lecture upon propriety from her *gouvernante*, the Countess of Rosslyn. The equipage was then waiting at the gate, and a crowd of anxious spectators were assembled together. Lady Rosslyn and Lady Ilchester walked in great form to the steps of the carriage, and there waited for her highness. The princess approached, but it was in a way that shocked the delicate punctilio of Lady R——; she was actually poisoning her body on one leg, and in that way hopped to the coach. Lady R—— remonstrated. "What," said the Princess, "you don't like it? why, then, I'll do it again." Her highness was as good as her word!

Generals Sebastiani and Camille Jourdan are said to be in town incog. Is this known to ministers, and do they see them?

A petition to Parliament in behalf of the seventy British subjects condemned at Carthegena, was opened at Dumfries, in Scotland, on Sunday, and in four hours 628 persons subscribed to it, most of them persons of respectability there, and 2000 more would have done the same could the paper have contained their names. Afterwards the magistrates and the council signed another petition to the same effect, addressed to Lord Liverpool, on whom they had conferred the freedom of the burgh twenty years ago, and who then offered his best services on any occasion.

A grand entertainment was given yesterday by the United Service Club, when the junction between the army and navy was announced. The Duke of York took the chair as the head of the military establishment, and the Duke of Clarence officiated as vice-president, his highness being Admiral of the Fleet.

A furious tirade was uttered against Sir Francis Burdett, by some of his most zealous and faithful adherents—they accuse him of an intention to desert the republican standard.

Lord Craven has called a meeting of the Yacht Club at the Thatched House. A vast number of pleasure boats are getting ready for a cruise through the islands of the Archipelago.

A most scrupulous and corresponding activity prevails among the custom-house officers along the whole line of the coast.

The carriage of Mr. Long Wellesley was amongst the sufferers yesterday at the levée, the panels of that and many others, were driven in by the concussion. The assembled multitude, upon the aggregate, exceeded any similar display of late years.

The ground was marked out yesterday for the New College of Physicians. The building in Warwick Lane is sold to the city; it will be thrown into Newgate. The edifice for the new club to be erected in the Regent's Street, will in architecture resemble a quadrangle, having a frontage of ninety-five feet.

London, the 17th of May, 1816.

With the exception of the spectacle presented during the visit of the royal sovereigns, the parks have not for many years displayed such a crowded and splendid appearance as they did yesterday at three o'clock. The carriages which had set down their company at the queen's palace, formed a row two deep round St James's Park, extending up Constitution Hill, and to a considerable distance down Piccadilly. The middle of the road between these two lines, particularly along Constitution Hill, was left open for carriages going to and from the palace. Of those which were

in waiting the coach boxes and the hind standards, were filled with ladies elegantly dressed, who availed themselves of this mode of being carried into the joyful scene, safe from the pressure of the crowd. The side paths along the whole of this line were filled with elegantly dressed people, of whom there was a deep row inside of the Green Park, upon the whole line from the gate at Hyde Park Corner round the iron gate to the entrance of the Queen's Walk from St. James's Park. The Stable-yard was with difficulty passable during the whole of the day.

Contrary to all the representations relative to the Prince of Coburg and his royal bride's reception, were the facts. When they entered the gate from Piccadilly John Bull preserved a sullen silence, which continued down Constitution Hill, even to the entrance gate of the palace. Here they were received with a few faint cheers. "The Princess Charlotte," said an accurate observer, "looked unusually dejected!" as to her royal parent, he was not visible at all! The carriage proceeded from Carlton House with all possible speed, surrounded by numerous detachments of cavalry. His highness descended, with the assistance of his attendants, and proceeded with the same difficulty as usual to the presence chamber. By the advice of Surgeon Hume, the Prince Regent wears laced boots, which have a great tendency to strengthen the ancles; no person who visited the parks yesterday can complain of the backwardness of the season, for at every turn you meet old women of seventy as gay as the girls at seventeen, and young misses emulous to become matrons. C——, that Peachum, toiling in a double capacity, both for and against rogues, was received by the mob with groans. The noble lord's treble bronze, was useful to parry the arrows of ridicule with which he was assailed. However, he would no doubt deny all this with bell, book, and candle. Lady —— sported six footmen behind her vehicle in liveries, embroidered, as the anatomist expresses it, from the systole to the diastole. Her ladyship's face resembled a full moon, very ruddy in decline! Probably she had taken a double dose of her favourite usquebaugh.

The attacks made recently on Lord Milton by the ministers have exasperated Lord Fitzwilliam beyond the possibility of forgiveness. The noble lord is using all his influence to run them down.

Two regiments of cavalry are gone off to quell the manifestations of discontent in different parts, of the country in consequence of the rise in the price of bread. The burning of wheat stacks seems to have become systematic, and the incendiaries continue their enormities in Suffolk and Norfolk.

CHAP. VI.

London, the 21st of May, 1816.

METHINKS, my good sir, we have been mightily dull of late; I dread your reproaches because I deserve them. In order, therefore, to atone for past offences, give me leave to take you by the hand and lead you to the Priory inhabited not by monks, or by nuns, but by princes, bishops, and statesmen! The spirit of originality which reigns throughout the whole establishment, is truly characteristic of the noble founder, who, since his late attack, called by the physicians, for want of a better word, *apoplexis serosa*, has been most anxious to exhibit his productions. Here you shall truly see "fun upon fun," only be so kind as to lay all

squeamishness aside, and turn a deaf ear to the foolish whisperings of decency, otherwise you are perfectly inadmissible.

On Saturday morning, the Duke of C——, Lord C——, the Bishop of London, and a select circle left town on a visit to the Peer. In this monastic retreat these distinguished personages remained until yesterday evening. *Apropos* of the Bishop of London. His Lordship took the chair at the Bible Society recently at the Freemasons' Tavern, and of course made a speech—perhaps the most inappropriate and inelegant ever uttered in that room. The whole of his auditors, even the Wilberforces, turned up the whites of their eyes, and ejaculated, “from such another speech good Lord deliver us!”

Every foreign minister, except the Prussian, attended the drawing-room on Thursday last. Baron Jacobi, it is said, plainly told the Regent that he had received instructions, the most peremptory, from his master, not to attend at court again until the Duchess of C—— was received!

Several farmers who lately occupied about four thousand acres of land in Lincolnshire, have just emigrated to America, after having sold all their live and dead stock—they were accompanied by the curate of the village.

Lord Castlereagh told Byrne of the *Morning Post* yesterday that he meant to close the parliament session on the 1st of July.

Upon the representation of the Sheriff of Suffolk and Mr. Willett, the banker, at the Secretary of State's office, of the disturbed state of that county, they received an assurance that a military force should be immediately sent for the protection of the inhabitants. Orders were in consequence despatched for some troops on their march in that part of the country, to hasten to the scene of these discontents. Great apprehensions are, however, entertained that they did not arrive in time to prevent much mischief, as the advices received in town this morning from Brandon, represent the number of the rioters as considerably increased, and their spirit more daring and determined. Another express, in addition to the two received on Sunday at the Secretary of State's office from Norfolk, with accounts of alarming appearances in different parts! The destruction of machinery, burning of barns, and corn-stacks; attacks on dwelling houses, increase. Answers, with promise of assistance, were immediately despatched to the mayors. These communications have excited great bustle at the Secretary of State's office.

May the 24th, 1816.

In spite of all the prudent precautions resorted to by the Queen and the Prince Regent, the Princess C—— already begins to manifest hostile intentions. Her observations to the Countess of Rosslyn, early in the present week, are tantamount to a declaration of war. Speaking of the drawing-room, she said she wondered how any woman turned of forty could muster assurance enough to show herself at court. This pointed sarcasm was meant for her aunts. Mentioning her royal father, this heedless princess said, very pertly, “it was better to *saddle* horses than *pannel* asses,” alluding to the orders with which the Regent loads his favourites. It is in vain, to expostulate; she always turns a deaf ear to remonstrances; and if I am not mistaken, she will create such a ferment as has not been seen in old England. What think you of

her threat to publicly insult Lady —? However improbable it may appear, it is nevertheless true. Alluding to the attendants in her domestic establishment, "Is it to be borne, that I am to have a parcel of people about me, who are literally all spies upon my actions—it must not be!" After a long pause, "I will turn all adrift, except A—and Mrs. —!"

London, the 26th of May, 1816.

Keep your eye upon Street, the editor of the Courier, who is gone to Paris upon some secret mission from Castlereagh. Of this I am assured, that his journey relates more to state affairs than those connected with a newspaper. He will no doubt shoot two birds with one stone! From what dropped last night in a ministerial quarter, I think C— has instructed him to observe your movements! There have appeared two private letters in the Courier, blazoned forth in leads! In one of them he says, "An aide-de-camp of General T—tchoff, who quitted Petersburg in the early days of May, observed that Alexander was reducing his warlike legions to the peace establishment. That no longer any intention existed to place the Prince of Orange on the throne of France—that a war with England would not take place. Austria had nothing to fear from Prussia or Russia, &c., &c." How are all these contradictions to be reconciled? Your predictions relative to Grenoble are verified. I wait for your instructions relative to the British Press, Globe, and Star.

London, the 28th of May, 1816.

Government expected a convulsion in the metropolis, on Thursday night. The Royal Horse Guards (called by the savages of Europe the Lumber-troop) were under arms during that day and the one subsequent; no disposition to riot, however, was manifested.

But riots still continue in different parts of the kingdom; and can they be wondered at! People will not starve, if food can be obtained. A letter from Hampshire says, "Although wheat has risen from twelve to twenty pounds a load, the poor-rates have risen in proportion; the farmers cannot go on thus! A famine must ensue!" In Manchester and Derbyshire, every kind of machinery is at a stand. The iron-founders are all sinking at Birmingham. As to the state of Ireland, the land-holders consider their case altogether hopeless.

General Montague Matthew said yesterday, that he was a more independent man than his brother, the Earl of Llandaff; "For," said he, "my pay as a soldier (500*l.* per annum) is better than the family rent-roll."

So the Duke of Cambridge is expected home from Hanover.

May 31st, 1816.

A thousand contradictory rumours are in circulation here, relative to the state of the provincial towns. It is certain that, at no period since the House of Brunswick ascended the throne, were the people so disposed to upset the system altogether. As to Ireland, it is in a shocking state; and has long been getting from bad to worse.

Pray, let me hear from you as soon as possible. Every body complains of the want of interest in all the newspapers. As usual.

The Courier says, that an important private letter from Paris, dated the 27th, gives very interesting accounts of the final downfall of Talleyrand and Fouché; they have decidedly lost the royal favour. Is this report true?

London, May 31, 1816.

Speaking of Parliament, it may not be amiss to say, that several members, who have taken an active part in the present session, left town during the last three days. It will, therefore, probably, close about the end of June. It has been a very sharp and useful session. Never did resistance to the ministers display itself in a more constitutional form, with more character in itself, with more usefulness to the country, with more effect upon the interests of genuine liberty, than in the Opposition in the House of Commons, conducted by Mr. Ponsonby—not the least heat or animosity, but in a spirit of mildness, liberality, and moderation; a mildness, however, not deficient in vigour, and if the energy fell short of the object, it was because the country, in the elevation of its joy at the overthrow of ministers and the downfall of the income tax, relaxed in those exertions, which, duly applied, would have led to new triumphs over wanton extravagance. However, with all its faults, the session has done well; with a little more virtue and energy, it would have done a great deal more.

It is a most extraordinary circumstance, that his countrymen should complain they cannot understand Lord Castlereagh. The foreign ministers on the continent say, that they never found a man more intelligible, or who delivered himself in a more tangible shape; but, then, it must be acknowledged, that his lordship always spoke to them with his hand in his pocket.

At the annual dinner, given on Tuesday, "In memory of the Pilot who weathered the Storm," Lord Castlereagh was given "as the heir of Mr. Pitt's wisdom!"

The Opposition exult, in consequence of the decided conduct of the Grenvilles; "They are now," said Lord Holland, yesterday, "the most determined Whigs we have." All this does not make any alteration in their favour in the heart of the Regent, he is more rancorous against them than ever!

Parliamentary.—It will be seen, in the parliamentary report, that a new writ was moved last night in the House of Commons for Liverpool in the room of Mr. Canning, who has accepted the office of President of the Board of Control. This place became vacant on the death of the Marquis of Buckingham, and has been since kept for the return of the new occupant. The public long expected this result, and there has been full time to prepare an opposition to Mr. Canning's re-election at Liverpool, but the present state of the commerce of that town is not favourable to the patriotic struggle for its independence.

Mr. Henry Parnell presented a petition from the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland, announcing to parliament their assent to the principles of domestic nomination, but disdaining any interference directly or indirectly on the part of government in the appointment of their bishops. Some objections were made to the petition of General Barry and Sir John C. Hippley, on the ground of the petitioners having illegally styled themselves bishops, but the objection was overruled, and the petition laid upon the table. Sir Henry Parnell gave notice that he

would on Thursday sen'night move for a committee to consider the petitions presented during the session from the Roman Catholics.

Lord Castlereagh gave notice last night that the House will adjourn this day till Thursday next. An order for a like period is expected in the Lords.

Private letters, received this morning, from those parts of the country which constitute the scene of the late riots, are satisfactory. A disposition to riot, however, had manifested itself among the pitmen in the Wear; and apprehensions of disturbances were entertained at Wisbeach.

London, the 4th of June, 1816.

Ministers are rustivating until Thursday; and the Regent is amusing himself with dinners and concerts at Carlton House; in the latter, the Marquis of Cholmondeley plays first fiddle, and Sir B. Bloomfield the first flute. The Misses — take the lead in the vocal department. The prince is become passionately fond of Handel's music. Zadoc, the priest, is become a great personage. All the old set are admitted to these parties, except Y — th. His highness's ancles are become strengthened by the aid of laced boots; he walks without assistance. Notwithstanding these appearances, the prognostics are still unfavourable! The prince, however, exults over the croakers; and as to diet and regimen, he abandons them to those who recommend the good old king as an example worthy of imitation. His highness is as great a gourmand as ever; he also keeps pace in hard drinking. A stranger, if admitted within the circle, might well exclaim, "London is more luxurious than Athens."

Ministers are anxious to get the funds up to 70; they calculate upon doing so! In 1792, Mr. Pitt raised them to 95, and he talked of getting them up to par. But, unfortunately, the war and its attendant disasters, plunged them down to 47. As to Mr. Vansittart's influence on the moneyed interest, it would be farcical to mention it seriously! The utmost industry is used in every department of government to inculcate the opinion of the durability of the peace. The most positive denial is given to the reported differences between this country and Russia. Amid all this, the starving manufacturers are almost in a hopeless state. At Manchester, wherein a few artisans are employed, individuals work for incredibly small wages—for what they were paid 20s. they now receive only 3s. 6d. This state of things cannot last!

The provincial papers and private letters, received from the country, are nearly silent on the subject of the late disturbances. We regret, however, to find a new cause of discontent has arisen from the check given to the circulation of the present deteriorated silver currency.

If the Lord Chancellor can be so weak to declare that he should strike county magistrates out of the commission, who did not do their duty at present, he forgets a little that the gentlemen of the different counties in England, who are undertaking a laborious, painful, and even incessant duty, at their own personal inconvenience, with the addition of great expense to themselves, do all this for the public good, and that, very unlike himself, they are not receiving forty thousand pounds a year for performing this duty, nor even fifty pence. Before ministers of the crown use such language to the gentlemen of the country, let them lay down their salaries, divest themselves of their emoluments and their patronage, and when they have done all this, then they may talk, and

prove to the public they do their duty conscientiously, and without fee or reward. One of the severest inflictions upon landed property at present is, that the money payments out of it, either by jointure or annuity, continue the same, while the estate is now, perhaps, not more than equal to discharge them by paying all it produces.

In all the small provincial towns throughout England, it is nearly incredible what a number of decent and respectable families have sunk, through the depression of the times and the enormous weight of taxation, into bankruptcy and obscurity; and are now taking the place in foreign countries, of the French emigrants in this.

Numbers of the labouring poor, who have applied at the different sessions for certificates, to enable them to go to America, have been wicked enough to leave behind them their wives and children, to be supported by the parishes from which they have fled.

Wheat.—This grain, which had a considerable start lately, has again been reduced to its old price, which, for the country, is a fortunate circumstance, as it came too late for the farmer to be benefited by the rise, and furnishing the poor at the increased prices, would have made the situation of the farmer still worse than before.

Economy.—The translation of this word seems to be at present to obtain a donation of sixty thousand pounds, and lay out seventy thousand of it immediately; and borrow five hundred, and put by two shillings as a sinking fund to pay it off.

CHAP. VII.

London the 7th of June, 1816.

IN a government like that of Great Britain, or at least in the present state of it, men of abilities must be called in and gratified if possible, to induce them to support the measures of its ministers. Although their private characters should be unworthy and disgraceful, they must be courted and encouraged, through the fear of their becoming powerful and unprincipled enemies. A man, who from his youth, has never swerved from a base, vicious, mean, and wicked conduct, appears to common observation, to be an improper person for our honest ministry, to pay attention to such an alliance in the general course of things, cannot do honour to any party; nevertheless, when these bad qualities are united to considerable talents, it becomes a prudent and necessary step, by some advantageous proposal to keep such a man on the side of government. Not that he can or is expected to do much good as a friend, but to be kept from doing ill as an enemy. Of two evils to choose the least, is a wise maxim and of universal application. Temporary or occasional corruption, if such a ministerial conduct as I have just described deserves the appellation, is far better than anarchy and confusion. A flowery, animated, and well-dressed speech, though it may not add one argument to justify or enforce the measures of government, might, if employed in opposition to them, help to inflame the minds of those men, and there are too many such who are affected, and oftentimes lead to outrage by sounding words and pompous declamation. At all events, if it is possible, make a good man your friend and prevent your bad one from being your enemy. This is necessary to the peace and tranquillity of private life, and may be equally applicable to the extensive administration of states and kingdoms.

The approaching Royal Alliance.—*The Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Mary.* The circumstance is well known that the duke would have led his cousin Mary to the altar long since, that is in 1803. The King expressed a desire that the subject should be named by the Queen to the Princess—the Queen did so, but the Princess Mary rejected his suit, alleging as a reason that her affections were pre-engaged! This reply influenced the Queen, who demanded the name of the individual—"the second son of the Prince of Orange" was the reply. The good old King on being made acquainted with this predilection desired that the Duke of Gloucester's name might never again be mentioned to that princess,—as to the favoured individual, his then situation precluded even a thought! We may suppose her highness, having at last arrived at years of discretion, found more good qualities in her cousin than formerly. A correspondence ensued, and the match has been in a great degree made up between themselves and the party! It is certain that the Regent has had no hand in it, for even the appointment of his highness to the rank of a field-marshal was extorted, not given! The fact is then when Saxe-Coburg was elevated to that dignity, the duke said that he was an older general, and that if he was not also advanced, he would appeal to the public. His remonstrance had its effect. The ministers begged his highness would not resort to any such measure. The duke succeeded! The matrimonial scheme was then brought on the *tapis*, and that likewise has succeeded!

Yesterday the Prince Regent, the queen, and the royal family, dined for the *first time* at Gloucester House with the duke and the Princess Sophia. These are the individuals whom the prince has repeatedly termed, the descendants of washerwomen.

The Regent the P. C. and the Divorce.—I am assured that the principal object which the prince has in view relates more to keeping his daughter in check than that of entering into the holy state. That he had some thoughts upon the subject of offering his hand to the P. Sophia, there cannot be a doubt, for the subject was broached at the duke's table a few days previous to my mentioning it. As the case now stands the Duke of Cambridge is to be the happy man; the Morning Herald stated this.

A placard was yesterday put into my hand by R. It is as follows:—In the press, and speedily will be published, the "SECRET HISTORY of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales with the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and of the breaking off of the treaty with the Hereditary Prince of Orange; and an outline of the policy of the Court of Russia, together with anecdotes of the Duchess of Oldenburg and other distinguished characters.—London, printed for I. Blocklock, 92, Royal Exchange." I shall send you a copy as early as possible. I think Hobhouse has a hand in it! I am not a little anxious to hear from you. No letter since the one dated the 22nd of May!

The Herald of this day sings its own recantation relative to the third royal marriage.

The faculty say that the Princess S—— G—— is likely to remain unmarried. The two Houses of Parliament met yesterday. In the Commons Sir H. Parnell brought forward his motion for granting the Catholics of Ireland those privileges which it was agreed to concede to them two years since, but which they declined. The honourable baronet,

however, finding that there was no chance of obtaining support in the object he had in view at the present crisis, withdrew his motion.

Waterloo Bridge.—By a clause in the Strand Bridge Amendment Bill, that bridge is for the future to be called “The Bridge of Waterloo.” This magnificent structure advances rapidly to completion. It has for some time been passable to pedestrians at a toll of threepence per head.

The trial in the Court of King’s Bench on Thursday, has excited great interest. You will see it fully detailed in the *Times*, and in that paper exclusively. Hereby is attached a bit of Secret History! S—— made use of all his influence to stifle the publication. He succeeded with the *Post*, *Chronicle*, *Press*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Herald*, *Public Advertiser*, &c. “What!” said W——, “has every editor agreed to suppress it?” “Yes.” “Go round,” said W——, “to all the papers, and learn if this is actually the state of the case.” The understrapper of the *Times* went, and brought back a corroborative account. “Now,” said W——, “this is too good a thing to lose; we shall have the story exclusively. Therefore pray let the whole go in by all means.” In it went accordingly, and during the whole day the demand for the *Times* was incessant. Bad logic this for the other journalists.

London, the 12th of June, 1816.

Dulness characterises the town in every department, although at the height of the season. Company, it is true, may be seen at the fashionable routes and balls; but where we have been accustomed to meet one thousand people, the hostess, with all her attractions, cannot now muster four hundred. For instance, Mrs. —— (so long a dead letter), at her *mélange* on Monday night, could not collect three hundred. The leaders of Opposition were there, and the Royal Dukes of York, Kent, and Clarence. At the period when the caprice of the Regent again gave countenance to that lady (in the year 1803), she could then say “fifteen hundred distinguished personages are on my visiting book.”

The fact is, that an apathy has taken possession even of the few individuals who are still denominated “the wealthy,” they give suppers, it is true, but they are a shabby set out at best. The Marquis of ——’s *fête*, about which so much has been said, was contemptible! Little Gunter states that he never saw so much poverty, pride, and meanness in high life before.

The newspaper puffs about “Grand Banquets” given by Lady —— are truly ridiculous, and I am surprised that some of our satirical poets have not vented the gall of their pens upon the subject. The grand banquet consists of sandwiches of ham and beef!

London, June 18, 1816.

No nation upon earth has juster reasons to be alarmed at the violent struggle of parties, and to place no confidence in either, than the people of England. They have been alternately the dupes of Whigs and Tories, who seem almost always to have interchanged characters upon the loss or acquisition of power. It is indeed painful to observe that the fountain of honour should produce the same effect as the waters of Lethe, a total oblivion of a man’s past life, or that the fair blossoms of patriotism should so readily wither in the atmosphere of a court!

In February last I put you in possession of some important informa-

tion from the West Indies ; those predictions are approaching their fulfilment. I am hourly in expectation of hearing from St. Domingo. The following is an extract from a letter dated St. Anne's, Jamaica, the 9th of May :—

"If you have been alarmed at the flying reports of trifling matters which have occurred in this island, how will your feelings be aroused when you learn what has happened at Barbadoes and the Windward Islands. We are here in such consternation that I cannot properly express it. I trust that through the interposition of Providence, and our vigilant and prompt exertions, we may avert the evils which have been heaped upon the neighbouring islands ;—the scene of the first desolating act. Where are now the friends of humanity ? Will they venture here to preach such a doctrine ? A doctrine such as their misguided imaginations have worked up as being essential to the well-being of the slaves and the honour of the Christian world and our government. No ! they will not venture their precious bodies, although the fallacious and deceptive cant of their tongues have led mankind to consider them the apostles of humanity and Christianity ! Martial law is hourly expected to be proclaimed here ! The slave population of this parish, according to the roll, is 23,000 souls ; our militia, in 1805, was 600 men, including officers and staff, a force capable of acting, thirteen to one, it may now be considered as twelve to one. You were certainly right not to purchase land in January last, I was fully sensible of the truth of your predictions, and could I sell my plantations for half their value I would gladly do so. Oh, St. Domingo ! St. Domingo !!!"

A most ridiculous scene took place at Kilburn, on Sunday, relative to an anonymous letter sent to H——. It appears that some officious person had a conversation with the marquis in which some words were dropped which induced the party to suspect the noble lord was in the secret ! H—— (who is a brave but a silly fellow) flew to the opera to meet the marquis, where, not finding the object, he dealt out very liberally the terms "scoundrel" and "rascal." Lord B. was quickly apprised of these honourable distinctions ;—a challenge was the consequence, and a duel. The Chronicle details further particulars. The duel itself is the subject of laughter ! The parties are said to have fought with paper bullets !

London, June 21, 1816.

It is a very unusual thing for any class of the public, whether high or low, to resist a complimentary address upon any occasion, be it birth or be it marriage, agreeable to the royal family. However, those who call a public meeting must stand the chance of opinion or humour in all classes. Such a meeting was called on Monday at Maidstone, to vote addresses upon the late royal marriage. I must refer you to the Chronicle and Courier for an account, which will show how some of the populace got possession of two out of three of the waggons which were intended for their betters,—

(. . . . tardus eras et tua plaustra tenebunt),

how they interrupted Lord Clifton, and

Broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

It was unlucky that Lord Clifton touched in his speech upon the felicity

of all classes. Men will endure embarrassment, privation, and distress, but they will not at the same time suffer others to look in their faces and tell them that they are perfectly happy. His lordship might, doubtless, have safely said that it behoved Englishmen to bear their grievances, for they know, by experience, that there is a parliament to redress them, but to say there are no grievances, and that all are happy, when nearly all are suffering, was to venture too much in any assembly not entirely composed of persons who have public salaries.

The Wimbledon Review on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.—A great degree of anxiety has prevailed in the ministerial circles to throw the blame, or rather the odium, upon the public journals. The fact is that the Prince Regent could not collect nerve sufficient to encounter a public meeting! Talking yesterday to an individual who is one of his most prominent supporters, he observed, "He is shockingly unpopular!" The annunciation was a complete hoax.

"Laurie," said the Marquis of Hertford, to his saddler, "we shall not want the things ordered on Monday, as no review will take place on Tuesday, owing to the Prince Regent having had an attack of the gout!" Laurie is accoutrement-maker to his royal highness.

The Ministers going out.—A rumour was current about a fortnight since, that the ministers were going out! The fact is that the P. R. has no such thoughts; he is more rancorous against the Whigs than ever!! Their case is a hopeless one; Burdett and Cobbett have sunk them entirely. Lord Grey is absolutely hypochondriacal, sheds tears whenever crossed! The attacks are different from the nervous irritability which seized his brother-in-law. He says, "his friends have no reason to be alarmed, for as to consequences, the result will never be the same."

The Prince Regent's Stamina.—His medical attendants assert that his R. II. has increased, if not in strength, certainly in weight, since his late illness.

The Princess Charlotte's Indisposition.—Is said to have originated from a miscarriage! She is now better. "Coburg," say the Opposition, "is a weak creature, completely made a tool of by the Carlton-House junta." This might be expected.

Mrs. —.—Do not be surprised if you hear that the heroine is again brought into notice. — is absolutely jealous! During the prince's sojourn at the Pavilion, the latter would not venture to quit the house for a single day! Sir B. B. boasts that they have documents which will ever keep his R. Highness in leading strings in spite of his own inclinations.

The Duke of Gloucester is sitting to Lawrence for a *Head*. What the artist can do, will be done certainly.

Platonic Love.—Lady —, who is an excellent judge, lately said, "If such a rascal as *Platonic love* was to come within my doors, I would order my porter to kick him out."

Public Defaulters.—Many of the late defaulters are said to have *settled* with government, and are returning again to office. Should the report prove true, there may be more proofs of such a thing as to—*plunder cum privilegio*.

Three o'clock, p. m.—I have just seen an intimate friend of Camel-ford's. He tells me that a *fracas* has taken place between the prince and his spouse. The Princess Charlotte is very unhappy! "This Saxe Coburg is a bad-tempered fellow," added my informant. More of this in my next.

B—— sent to Coventry! It now appears that the parties only interchanged shots once. H—— called the noble lord “a coward and a scoundrel;” a challenge of course ensued. Before the parties quitted the ground, H—— said these words: “I still continue to entertain the same opinion of you.” B. retired without making any reply! The Prince Regent at the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne’s. Looked very ill; walked with a stick, and tottered much.

Four o’clock.—Lord Foley done up, and Sir G—— W—— black-balled, an hour since, at the Cocoa-Tree. Y—— still out at the Great House.—Mrs. F—— triumphing. Chaos! chaos! is come again!

London, the 26th of June, 1816.

The Opposition are actually calculating upon a splendid destiny at last. The Duke of York has told them that they may really have an opportunity shortly of raising an altar to Fortune. This information when every ray of hope was lost, has been too much for some of their weak intellects—they cannot believe the transition to be real. Should their expectations be realised, the ecstacy may effect the brain; from hopeless despondence to the fruition of all their joys, would be too much. “Is it possible,” said I to an M.P. yesterday, “Is it possible that the party will accept of office in the present state of the country?” “Certainly,” replied he, “for although they see before their eyes all the perils which must ensue in attempting to pilot the state vessel, yet what can be done? Who are to guide the helm, if they do not? Would you have it seized by Burdett and Cobbett; and that would inevitably be the case, did they not prevent it!” “Why is Lord Grey still hypochondriacal?” “Because he sees before his eyes a tremendous abyss, into which the country is sinking fast. Every agreeable illusion vanishes, and the dread of increasing those evils, adds to his discomposure. If he comes in, it will not be from choice.” “And so the commander-in-chief takes the field in the double capacity of negotiator and mediator—how is this!!! Did not the regent, not many days since, express his abhorrence of the party, and say ‘that Hell was too good a place for them?’ How is it, pray tell me, that this revolution in sentiment has been brought about?” “The fact is simply this—the prince is frightened into it. The attacks on the civil list, the reported defeats on great questions, and the small majorities on the others, have discomposed his whole system, and thus alarmed him prodigiously; also the queen, perhaps not without reason!”

More of this in my next.

A meeting took place on Sunday at Holland House. On the day preceding a proportion of the party dined in Grosvenor-square (I believe at Lord Fitzwilliam’s), wherein an awkward fracas took place. N——, a member of Brookes’s, an old Whig, but a man of coarse manners, sat opposite to L—— (not yet Lord Chancellor, and God knows when he will be, Eldon refusing to resign).

To expect that those two discordant spirits should amalgamate was expecting too much. But certainly such a *dénouement* could not have been calculated upon by the hospitable owner of the mansion. N—— had worked himself up into a frenzy; his frightful contortions actually alarmed the company ere he broke out; he seized and twisted the napkin to vent his rage, which he then threw upon the table, and vociferated

that he could no longer sit in the same room without telling L—— that he was “a d——d scoundrel.” The harmony of the scene was upset in a moment. L—— was miserably agitated, and N—— compelled to retire. The latter went to Brookes’s, followed by B——den, K——r, and others. The former insisted upon N——’s making ample atonement by a humiliating apology to L—— particularly. N. finding that he must either fight a duel or beg pardon, chose the *dernier ressort*. It may not be amiss to tell you that L. is at playing booty! He found that he had taken a wrong step when too late! To make the *amende honorable* he has acted the part of a spy ever since, and communicated the secrets of the *sanctum sanctorum* from time to time. To his indefatigable perseverance and judgment, the party are indebted for the Regent’s wavering conduct. C—— has been jealous for some time. A curious *eclaircissement* took place on Sunday evening at S——’s *conversazione*. Lady H—— and Mrs. F—— met there. The Regent sent an apology at a late hour. One of his myrmidons had an opportunity of giving him timely notice to avoid meeting the rival queens!

The provincial letters teem with the most disastrous accounts of the failure of the land agents in collecting rents; every county is in the same state. I am assured that not one penny out of forty thousand a year can be procured from the tenants of Lord Courtenay. As to the manufacturers, they absolutely have it in contemplation to stop altogether. I am told that a meeting of the Lancashire people takes place on Saturday, for the purpose of deliberating upon the propriety of such a measure.

“The contest for Rochester is a dreadful one,” so said Calcraft, the M. P., not five minutes ago. Barnett, the opposition man, will carry it.

A nobleman who has an unincumbered estate, usually producing 15,000*l.* per annum, has been this morning, from one end of the town to the other, to borrow 2000*l.* at a discount of 25 per cent.; it has not succeeded.

I am excessively anxious to hear from you! What are Russia and Prussia doing? The Baron Jacobi, the Prussian minister, assured his medical attendant, Mr. Lockley, a friend of mine, that Frederick was actually disbanding his troops.

At the Dutch Ambassador’s dinner on Friday last, a select party, consisting of Lord Liverpool, Prince Esterhazy, Marquis D’Osmond, Count Munster, Earl of Aberdeen, Baron Pfeffel, the Bavarian Minister, Mr. Newman, Madame de Boyne, Baroness Luckner.

London, 28th June, 1816.

“And what is all this but a *ruse de guerre*?” said I to one of the “Party” yesterday, when he was speaking about the overtures made from Carlton House. “Why,” replied he, “there is some truth in your observation, and I believe that the negotiation is at an end.” “The negotiation at an end!” exclaimed I. “What, are the sanguine hopes of so many expectants to be thus trifled with—blasted in a moment, and that from caprice?” “Caprice,” added he, “has nothing to do with the arrangement. Lord Grey—” here he paused, and then continued, “Lord Grey has given in his *ultimatum*—i. e. ‘When I accept of office it must be when a revolution has taken place.’”

My Lord Holland, since the Duke of York’s illness, has been the negotiator. His lordship’s interviews with the Prince Regent have been

repeated, and the overtures made by his Royal Highness were the most pressing. Lord H. remarked at the last interview that the *sine quâ non* with Lord G. was the recall of every British soldier from France. The prince tendered a *carte blanche*. Lord H. made the report, and the above was the answer given. Since then Lord Lauderdale (the inseparable friend of G.) has been applied to. Lord L. returned the following:—"It is the determination of Lords Grey and Lauderdale not to have any thing to do with public affairs at present." Thus stands the fate of nations. Castlereagh said not long since, "I have a plan in agitation, which will ruin the Opposition for ever." This threat made a deep impression on the leaders, and they have been lynx-eyed ever since. Contrary to their usual practice, they have not spared expense, to obtain private information, and they actually know more of the intrigues of ministers than is at present calculated upon. The premier is certainly getting into a labyrinth (not altogether unlike those which bewilder him in the House of Commons, when he attempts to follow Pitt in all the mazes of a parenthesis), and one from which his usual sophisms are not likely to extricate him.

"R—t has lost all his influence over the public, and he wishes to secure himself against the approaching storm, which will presently burst unless something is done, and that immediately." These remarks were made last night in the lobby of the House of Peers by a country gentleman, who has at times given some wholesome advice at court, and has a very singular talent in discovering the most hidden secrets. He is looked upon by men at their wits' end as a sort of oracle.

Jealousies and other discontents pervade the army in consequence of the marked distinction paid to the Waterloo men. "What," said an officer of noble blood, "are we who have fought, and bled, and conquered in Spain and Portugal, are we not as worthy of a medal as those who perhaps never saw a battle before in their lives?"

The Regent gives a dinner to the Esterhazys on Sunday next. The prince is about to leave this country abruptly. He told a gentleman the other day that "he detested England and all English people."

You will perceive from the *Chronicle* that Sheridan is going! Dr. Gower told me, not an hour since, that the complaint is incurable. I apprised you of all this in March.

To prove to you the situation of the court, the following anecdotes will illustrate a great deal. A friend of mine (a married man) advertised, "Wanted to purchase ground-rents; among other odd replies was one offering "a train-bearer's place at Carlton House." The sum demanded, three thousand pounds.

"Who wants a baronetcy?" said an agent of Colonel — the other day to an old usurer.

"What do you ask?"

"Three thousand guineas—will take pounds."

The Fifth of July.—Dr. Gower has just said that the ministers tremble for the 5th of July. The first quarter's receipts for the year! Appearances are ominous, notwithstanding the assurances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the ways and means would be fully adequate to meet the public expenditure until after Christmas.

Parliamentary.—Now, when the session approaches to its close, and there is no opportunity of proposing further burdens upon the people, new

places and sinecures; when the means of corruption are exhausted, and undue influence must repose for a time from its labours, the Treasury journals, those staunch advocates for excessive taxation and public extravagance, begin to recommend economy. The people very well know how to appreciate this recommendation, coming from the rapacious and unfeeling advocates for the income-tax.

Lord Liverpool is daily with the queen; the noble lord's nerves are in a dreadfully shattered state!

Mr. Smith, the correspondent of the Chronicle, has published his defence. I directed R. to send it on Monday last, and until this day he forgot it. It was in the Observer. He says he cannot now get a copy; you shall have mine to-morrow.

London, July 3, 1816.

The return of Wellington has produced a strong sensation in the public mind. A thousand rumours are industriously circulated. John Bull says, that his unexpected appearance is connected with the formation of a new administration, "made up of shreds and patches!" The Opposition believe that the primary object is to lay before the ministers the necessity of a further supply of troops; also to communicate to them the actual state of the continent, and the intended operations of the new congress, from which they say (the Opposition) Castlereagh is to be excluded. As to the Marquis of Wellesley joining the present men, the Opposition do not calculate upon it. They echo, "What can he do?"

"Have you no fear of the Grenvilles going over?" exclaimed I.

"Not the least."

The Marquis of Buckingham's frequent visits at the great house look ominous. They may have that appearance, but they arise from circumstances. Since Holland has declined the office of messenger, Buckingham has attended.

Lord Lauderdale said, on Sunday last, in answer to the last application from the Regent, entreating them to take office, "If we do we deserve to lose our heads." By-the-by, L— dined the other day at York House, where he saw a letter recently written by Frederick William to his sister, couched in strong and indignant language, against the Regent and the ministers.

The whole of the political circles were in commotion on Saturday last, in consequence of a rumour that a change had taken place by the resignation of Eldon, Liverpool, and Vansittart. It originated in disputes in council at Carlton House.

"D—n it, they are all going out!" vociferated Harrowby, at White's. His lordship then took Stuart Wortley to the sofa, and told him that a person was gone to Lord Holland to state that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool had been called in by the prince for the purpose of communicating his determination to carry on the proceedings against his wife.

"It is a thing to be desired," said Sir H.

C. remonstrated. He observed, that whatever his R. H. might think upon the subject, he hoped, in the present state of the country, he would not press any such measure. The Prince changed the subject immediately, and it seemed as if he had dropped all thought of it; the application to Lord Holland, however, proved the contrary to be the fact. Such was the substance, I am told, of the conversation at the club-house.

LAST SCENES OF A POET'S PILGRIMAGE. '

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

PART I.

WITH spirit crush'd and weary,
 He passeth the street along,
 And the day it is dark and dreary,
 But the poet has nought to fear, he
 Is rapt in a gush of song :
 A thought in his brain is burning,
 That, ever anon returning,
 Is eloquent, deep, and strong ;
 A thought that must dwell
 In his mind's deep cell,
 For it breathes but of crying wrong.
 With spirit crush'd and broken,
 He passeth, but *will not* hear ;
 Doubting each fearful token
 That oft to his heart has spoken.
 There *must* be "a good time near !"
 And the poet with song beguiling
 ("Now ! how many lips are smiling"),
 He tells not a tale of care ;—
 But oh ! could ye dwell
 In his home, and tell
 How few are the bright smiles there !
 With mind subdued he wanders
 The winterly streets along,
 It must be—that strain !—he ponders—
 He listens !—his own, that song !
 How tatter'd, and torn, and jaded,
 Poor singer ! thy cheek, how faded ;
 Yet once, by thy frame, how strong.
 And to think they would heed
 A song indeed !
 That world and its heartless throng.
 With mind subdued, unheeded,
 On that bleak and bitter night,
 The poet passed on, nor needed
 Fresh sorrow his soul to blight,
 Ah ! what cared they to know it
 Who singer was, who poet,
 The busy world that night ?
 Then from a window beaming,
 A ray of light came streaming—
 He started at the sight !
 And sounds of mirth
 From that household hearth
 Seem'd full of fresh delight !
 He listen'd—'twas a joyous throng !—
 Again he heard his own true song,
 Come sweetly from within ;

But the beggar close by,
 'Neath the open sky,
 Seem'd more to his lot akin !
 In grief and bitter sorrow
 He turn'd to his joyless home ;
 Joyless, because on the morrow
 He knows he must beg or borrow,
 As sure as the morrow must come ;
 For his credit has long been shaken,
 And most of his friends have forsaken,
 The haunts that he used to roam !
 But, what is a friend
 To the grave that can end
 All care in its silent tomb.

PART II.

There's a revel ! each joyous fellow
 Has forgotten awhile his care ;
 And the banquet is ripe and mellow ;
 More wine from the yawning cellar !
 Ah ! who is the idol there ?
 His cheeks are but thin and yellow,
 And his brow has a mark of care ;
 But his eyes are as bright
 With each new delight,
 As if sorrow had ne'er been there !
 Oh ! the poet's a king ! for his praises
 Now come from that chosen few,—
 Now see how the bright fire blazes,
 How sparkles his eyes dark blue ;
 Now list to his song unceasing,
 They drink it with greedy ears,
 The wit with the wine increasing,
 He was never so gay for years !
 They feast, and they praise, then leave him :
 He turns to his own dark door ;—
 For kingdoms they would not grieve him ;
 Yet—'tis desolate as before.

PART III.

Draw the curtains, lightly tread,
 Low the sick man lies within ;
 Let no ray of light be shed.—
 Hush ! move slowly round his bed,
 Sleep may soothe his suffering.
 Lo ! he dreams—the poet dreams,
 As a poet dreams—in vain ;
 Verdant plains and limpid streams,
 Happy forms and sunny beams,
 All before him smile again,—
 But at last he wakes,
 And all within that narrow room,
 Shrouded in sorrow's darkest gloom
 Its natural image takes.

What are streams and fields to him,
Dependant on the city's whim?
And yet whilom he must have known.
In boyhood's hours, long past, and flown, .
Something of flow'ry hills and dales,
Of woodland paths and scented gales,
Something that, after made him sing
Of many a shady nook and dell,
Whence sprung the hare, whence birds took wing,
Something he loved in life's young spring,
And still remember'd well !

- In his lonely chamber lying,
Lone, long weeks they come not near ;
Summer friends seek not the dying,
Yet there's one beside him sighing, .
To his bosom ever dear ;
She, his only friend through life,
She, his patient, trusting wife.
In his chamber fading, falling,
Like the leaf from the autumn bough,
The poet still plies his calling,
And there's nerve in his verse even now ;
For the thought that was raging, burning,
And ever anon returning,
Oppresses again his brow !

And he gasps as he thinks of its strength and truth,
For he feels *by himself*, and his wasted youth,
That the cry of distress is true.

And the weak man weaves in a mighty song
The tale of distress, and crime and wrong,
In words that are eloquent, deep, and strong,
For the world without to view.

Rapidly, rapidly flies the pen ;
Woe, woe to the wicked and evil men ;

From that chamber dim and lone,
Over the land—from south to north—
The cry of distress at length goes forth

That shall make deep guilt atone!

And the cry is up, and the guilty wrong
Is quell'd by the voice of that mighty song.

With spirit crush'd and weary, .
The poet sings no more

In his chamber dark and dreary,

For his hours are nearly o'er ;
And *then* did his last song waken

The world that had slept before,
And *they* stood round the world-forsaken

Whom he had never known of yore.
But they came in time for the poets' doom,
A pauper's death with a splendid tomb !

ADRIEN ROUX ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

—
CHAP. IX.

THE CONVERSATION—THE MESSAGE—THE LOVE-LETTER.

As the eagerness with which the two strangers discussed their supper began somewhat to abate, their conversation became less interjectional, and ceased to have reference solely to the savoury viands with which they had been supplied. They called, however, for more wine ; and when this was obtained, drew their chairs closer together and entered into a discussion which seemed greatly to interest them.

The table at which they were seated, and where I had found a place, stood on one side of the kitchen, in a corner, out of the way of the bustle that was going on, and sufficiently removed to enable them to talk freely without fear of being overheard. Indeed, the clatter of plates and dishes, the confusion of tongues which always prevails when my countrymen are engaged in any occupation, and the multifarious noises which arise where people are assembled to eat and drink, would have offered a tolerable guarantee against eaves-droppers who did not happen to be so near to them as I was. Of me they did not appear to entertain any doubt ; for, though they once or twice glanced sharply at me, they soon seemed to be satisfied that I was more intent upon appeasing my hunger than on listening to their conversation. My youthful appearance and the dress I wore, which smacked of provincial dandyism, were, moreover, additional reasons, perhaps, for their being more unreserved than they otherwise might have been ; still, like men accustomed to sleep with one eye open, they adopted a precaution which they conceived left them quite at liberty to speak without restraint, by plentifully overlaying their discourse with Parisian slang. Cunning as their countenances proclaimed them, they had not the slightest idea that the simple-looking boy, who appeared more like a juvenile Jocrisse than an incipient courier, had been a regular *gamin de Paris*, and was nearly as familiar with the *langue d'argot* as themselves. I had not threaded the streets and lounged upon the quays of the capital without acquiring a tolerable knowledge of its vernacular ; neither had the sprightly conversation of Petit-Jean, who was quite a professor in that style of elocution, been entirely thrown away upon me. I had, therefore, little difficulty in comprehending all they said, though I manifested by no outward sign that their gibberish was at all intelligible to me. I shall not, of course, attempt to reproduce their conversation in the original, but confine myself to a faithful translation.

"Well, Binoclie," said the taller of the two, whose manners were much more polished than that of his companion, and whom, if he had not talked slang, I should have taken for a gentleman ; "well, what do you think of our adventure ?"

"As far as it has gone," returned the one thus addressed, "it's all right enough. We might have done better at Montlhéry, and we

might have done a great deal worse. If it hadn't been for that infernal postilion, we should have had the contents of the Englishman's *porte-feuille* in our pockets at this moment; as it was, we got nothing but his watch and purse, and a few trinkets and things from the women."

"It was against my advice," said the first, "that we ever made the attempt on the road. It would have been far better to have waited till they were safely housed in this place, and then we could have had them all *sous main* in the easiest manner imaginable."

"Ah! but," replied his friend, "you remember you said the *gros papa* was very uncertain in his movements, and it was no easy matter to say where we could pounce upon him. We might have followed him all the way to Tours without meeting with such another chance as we had at Montl'héry.* At any rate, there's nothing to prevent us from carrying out the original plan now, with the advantage of having something in hand."

"Yes; but look at the risk we ran by being in such a hurry. You see, too, that we have lost Laribette."

"Ah!" said Monsieur Binoche, coolly,—"*that rap on the head was a hard one; but his skull is tolerably thick, a crow-bar wouldn't break it. It will lay him up for a day or two, and then he'll be as fresh as ever. In the meantime, his absence is of no consequence, for what we have to do, can be performed by you and I, better, perhaps, without than with him. The only person who will regret his absence, is the English femme de chambre.*"

The tall man smiled, as he replied:

"Yes,—*my valet* made an impression there, I believe, though the damsel is *tant soit peu coquette*, and will soon reconcile herself to his loss. Laribette, however, would have taken her off our hands; for I think, where her mistress goes she would be inclined to follow."

"All the better then, that he is out of the way, for it's enough to have to do with one woman at a time. I don't suppose you wish to set up a perfect *ménage* at once?"

"Not exactly. Mademoiselle Eliza is my game, though I must cajole the *soubrette*."

"She recognised you on the diligence, I think you said?"

"Oh, yes; as soon as I saw the carriage, I knew where to look for her. She has more presence of mind than her mistress, and will prepare her for our meeting to-morrow. I almost fancied I had been recognised the night before."

"All owing to your excessive politeness. You will play the count on every occasion."

"What am I to do, Binoche? I was intended by nature for a man of rank, though accidental circumstances have contrived to interfere with my prospects."

"Yes," said Binoche, laughing, "the accident of being born with an hereditary claim to the galleys as a patrimony *en perpétuité*. There is no doubt, *mon cher* Durastel, that you will occupy a high place one of these days,—with Madame Tranche Cou for your godmammy."

"And you for my foster-brother," returned Durastel, somewhat sharply.

"Possibly," replied the philosophic Binoche; "but as many things may happen in the meanwhile, we won't trouble ourselves with diving so

deep into futurity. What is the first move you mean to make in this affair?"

"You know the habits of these foreigners. Whenever they come to a new place, their great object is to see every thing in it as quickly as possible—churches, pictures, palaces,—pell-mell,—one after another,—without the slightest care for the order in which they come, or the impression they make. So that they miss nothing, good or bad, they are content. To do so in this place will, I expect, occupy them the whole of to-morrow; not so much from its positive attractions, perhaps, as from the extent of the city and the fatigue of walking about this hot weather. I shall find an opportunity of making myself known to the young lady, who, of course, is already informed of my being in Orleans; and, while the party are absent from the hotel, it will not be very difficult for you to reconnoitre their effects, and settle every thing for a *coup de main* at night."

Binoche mused over the proposition for a minute or two, and then signified his assent to it; but in what manner the confederates intended to carry their plans into execution, I was prevented from learning, by the approach of one or two other persons from another part of the kitchen, at the sight of whom they abruptly broke off their conversation.

In the meantime I had finished my supper, and as it did not seem probable that I could glean any further information, and my lingering near them might have aroused their suspicions, I went up-stairs to occupy, the first time for several years, a regular bed. But it is not the quality of the couch we lie on that predisposes us to sleep, as the straw loft at Bourg la Reine could faithfully testify. There my slumbers were always sound; for, beyond the care of the horses under my charge, I had nothing to think of. Here it was different; I was pre-occupied and uneasy with what I had overheard. Though I could not connect every link of the chain, it was no difficult matter for me to see that there was a deep-laid plot against Sir John Chubb, and that robbery and abduction were contemplated by Binoche and Durastel. The way in which they had spoken of the lady's maid, who could be no other than Miss Jane Maddox, awoke disagreeable thoughts in my mind, though I could not define whether jealousy or mortified vanity predominated; in all probability these amiable sensations were pretty equally mingled. I recalled her words as she granted me the boyish favour, which I prided myself on having achieved, and, after shedding some tears of vexation at the idea of being made a mere cat's-paw, where I fancied I had made a conquest, I came to the resolution that I would meet her artifice with equal dissimulation. Other motives operated not less powerfully; gratitude to the English gentleman who had shown himself my benefactor, and a revived sentiment of respectful regard towards his youngest daughter.

The great difficulty I had to contend with was, how I should manage to put Sir John on his guard. I was fearful, either that my story might not be believed, or that I should fail to adduce sufficient evidence in proof of its truth. I was, after all, a poor boy, friendless, and unknown, with nothing but my appearance to recommend me, while those who were combined in the plot against my master were bold and cunning, and evidently skilled in all kinds of roguery. I think, if I had felt assured that the designs of Durastel, "the Count," as Miss Maddox called him, had been motivated, as she said, by true love, and that he had really been the person

he pretended to be, I might, at the age I then was, have looked upon the scheme of carrying off the young lady as only one of the features of the many romances I had read at the book-stall of my old friend Denis Pingré, and have quietly acquiesced in the deed, which was to give happiness to two lovers, who groaned beneath the weight of parental tyranny; but when I called to mind the scene on the road near Montlhéry, where a robbery had been partially effected, and that I had heard the very actors in it announce their intention of completing what had been left undone, accompanied by allusions, which plainly showed, that greater crimes were not impossible to them, the honest impulses of youth prevailed, and I determined at all risks to do my best to defeat the villains.

I was on the alert early the following morning, but not so soon as to have got the start of Miss Maddox whom I met coming out of her young mistress's bedroom, as I passed along the corridor on my way downstairs.

"Bong jure, Hadrian," said the damsel, with a curtsy and a smile, intended to be full of ineffable meaning, "you're the very person of all others I wanted to see. Come this way," she added, in a low voice, "I've something most partickler to say."

She led the way into a salon, the door of which stood half open, and I followed.

"Hadrian," said she, in an impressive whisper, after having closed the door carefully and peeped through the key-holes of two others on opposite sides of the room, "you reckollects as I told you yesterday that the Count was a-top of that stage-coach as passed us on our road to this here place. You remember, too, I said as how he had disguised his-self for the sake of Miss Lizer Chubb?"

"I am not likely to forget any thing *you* have told me," was my gallant reply.

"Well then, what we wants is this. The Count, in course, is a dying to see Miss Lizer, and the poor thing has done nothink but talk to me of him ever since daylight this blessed morning. Sir John means to remain here till to-morrow. Now you must find out where the Count is staying, see him, and deliver a message, to say that we're all a-going after brekfist, to see the Cathedle and the stattoo of the Maid of Orleans, and Joan of Hark, and all the curiosities of the city, and that we expects he'll put his-self in the way to throw his-self at Miss Lizer's feet, unbeknown to the halderman, meaning Sir John. And if you should happing to see a young man a tending upon the Count, the Count's valley de sham, Mounseer Lee Rabbit, present my compliments, and Miss Jane Maddox begs to harsk after his elth."

The latter part of this message was delivered as glibly as if it really meant nothing more than it expressed; but I determined not to betray my feelings, nor manifest any repugnance to the task imposed on me. On the contrary; I observed with an air of affected slyness, that I supposed the gentleman was in her good graces.

"Bless your art, Hadrian, not by no means, leastways nothing by common. If I was to fill my edd with all as them young French says—begging your parding for one—I should have nothink else to think of. When they talks to me, Hadrian, I looks, and smiles, and says nothink, *that's* my rule."

While she was speaking, I had been debating within myself how I was

to perform the errand to the soi-disant Count de Vaurien, for I was apprehensive he might remember my vicinity to him in the kitchen on the night before, when he was discussing his plans with Monsieur Binoche, but I thought the safest plan was, to face it out under cover of extreme innocence.

"How shall I know the Count?" I asked, "there are so many who wear black whiskers in France that I might easily mistake him, particularly as you say he is disguised."

"If you are any judge of manners, Hadrian, you can't mistake the Count, for he's the finest mannered gentleman as ever trod in shoe-leather. However, if you want a sign to know him by, just look for a mark over his left eye-brow,—the scar of a wound received in battle when he fit agin the Turks in the West Indies; it's a white streak as long as my finger, quite a beauty spot. Miss Lizer wouldn't give nothink for a loveyer as hadn't been in the wars; it's so ro-mantic!"

I doubted very much as to the manner in which the Count obtained the scar Miss Maddox spoke of, but I remembered having noticed it while he was talking.

"I think," said I, "I saw the gentleman last night."

"For goodness' sake, where?"

"Here, in this hotel. He is very tall, and wears large gold earrings?"

"To be sure he does, just like a French nobleman. Lord, how clever the boy is! When did you see him?"

I informed her just as much as suited my purpose, and she was quite in raptures with the intelligence I gave.

"This *will* be news for Miss Lizer," she exclaimed; "to think of our sleeping under the same roof with the Count. There, Hadrian, you deserves a kiss!"

It would have been impolitic to have refused what, after all, was very pleasant to receive; for, in spite of my annoyance at her coquetry, I still thought the lady's-maid looked very pretty, and we parted on, apparently, the best possible terms, she to report progress to Miss Chubb, and I to seek the Count.

I did not anticipate any great difficulty in discovering him, nor did I find any. I guessed he would be hovering about somewhere in the house, and, in fact, I caught sight of him under the *porte cochère* of the hotel. He was leaning with his back against the doorway, in a position where he could see all that was going on within as well as without, and his quick black eyes seemed to embrace every object at a single glance. I looked round to see that no one observed me, and then walked straight up to him.

"If you please, sir," said I, as innocently as possible, "is there a gentleman lives in this town called the Count de Vaurien?"

He started at my question, which came upon him quite unexpectedly, but recovering himself, and looking steadfastly at me, he replied in an indifferent tone,

"What do you want to know for?"

"Because," I answered, "if I can find him, I have a message to give him."

"Who is it from?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the lady told me I was not to name it to any body but the Count."

"Indeed!" said he, with a greater show of interest. "The lady said so! Well, I am the Count's particular friend. Who is the lady?"

"Une demoiselle Anglaise," I returned; "I don't know her name, she arrived here from Paris last night with her family."

"That's right; here, step this way, round the corner. The fact is," continued he, in an under-tone, "you see the Count Alfred de Vaurien before you. I am not known here by my title, for as I came on a quiet shooting excursion into the country, I did not wish to be *obsédé*, so you will call me Monsieur Duval. Now what is your message?"

I delivered it, though not exactly as I had been told, and he paused for a moment to consider. Then suddenly addressing me, he said,

"I think I must have seen you somewhere before! Let me see, were you not in the kitchen of this hotel last night?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Ah, and you had your supper at the table where I was sitting with the Baron de Chacornac's gamekeeper, when we were talking about the wolves, and partridges, and wild boars that we are going to shoot to-morrow. I dare say you were amused at what we said?"

"I could scarcely hear a word, sir. It might have been about wolves, or wild-ducks, or any thing else; for what I did hear I could not understand. I took you for two foreign gentlemen."

"Do you belong to the family upstairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been with them?"

"Only since yesterday, sir. I was hired at Montl'héry."

"Are you a native of that place?"

As I wished to cut off all antecedents, and there was nobody by to say the contrary, I boldly answered, "Yes."

"Did you hear any thing there yesterday of a—a—an affair—a sort of highway robbery in that neighbourhood lately? They were talking about something of the kind in the diligence."

"Oh, yes, sir, the night before last. It was my master who was robbed, but we were told the brigands had all escaped. However, Sir John talks of it wherever he goes, and perhaps they may be caught yet."

The countenance of Monsieur Durastel—the Count or Duval as he now called himself—was perfectly *impassible*, save a slight curl in the corner of his mouth, which produced for a moment the sinister expression I had previously noticed.

"Were you ever in Paris?" continued he, abruptly changing the subject.

"Never, sir," I answered, unhesitatingly; for I saw how cunningly he was trying to sift me. "I hope I shall go there one of these days."

"Who knows!" he replied; "perhaps I might take a fancy to have you in my service some time or other. You are just the boy for my baggage. Do you know any thing about horses?"

I could safely say I had been a good deal in the stable.

"Ah, you would make a tolerable jockey—we will think about it. What's that?" he inquired, suddenly pointing to the wall beside us.

"Where, sir; I don't see any body."

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"I mean what's that on the wall? An *affiche* of some kind, I fancy; but I am so short-sighted, I can't make it out."

What he pointed at was a play-bill, announcing a representation for that evening, but luckily divining that the question was a trap to see if I could read, I cast my eyes on the ground, as if I was ashamed at my own ignorance, and said I did not know.

"*Tant mieux*," muttered Durastel; then taking out a pocket-book, he hastily wrote a few lines in pencil, and tearing out the leaf, twisted it up into a three-corned billet, and gave it me without any superscription.

"Take that," said he, "and give it to the *femme de chambre*, and here is a *pièce de vingt sous*."

I did not like to refuse the money; indeed it was more natural that I should appear glad to get it; besides, after all, it was spoiling the Egyptians, so I pocketed both the coin and the note and took my departure, highly pleased at having gone through the ordeal of our meeting without exciting any suspicion. As soon, however, as I was out of sight of Monsieur Durastel, I took the liberty of stopping to open the note, and read as follows :

"Ange de ma vie!

"Je serai auprès de toi à l'heure que tu vas sortir. Tu me verras dans la cathédrale, et nous trouverons le moyen de nous nous entretenir un instant. Que le ciel benisse nos amours! Il est si doux, n'est-ce pas, d'être aimé, surtout comme je t'aime? Adieu, chérie, tout à toi pour la vie et la mort,

"ALFRED."

It was no part of my project to withhold this sentimental epistle, and in a few moments afterwards it was in the hands of Miss Jane, and speedily in those of her young mistress. I saw, through the keyhole, that she was much agitated by the contents, and much indebted to her pocket-dictionary.

CHAP. X.

THE VALET DE PLACE—SIR JOHN'S EXPERIENCES—COLONEL DUVAL.

SIR John Chubb had a habit—characteristic of the English—of relying upon his own resources in every kind of emergency, no matter how inadequate they might be to the occasion, and he exemplified this propensity in small things as well as in great ones. Now, however admirable self-reliance may be—and none have been truly great without it—it sometimes causes confusion in the ordinary affairs of life.

The generality of Englishmen who travel on the continent (*sans dessein*, as Voltaire says), know as little about the countries they visit (or did so twenty years ago), as if they were divided from them by the Atlantic or the Pacific. Their manners and customs—almost their language—are quite as new to them as those of the inhabitants of Tahiti or Japan, and they betray the fact in every thing they do. For a hard-headed, honest, unsuspecting idiot, there is no such suspicious fool as John Bull. Vain of his presumed wealth, he feels perfectly certain that each in-

dividual he meets is bent upon cheating him, and he eyes every one with distrust. He is so exceedingly acute in all his dealings, that he invariably ensures himself a bad name wherever he goes, and the worst of it is, he cannot escape being victimised. No skilful master of fence ever assured his adversary that he was invulnerable ; he, on the contrary, who boasts, like the Englishman, that he is "a match for any of these cursed French sharpers," is pretty sure to be done in the long run. The declaration itself is a stimulus to national *amour propre*, and without being worse than our neighbours, we Frenchmen are not fond of being taunted with poverty of genius. If, therefore, John Bull gets "done" on his travels, you may rely upon it he has himself to blame quite as much as any body else.

Sir John* Chubb was a fine specimen of this class ; in his native country he was, I doubt not, generous and open-hearted enough, according to his fashion, for he was proud of being known for a moneyed man, and felt himself, from his magisterial position, on the windy side of the law if any attempt were made to impose upon him there. But in France the case was altered. He was no longer the rich merchant on 'Change, or the potent alderman on the bench, nothing but the simple individual with his indomitable self-reliance, a faculty which he strained to the uttermost, converting generosity and open-heartedness into niggardliness and suspicion. But it was with men only that he measured these qualities, or I should never have had an opportunity of forming an opinion of him ; me he looked upon as a mere boy, and could afford, in my case, to be liberal in every sense.

As soon as the party were ready for a sortie of inspection, I was summoned to the *salle*. A discussion had evidently been going on, and there was a waiter in the room, who, in spite of his natural volubility, was in a state of great perplexity.

Sir John's face was redder than consisted with perfect coolness or than suited the season. He no sooner saw me than he called out,

"Here, Roo, tell this chattering jackanapes that we don't want any of his d—d *valley de places*. I know very well what they are ;—have had quite enough of 'em. A set of harpies, them and the commissionaires, as they call themselves ; take your money out of your pockets with both hands and leave you, just where you were, as far as being any the wiser goes. I've been talking to this fellow out of my book for this quarter of an hour, and yet he pretends not to understand me. Tell him I'll be d—d if I have a *valley de place*—my young ladies can't translate that, or he should have known it long ago."

It was not necessary for me to obey Sir John's instructions literally, for by assuming an air and speaking very fast, I put it quite out of his power to follow a word I said.

The waiter, who had been perfectly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the storm of passion with which Sir John had burst at the mention of *valet de place*, seemed suddenly enlightened, and with a shrug of his shoulders, a whisk of his napkin, and a *comme vous voudrez*, as if he had no concern in the well-being of any human being on earth, and that all might go hang or drown for aught he cared, turned round on his heel and left the apartment. • • •

But Sir John had not quite done with the objects of his resentment.

"You're a country boy, Roo, and that's the reason I took you. If you

had come to me with the best recommendations in the world as a *valley de plarce*, I wouldn't so much as have looked at you. I'll just tell you what happened in Parry—"

"Pray, Sir John," interposed miladi, who till then had been silent.

"Oh, papa ! gracious ! now don't," chimed in the sisters.

"Hold your tongue, wife; silence, girls," cried the knight, energetically ; "I will tell him, if it's only to shame these d—d sharking French. Look here, Roo ; when first we got to Parry, we put up at a fine hô-tel in de la Pay, and the morning after we arrived comes a fine fellor in a jemmy kind of a coat covered with fringes and tossells, and whiskered up to the eyes, and says he, with as many smiles and bows as would have made the fortune of a dancing-master,

"'Mounseer desires a *valley de plarce* ?'

"'What's that ?' says I.

"'Somebody, sare, vot shall show you every ting dat is worth seeing in Parry, vidout your taking de trobble, to use your own eyes de least bit in de world,' that was the manner of his lingo.

"'Well,' says I, in reply, 'that's convenient, at any rate. Pray what may your name be, and how much do you expect for the job ?'

"'My name, sare,' says he, 'is Alexis, and for de littel payment I beg you will not speak of dat. It shall be just vot you please, according as I give satisfaction.'

"Well, this seemed above Board and honourable, and as my females seemed to be taken with the looks of the fellow, I agreed to let him come. He was active enough, there's no denying that ; hired us a carriage, rode on the box with the coachman, got tickets for us at all the theatres, went with us to all the sights, and whenever we dined at a caff, which we did pretty nearly every day, his dinner was always charged in the bill. He took us to the Goblins, to Pairleyshays, to Versailles, the Tooleries, Sin Cloo, the Pally Royal, Sin Denny, the Elephant, and God knows where he didn't take us, until we'd seen every thing there was to be seen in Parry. When this was all over, and we were pretty well tired of going about, he used to come of a morning, bob his head into the room, and jabber something in his broken way about having the honour of attending upon something, and as he got no answer from me, away he used to go as if the devil had kicked him. Well, would you believe it—I dare say you wouldn't, though you are a Frenchman—when I came to pay my last bill at that hotel, what do you think I found stuck down in it as one of the principal items ?

"'Valley de plarce poor troy moy at ten frongs per joor, nine hundred and twenty frongs !' It's as true as you're there. And I'd been riding this whiskered fellow about, and giving him dinners and shows, and five frong pieces, and all manner of things, and then after all to be let into the tune of pretty nigh forty pound for his capering and parleyvoeing. I kicked up a row at the hotel, and said I'd be d—d if I paid it, but it was a cursed imposition and what not ; but the girls here got frightened, and my lady cried, and the man who kept the hotel said something about the Commissary de Police, and a parcel of stuff besides, so I paid the money and there was an end on't. But catch me ever having a *valley de plarce* again, and I'd give you leave to eat me."

Such were the words, as nearly as I can recollect, in which Sir John detailed the cause of his dislike to a class of personages, without whose aid

as no doubt he afterwards found, he could no more get on than a seaman without chart or compass. The grievance of which he complained was at this moment so fresh in his memory, that the mere mention of a *cicerone* threw him into a perfect frenzy. Of course, therefore, we sallied forth without a guide, Sir John leading the way with the *Manuel du Voyageur* in one hand, and a plan of the city of Orleans in the other, having me at his elbow to decipher the names of the streets and ask questions of every body we met. The ladies of the party, accompanied by Miss Maddox, followed close on our footsteps, and presented one of those groups so often seen in the public places of continental cities, a glance at which is sufficient to enable the spectator at once to pronounce them to be of English origin. A proper guide from the hotel would have saved us all much trouble, and at any rate, have scared away the idle vagabonds who volunteered their services at every corner, and who, regardless of the stern yet unintelligible "Je ne voolly par de conductor" of Sir John, hemmed us in on every side, and actually fought for what they conceived a lawful prize. It was of no use my telling them that we were thoroughly acquainted with the city, for it was only too evident that we were perfect strangers in it, those in the foremost rank grinned at my assertion, while the discomfited who held back, for fear of cuffs from their brethren, every now and then set up a shout of "God den Anglais."

Thus accompanied and guided against our will by a *coterie* of dirty rascals, we arrived at the portals of the Cathedral; there our train diminished, but two or three of the most pertinacious insisted on entering with us, despite my assurance that monsieur never gave any thing to people who forced themselves on him. With these a contest arose as soon as we got within the walls, one fellow seizing hold of Sir John's arm to drag him one way, and another taking violent possession of Lady Chubb to turn her steps in an opposite direction. Miladi half screamed, the girls looked alarmed, Sir John resisted manfully to free himself from his adhesive guide, and a row was on the point of desecrating the sacred fane when a tall stranger approaching with offers of assistance, caused the *ciceroni* to release their hold and slink out of the Cathedral.

The countenance of the new comer was familiar to me, though I could not at first recal where I had seen him before, the change in his costume and general appearance being so great; but as I attentively examined his features, I detected a very peculiar smile, and glancing upwards I saw the trace of a deep scar over his left eye, which left no doubt in my mind that the individual was no other than M. Durastel, *alias* Duval, *alias* the Count Alfred de Vaurien.

He was now attired in a complete undress military uniform; he wore a long blue frock-coat buttoned closely up to the throat, and reaching below the knee; red trousers, brass spurs, which jingled musically as he trod the marble floor; a small sword hung from a frog belt by his side, and he held a neat shako in one hand; his head was bare, and displaying a luxuriant mass of waving black hair, which corresponded in hue with large *favoris*, and a pair of long moustaches; on his left breast he wore the ribbon and cross of the legion of honour.

Having dismissed the intrusive guides in a very summary manner, and bowing first to the ladies and then to Sir John, he requested in the politest accents to know if he could be of any further service.

Sir John stared, partly in surprise at the sudden apparition of so distin-

guished a person; and partly because he did not know what he said. I was on the point of interpreting, when Sir John whispered,

"I say, Roo, what does he want?"

My explanation relieved him; but as there was no precedent in his book for "speaking to an officer in church," he replied in his own language.

"Thankee, mounseer; that's to say, captain. I'm very much obleeged to you. A little more, and we should have been hurried to death by those — God forgive me, I was just going to swear in church, though for that matter," he added, aside, "as it isn't a Protestant church, I don't suppose I could have been taken up for it!"

The officer smiled when he heard English spoken, but waited patiently till Sir John's lips had ceased to move.

"Ah!" said he, in a dialect which I am afraid I cannot do justice to; "so you are Angleesh. Yas, I might have known dat vidout hearing von vord; de handsomeness of de ladies;" here he made a low bow all round, to take in all four, from Lady Chubb to her *femme de chambre*; "and de noble looks of monsieur," and this time he bowed exclusively to Sir John; "shall have tek me de troots."

This is a civil chap," said the knight, in an under tone to his wife. "Though he speaks devilish, queer English; but, poor fellows, they can't help it.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," he continued, addressing the officer; "proud and happy, sir; my name is Sir John Chubb, Alderman of Portsoken Ward, and late Lord Mayor of London. Allow me to introduce Lady Chubb, Miss Chubb, and Miss Caroline Chubb, my *fam de sham*, and my currier. May I ask the favour of *your* name, nothing like knowing who one's friends are!"

In reply the officer presented a card on which was engraved:

"LE COLONEL DUVAL;
3me Chevaux Légers."

Sir John scrutinised the inscription, muttering to himself half-aloud as he did so: "Colonel, hey! I called him captain. 'Colonel Duval, three me.' What the deuce is this? 'She—shev—shove—shoveox Lee-jers;' that's the place where he lives, I suppose,—answers perhaps to Barbican, or Finsbury-square. Colonel! well, for the matter of that, I'm a colonel too, when we're called out. 'A brother officer, I see;' and here he held out his hand, and gave his new acquaintance a very friendly greeting, which the other was not backward in returning.

"Ah, ah!" said the latter, "Sare Chubb is in de army also. ·Vot regimen he belong to?"

"City light horse," said the ex-lord mayor in a pompous tone.

"Dat is fonny," exclaimed the colonel, wrinkling up his forehead, and causing his moustaches to form a straight line right across his face, so intense was the force of his grin; "dat is ver fonny. It is my own arm; I'm in de light horses." And to give effect to the assertion, he thumped his own breast two or three times, and pointed to the word on the card, which had puzzled Sir John.

"Oh, that means 'light horse,' does it? I can't see why they should have such strange words for things in this country. But it's the way with all of them. Give me you plain, honest, downright, matter-of-fact words, such as we have in England, any body can understand them.

Well, colonel, we've only just arrived from Parry, on our way down to the Middy, as you call it. You know Parry, I suppose?"

"Ah! mon Dieu," replied the colonel; "si je connais Paris! If I know him! I was bring up dere from a littel boy."

"Well, now I look at you," said Sir John, "I think I must have seen you there somewhere."

"It is ver prob-able," returned Colonel Duval drily, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff, and offering his box.

"No, thankee; I never snuff, except after dinner, constitutionally. Yes, you features are quite familiar to me."

"I have been told I resemble great many peoples. But it is not *every body* dat discovers de likenesses."

From the first moment of the introduction I had been watching Miss Chubb and the lady's maid, to see if they manifested any signs of intelligence confirmatory of my more than suspicions; but the military costume and the false moustaches had quite deceived them, as they had the rest of the family; and though Miss Maddox cast occasional glances of admiration at the gallant light dragoon, the eyes of her mistress were continually wandering round the cathedral in search of Count Alfred Vaurien.

But the tone of the colonel's voice, in his last observation, and the emphasis which he laid on the word "*every body*," attracted her attention, and as she looked up, a rapid and expressive glance from the speaker revealed her lover.

She was so much taken by surprise, that the exclamation, "Oh, gracious!" escaped from her lips, and both Sir John and Lady Chubb turned sharply round to inquire what was the matter.

"Oh, no—no—nothing, papa," returned the young lady, "only I was so struck; I thought—there was something so very—it's such a wonderfully fine building, isn't it, mamma?—don't you think so, Caroline?"

"Oh, got off into your raptures again," said her father. "Well, I dare say it is a fine building—not half so large as St. Paul's though. Perhaps, colonel, you could point out some of the monuments."

"Vid pleasure, Sare Chubb. Vill miladi and dese demoiselles do me de honor?"

As I was equally a stranger in Orleans with the rest of the party, I could not tell whether the mutilated description which the colonel gave of the cathedral were correct or otherwise. He pointed out the pictures of a good many saints, crossed himself, and knelt before one or two shrines, and related, appropriately enough, the legend of St. Nicholas to Sir John, who was an attentive listener, though he seemed very much bewildered by the gallant officer's account of the manner in which the tubfull of little children at the saint's feet were brought to life, and could not understand what was the connexion between the saint and bon-bons, or, as he translated them, "lollypops."

I have forgotten the greater part of what was said; but I remember our military guide pointed out a part of the building which, in the wars of the League, had been converted into a stable for the Huguenot cavalry; at the mention of which Sir John, who appeared to have taken a violent fancy for the colonel, give him a poke in the ribs with his cane, and said the French were sad dogs.

The colonel made a hypocritical grimace, and answered;

"Yes, *vo is ver sad, ver me-lan-coly dogs ; surtout dans les affaires de cœur ;*" and as he said this, he looked expressively at Miss Chubb, who responded to the appeal by a low sigh. But if a shade of sorrow clouded the brow of Miss Chubb, it was not so with her attendant, and I heard her in whispers dealing out that confidential encouragement which her class are always so fond of administering.

The interior of the Cathedral was seen, but the colonel showed no disposition to separate himself from the company he had so accidentally joined ; neither did Sir John exhibit any wish to get rid of one who had not only already served, but who might still be useful to him. It was evidently a part of the colonel's plan, thoroughly to ingratiate himself with Sir John, before he made too ostensible a demonstration elsewhere, and, except an occasional telegraphic communication to his *namorata*, at an unobserved moment, and a proper degree of deference to *miladi*, he devoted himself exclusively to the English knight. His game, no doubt, would have been very different, had he not succeeded so well with the father ; as it was, he made him the *point de mire*, and engrossed him completely.

From the Cathedral we went to the Museum, to the house of Joan of Arc, to that of Agnes Sorel, and to twenty other places, which the traveller who remembers Orleans, will readily recal. Still the colonel was our guide,—attentive to all, but more particularly to Sir John, and it was not with surprise, though with much regret, I heard the latter invite him to go back to the hotel and take what he called "pot-luck," with them. It was in vain that I attempted to engage Sir John's attention. He was proud of the opportunity of every now and then correcting the English of his guide, and whenever I approached him, he imperiously, as civic dignitaries and people of all conditions who think they don't stand in need of proffered services are wont to do—desired me not to trouble him. I accordingly fell to the rear, and amused myself, rather with the novelties which met my view at every fresh place we visited, than devoted myself to the care of a person who seemed not to know how to appreciate my devotion.

CHAP. XI.

THE BARON DE BIFFE—THE REVELATION—THE CATASTROPHE.

As we entered the Hotel de la Poste, after having thoroughly explored the good city of Orleans, a man issued from the porte cochère whom I at once recognised as Monsieur Binoche, and whom his friend had described to me as the gamekeeper of the Baron de Chacornac. As he passed by in a kind of meditative mood with one hand on his chin, which he was thoughtfully smoothing down between his finger and thumb, though I detected in the corner of his eye a signal of intelligence directed towards the colonel,—the latter started with assumed astonishment, and rushing up to him, abruptly disturbed his meditation by tapping him briskly on the shoulder.

The stranger turned suddenly, gazed at him for an instant with surprise, then seeming suddenly to recognise an old friend, opened his arms ; the colonel extended his, and the next moment they were locked in each

each other's embrace, profusely distributing those accolades in which my countrymen delight.

Released from the hug of friendship, they mutually exclaimed,

"Comment donc! c'est toi Auguste!"

"Mon cher Gustave! quel bonheur!"

And then they rushed again into each other's arms.

These must be very dear friends, said I to myself, to be so glad to meet after so short an absence; for the whole affair appeared so genuine, that it almost staggered me as to the identity of the parties.

Meantime, Sir John Chubb seemed lost in amazement, and the ladies also looked with wonder on the scene.

"What the devil's all this?" said the former.

"Pardon, ~~Sare~~ Chubb," cried Colonel Duval, "my emotion at de sight so inattendu of my ver dearest fren, de olest fren I have in de world. Ve have not meet dese ten year. I owe my life to my fren. Permit me to have de honor of present him. Le Baron de Biffe,—Sare Chubb, Miladi Chubb, Mademoiselle Chubb, Mademoiselle Caroline Chubb. Ah! que je suis heureux!"

Once more Sir John repeated the phrase of "proud and happy," which seemed to be the regular formula into which his sentiments were moulded at every fresh introduction. But having done so, he turned to Lady Chubb, and I heard him say,

"Did you hear what the colonel called him, my lady? It's the oddest name I've heard since we've been in France. Baron of Beef! Damme, if I should have expected to have met with that out of Guildhall! He does not look like one though. A little too much of the soup meagre about him, though he's not quite so froggy as most of 'em."

Le Baron de Biffe (whose title, by-the-by, was stolen from Auvergne, numbers of the name being found in the neighbourhood of Clermont), lost no time in making the agreeable to his new acquaintance, and though not particularly refined in his manners, nor very perfectly understood, as he only spoke French, succeeded so well, that Sir John thought he could do no less than extend to him the invitation to dine which he had given to the colonel. It was very readily accepted, and in a short time a very lively party were seated at table, the champagne flowing freely, and Sir John doing ample justice to his own hospitality, for the heat and fatigue had made him uncommonly thirsty, an accident which frequently befalls British travellers in the summer. He soon became excited under the influence of the wine, talked a good deal without listening, laughed at, as well as with, the colonel, and delivered himself of several pungent witticisms at the expense of the baron's title,—missiles which fell quite harmless, as not one syllable of what he said was intelligible to that nobleman. It would have made no difference, if the baron had perfectly understood every word he said, for, apart from his philosophic temperament, the readiness with which he pledged Sir John showed that he had no desire to stint the source from whence his entertainer's wit and spirits had their origin. On him these numerous *rasades* produced not the slightest effect; like the light soil on which the grape of Champagne is grown, he absorbed the fluid without any change being apparent. He was evidently a seasoned vessel, and without doubt accustomed to more fiery potations. The gallant colonel was more sparing, his head being probably not so strong as that of his friend; indeed, he adverted to a

sabre-wound, which he said he had received in the pass of the Trocadero, and pointed to the scar above his eye in corroboration of the fact, as an excuse for not joining in every bumper proposed by Sir John ; but, if he at all neglected the bottle, he redoubled his attentions to the ladies, and, placed between Lady Chubb and Miss Eliza, was so assiduously attentive to the mamma, that it was out of her power to detect any intelligence between her polite neighbour and her daughter.

As my services were required in the room, I was an attentive witness of every thing that was going on ; and the later it grew, the more impatient I became to unburden myself of the secret of my discovery, which it was so important I should communicate to Sir John.

I regretted that I had not warned him of the plot against him the moment I became aware of it, but I could not have foreseen that such impediments to my doing so would have been thrown in the way.

At last a chance seemed to offer.

The room in which the dinner had taken place was on the ground-floor at the back of the hotel, and opened out upon a garden with a strip of green sward at the bottom, bordered by lilacs and acacias. It was pronounced a lovely place of retreat in the cool of the evening, and thither the ladies adjourned, accompanied by the Baron de Bille and Colonel Duval. Sir John said he would join them presently, as he wished "to settle this light French stuff with some good, strong brandy-and-water," the materials for making which were brought him, and he began leisurely to enjoy it.

I took advantage of this opportunity, and under the pretence of assisting to remove some of the things from the table, I busied myself so near as to be able to speak to him unheard by any one outside.

"I have something particular to say to you, Sir John," I observed.

"Have you?" he replied, with a hiccough, which betrayed the effect the wine had had on him. "Out with it then, Roo, my boy, for I'm fond of any thing particular,—especially 'London particular.'"

"I don't understand what that means, sir," I answered, "but I want you to understand me. Do you know who the gentlemen are that have dined with you?"

"Know 'em? Of course, I do. One of 'em is the Baron of Beef, a regular Lord Mayor's acquaintance; the other's my excellent friend Colonel What's-his-name of the City Light Horse! I know 'em as well as you do."

"Not quite, sir," I replied, "though I only know them for what they are *not*; but the rest I can give a good guess at."

"What should make you, Roo," said Sir John, after taking a long and almost suffocating pull at his brandy-and-water, "what should make you bother yourself with guessing, when I tell you what's the fact?"

"But it is *not* the fact, Sir John. Those two persons are no more barons or colonels than I am. I supped at the same table with them in the kitchen of this very house only last night, and heard their real names and all about them. The baron's name is Binoche, and the colonel's Durastel. They're the very men that made the attempt to rob you at Mont'héry the night before last, and they mean to try again before you leave Orleans,—and worse than that——"

Sir John interrupted me, with a loud laugh.

"Devilish good!" he exclaimed, "as if I didn't know a military

man or a chief baron the moment I set eyes on him. Ha! ha! ha! —devilish good, that!” Then his mood suddenly changing and anger succeeding to tipsy mirth. “What the devil do *you* mean, Mr. Roo? Do you think I’m drunk that you come and tell me this pack of damned nonsense? Drunk, indeed! I’m as sober as you are, you jack-anapes,” and with an unsteady hand he lifted the glass to his lips, finished it, poured out some more, spilling half of it on the table, and then asked me again what I meant.

“I mean what I say, Sir John, and I hope you will believe me. That *Monsieur Durastel*—Colonel Duval as he calls himself—he that’s now waltzing with Miss Chubb on the grass, is the same person as the man you knew in Paris, Count Alfred de Vaurien.”

I had touched a sensitive part at last. Sir John stared at me with all his might, and I went on:

“Yes, sir, and the Baron or Binoche is his confederate. I overheard their conversation, and as sure as you sit there they intend to rob you and carry off Mam’selle Chubb.”

Sir John’s face had changed to a great variety of hues while I was speaking, a rich purple finally predominating.

“A pret-ty k-k-kettle of f-f-fish!” at length he stuttered. “Is that f-fellow Count Al-fred de Baron of beef or saddle o’ mutton or what d’ye call em! Hey! Who the devil told you that? Same whiskers! Yes; thick as a fuzz bush—a goos’b’ry bush, or any other bush. Talking of goos’b’ries, this champagne has played old goos’b’ry with me. Clever fellow that colonel, d—d scoundrel, I dare say. Who are you looking at in that way, you r-ras-cal R-r-roo-oo, or whatever your name is. Here, take some brandy-and-water.”

As he spoke he pushed his glass across the table, but before it was quite beyond arm’s length he snatched it back again and emptied the contents at a draught. This last dose was too much for him; he had scarcely swallowed it before his head fell back in his chair and his arms dropped heavily by his side.

I was exceedingly alarmed, and rushed towards him, fearing that he was stricken with apoplexy, but I soon found that he was only irretrievably drunk. I shook him and tried all I could to rouse him, but in vain; he merely muttered a few broken sentences of which I could only distinguish such words as “rob,—Lizzy,—have ’em up,—lord mayor,—tread-mill,—Joan of Arc,—and champagne,” which indicated the course his thoughts had taken when he had no longer the power to direct them to any useful purpose.

What to do now I knew not. My warning had come too late and yet I had not been able to give it sooner. Miss Chubb’s head was evidently turned by the specious arts of her interested admirer, and I feared there was nothing to prevent her from falling into his toils; her maid was gained over; her sister, with all her intelligence, was little more than a child; Lady Chubb was a weak, foolish woman, and Sir John, at this moment, an incapable drunkard. Yet, if I hesitated or suffered the night to go by, the mischief would in all probability be done. Still, what course was I to pursue? I durst not openly accuse Durastel and Binoche, and I was completely a stranger to every body in the place. Suddenly I remembered that the cook had spoken good-naturedly to me when he gave me my supper, and I thought he would be the best person

to tell my story to. As the party in the garden were too much engaged in flirtation to take notice of my departure (I except Miss Caroline who was sitting under a tree looking at her sister dancing, and do *not* except Lady Chubb to whom the attentions of Monsieur Binoche seemed very agreeable), I quietly left the room, leaving Sir John in the happy state of oblivion to which his intemperance had consigned him.

I was not long in finding the cook, for the labours of the day were suspended, and he was cooling himself in the evening breeze on a stone bench in the *basse-cour*, probably meditating some surprising stroke of art in his exciting *metier*, whose parturition was greatly aided by a short pipe which he calmly smoked. Though addressed of course as "Monsieur le Chef" his real name I learnt was Felix Chassepot; he was a native of Orleans, and might be said to know almost every man, woman, and child in it. He was a little wrinkled man with black twinkling eyes, a very yellow skin, and a very wide mouth, in whose tendency to curve upwards his good-humoured disposition declared itself.

Little introductory matter was needed to propitiate him. I gave him a brief outline of my own position, and as much as was necessary of the history of the family with which I was engaged. I told him all that happened since we left Bourg la Reine, detailed the particulars of the attack on the road, and the nature of the conversation between Durastel and Binoche.

"Ce sont deux fameux gréjins!" exclaimed the lively old man when he heard me out; "nom d'une fricassée, mais c'est une affaire de police! Tiens, mon petit Adrien. I am just the very man that can help you. My wife's cousin, Jules Flandrin, is in the Maréchaussée—we will go to him, and he will put every thing to rights in a twinkling."

Off went his white nightcap and apron; he disappeared for a moment, and came out again completely *en bourgeois*, as smart and dapper an elderly gentleman as one would wish to see, a *véritable cordon bleu*, at home either in kitchen or court. We had some distance to go, and many narrow streets to wind our way through before we arrived at the residence of Monsieur Flandrin. That dignitary, a tall, stout man, who seemed rather slow of comprehension (perhaps owing to his being awakened from an agreeable evening siesta), but at length brought his faculties to bear on the state of the case, and when fully master of its bearings, roused himself up to take the necessary measures. He proceeded with us to the *chef de police*, where I made my deposition, and a sufficient number of the myrmidons of justice being placed under his orders, we returned to the Hotel de la Poste. Monsieur Felix Chassepot, who had the means of ingress at all hours, took us round to a private entrance, and the gentlemen of the police spread themselves round the building, two or three being stationed in the Place du Martroy, and the remainder in the court-yard and garden. It was by this time late, the deep tones of the cathedral bell striking eleven as we finished planting our men, and all was silent in the hotel. Accompanied by two picked men, and the old *chef*, who would not be left behind, Flandrin and I noiselessly entered the building to reconnoitre. We listened at the foot of the staircase, and presently could distinguish the rustle of silken dresses, and the light step of female feet as they hastily swept along the corridor. A deep whisper was then audible, followed by the tread of heavier footsteps, and slowly and cautiously three persons descended the

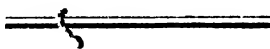
staircase. A skylight above revealed their figures as they passed beneath it, and we saw a tall man leading a lady, and another following. We lay so closely concealed that it was impossible for them to perceive any one, and their feet were on the steps leading into the *porte cochère* when I whispered to Flandrin, "C'est lui." His sabre was quickly drawn, and his disengaged hand on the collar of the male fugitive, who started and struggled—a pistol flashed in the pan, and the next moment, amidst the shrieks of the females, a heavy fall on the pavement, the clashing of boots and spurs, and not a few deep-mouthed execrations, intimated that the capture had been effected. As soon as the party had begun to descend the staircase, Monsieur Chassepot foreseeing the result, had disappeared for a light, and was back with it before the conflict was well over. The prisoner was Colonel Duval—his companions Miss Chubb and Miss Jane Maddox.

We had scarcely time to assure ourselves of the fact before a tremendous roaring was heard, proceeding from the upper part of the hotel, and a voice which I recognised as that of Sir John, shouting to its fullest extent :

"Help! help! fire! thieves! murder! Volloors! volloors! Damme, here's at you!"

The remainder of the police-officers rushed into the hotel, and we made for the place from whence the noise proceeded. A singular spectacle presented itself. Sir John was in his night-shirt, with clenched fists aiming random blows at a man who was dressed, and who defended himself with one hand, while with the other he held a small portmanteau tightly grasped under his arm.

On the approach of the lights with the gendarmerie, waiters, and femmes de chambres of the hotel, the robber made a rush to the window, threw out the portmanteau, and clinging to a cord which he had previously made fast, disappeared through the casement with the agility of a cat. His manœuvre, however, was of no avail, for the officers who had been posted outside were ready to receive him, and he had hardly reached the bottom before the Baron de Biffe, *alias* the *forçat* Binoche was also in custody.



THE IRISH GIRL.—A PORTRAIT.

BY J. L. FORREST, ESQ.

A SILVER voice, and an eye of light,
Like a brilliant star on a cloudless night ;
And a brow of beauty, high and fair,
Unfurrow'd by time, untouch'd by care ;
And a form, cast in that perfect mould
Which sculptors chisel'd in days of old !

But it is not in these the beauty lies,
That wins all hearts, and attracts all eyes ;
'Tis the mind within, whose sparkling grace
Shines out through each line of that joyous face ;
And sweetly sheds, o'er the radiant whole,
A halo of light in rich beams of soul !

ASCENT OF THE TIGRIS

By W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, Esq.

I.—START WITH A MAIL FOR TURKISH ARABIA.

ARMED with a home mail and despatches for the British Resident in Turkish Arabia, the steamer *Euphrates* quitted Mohammera on the 13th of December, and arrived the same day at Bassora. As the first object was to deliver the despatches of the British Residency, it was necessary to ascend the river Tigris as far as Baghdad, and a passage to that city was granted to M. Fontanier, French Consul at Bassora. Before the English Residency in Turkish Arabia was removed from Bassora to Baghdad, the last who enjoyed that honourable position erected a kind of country residence or mansion, a few miles to the northward of the port, and in the midst of palm groves and perpetual marshes. Wild boars rioted in the gardens, insects and reptiles innumerable haunted the halls and parlours, yet notwithstanding these drawbacks, Colonel Estcourt had repaired thither with his invalided assistants, to enjoy an atmosphere possibly a trifle less unwholesome and asphyxiating than that of Bassora itself.

II.—DEATH OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

Hitherto we had had much less sickness since we had been float, than we had experienced during the toil and exposure of the transport. We had, indeed, almost all of us shaken off the malaria which was ever recurrent on the plains of Syria, but this malady was exchanged, as we descended the river, for one of greater severity, the black bilious fever, similar to what is met with on the great rivers of India. The few cases that manifested themselves on the Euphrates, yielded, however, readily to medical treatment. But by this time, although our trip to the Persian Gulf was decidedly favourable to us, and Mohammera was the most healthy station at the mouth of the river; complaints which had hitherto borne a lingering character, assumed a more formidable aspect, from their previous long duration, the unfavourable period of the year, and the navigation of the low delta of the rivers. The chief engineer had long been a sufferer from that most insidious complaint in tropical countries, abscess of the liver, to the disadvantages of a climate with which he was totally unaccustomed, he added that of being confined by his duties to the close, hot air of the engine-room, during the greater part of the day. The customary treatment in such cases had no effect in arresting the progress of the disease, and the re-ascend of the river was not to be contemplated under such circumstances without serious apprehensions. His fate, however, was sealed almost unexpectedly. The abscess burst inwardly while the poor man was lying asleep off Bassora, and he sank without waking, without, indeed, almost a sigh.

The next day we touched at Makîl, the before-mentioned unenviable country mansion, to take on board Colonel Estcourt and Corporal Greenhill, the latter brought to death's door by the fever of the country, and here, in the grove adjacent to the British Residency, we buried our unfortunate engineer—a quiet, unassuming man, who perished in the prime of life, leaving a wife and family at Liverpool to deplore his loss.

III.—THE RIVER TIGRIS.

This melancholy duty performed, we started for Kornah, at the junction of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and turning into the latter began for the first time that such a thing had ever been attempted, to navigate with steam power, a river not without interest nor fame—twin sister indeed to the Euphrates—in its historical and early repute.

Plutarch, in his little treatise on rivers, tells a tale of an Indian nymph, Alpheisiboea by name, who was passionately loved by the god Dionysus, but who was not won till the god changed himself into a tiger, and thus compelled her by fear to allow him to carry her across the river, which from this circumstance obtained the name of Tigris. But the fabulous explanation of the classical name of the river is not borne out by its more ancient name of Bigla in the Aramœan (Teger in Zend, and Tegera in Pehlvi) from whence its modern name of DJLAH in Arabic; expressive of its rapid and arrowy character (Sanskrit *tigra* sharp, swift—*tir* an arrow, Persian). Strabo (ii. 527) and Pliny (Hist. Nat., vi. 27), were aware that in the language of Media, Tigris signified arrow. When the Hebrews introduced the Tigris into the Scriptures, as one of the four rivers of Paradise, under the name of Hid-dekel (Gen. ii. 14; Dan. x. 4) they committed the some pleonasm as we do when we say the Al-coran or King Pharaoh. Hid, being a prefix denoting rapidity, to dekel which already conveyed figuratively the same idea.

On a Babylonian cylinder which has been engraved in Mr. John Landseer's "Sabæan Researches," we see a very simple, bearded figure, wrapped from head to foot in the winter robe, pouring forth water in two separate streams, from a vase, on a small globe or star without rays. This Mr. Landseer considers to represent that star of the first magnitude, which the Arabians have called Fomalhaut, and which retaining its Arabian name, still occupies the very place in the sphere where the stream from the pitcher, or Situla, of Aquarius, ends at present; this fact of the fluxion from the vase of the water bearer ending at Fomalhaut, having undergone not the slightest alteration in descending from the Chaldean ages to the present.

In this figure, which may be pronounced with confidence to be the Babylonian Aquarius, two streams flow from the same vase, as, according to the ancients, the Euphrates and Tigris both issued from Mount Taurus, to unite again at their extremities. This sculptured metaphor possesses greater simplicity than the Egyptian Aquarius, as it is represented in the celebrated zodiacs of Esneh and Denderah, with an urn in either hand, emblematic of the Nile, one river flowing from two great sources.

The Assyrian Aquarius was thus distinct from the Egyptian, and being the most simple of the two, it was possibly also the most ancient; and the introduction of a symbol indigenous to the country, and certainly not transplanted or adopted from any other country, into the celestial constellations, is, in very singleness of interpretation, one of the earliest effusions of a primeval poetry and science united.*

* On some of the medals which were struck in commemoration of the subjection of the Parthians by Trajan, we see the emperor attired in military vestments, with a spear and parazonium, standing in the attitude of a conqueror, with his left foot on a vanquished foe, who, by the crenated mitre and the trousers, appears to unite, in one figure, the symbols of an oriental sovereign and of a province. On

IV.—THE JESAYIR, OR ISLAND DISTRICTS.

The districts which neighbour the embouchure of the Tigris, are, on both sides, a succession of islands, marshes, and water channels, natural and artificial. Hence are these districts designated by the Arabs as the "JESAYIR," or "islands." To the east, the waters are derived from the river Kherkhah, better known as the classical Choaspes, which has its sources near Hamadan, on the Persian uplands, flows through the mountains of Kurdistan, and then sweeps past the ruins of Susa, to flow in part into the Tigris, but, by its main stream, into the Shat el Arab, a few miles below the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. Thus, in reality, three large rivers mingle their waters at pretty nearly the same locality. At the point of junction of the Kherkhah and the Shat el Arab, there is a wretched village, called Suweib. Since the period I write about, the Kherkhah has been explored by steam, for a distance of ten miles, when it was found to divide into a number of small channels, through which the vessel could not be taken without much difficulty.

At a distance of a little upwards of forty miles up the course of the same river, is a small Perso-Arab town, called Hawisah, and which possesses much interest, as being the place of abode of a few of the small number of Sabæans, or Christians of St. John, estimated altogether at about six thousand, that are still to be met with in these countries.

V.—THE SABÆANS, OR CHRISTIANS OF ST. JOHN.

The attested existence of this so-called tribe of Sabæans, in Chaldea and Susiana, naturally recalls to mind the memory of the learned men who diffused an early science over all Asia, till their altars at Babylon were overthrown by the Magians. The mere name is, however, a thing to mislead as much as to assist in the inquiry. It is well-known, for example, that in our authorised version of the Scriptures, the term is applied to three different tribes; to the Sebaiim, descendants of Seba, who settled in Ethiopia; to the Shebajim, the descendants of Sheba, son of Jocktan; the *Sabæi* of the Greeks and Romans, who settled in Arabia Felix; and, lastly, to the Shebans, a horde of Badawin marauders, in the days of Job. The proper name, as Gesenius has pointed out, in an excursus in his translation of Isaiah, "*On the Astral Worship of the Chaldeans*," of the Chaldean Star-worshippers, ought to be rendered Tsabians, not Sabians, from the object of their adoration—the Host of Heaven; but this does not affect the question at issue, whether or not the so-called Sabæans of the present day, have any claim to descent from the Sabæan or Tsabian Chaldeans? Gibbon did not hesitate to say, from a comparison of the statements, made by the learned Hyde, Pococke, Hottinger, Sale, and D'Herbelot, that "a slight infusion of the Gospel had transformed the last remnants of the Polytheists into the Christians of St. John, in the territory of Bassora." And the same intelligent historian adds, in a note, "D'Anville will fix the position of these ambiguous

each side is a river deity, reclining on an affluent urn, and holding an aquatic reed. These typify the Euphrates and Tigris.

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold,

says a poet, who has endeavoured, although erroneously, to express the comprehension of so much design in so small a space.

Christians; Assemanus may explain their tenets: But it is a slippery task to ascertain the creed of an ignorant people, afraid and ashamed to disclose their secret traditions." But since Gibbon's time, much progress has been made in ascertaining the nature of these traditions, more especially through the exertions of Colonel Taylor, the late British Resident in Turkish Arabia, and under whose auspices the justly-celebrated Dr. Wolff was induced to establish a school for the young Sabæans at Bassora. It appears, from the researches of these gentlemen, that the Sabæans, or Tsabians, of Bassora, claim to be descendants of the Chaldeans of old, and of the brother of Abraham; and they call themselves "Mandayi Ayah," i. e. "The Followers of the Living God." They relate that, when Abraham proclaimed the unity of the one God, his brethren followed him: but when Abraham established the rite of circumcision, they looked at him with horror, and separated from him. But they continued to worship the one living God by three names, significative of the living of the first degree, the living of the second, and the living of the third degree.

When John the Baptist appeared, they received baptism by St. John, whom they assert to have been buried in the ancient Susa. At the advent of our Saviour, they also acknowledged the Messiahship, and they have ever since had two kinds of priests, one called Turmeda, who is a representative of St. John; the other called Gaz-Awra, who is the representative of Jesus Christ. The claim of the Mandaites, or Sabæans, to be called Christians, has been denied by a writer in the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," because they pay superior honour to John the Baptist; but this objection would also apply to the Abyssinian Christians. It is also stated in the same learned work, upon the authority of Norberg, that the Mandaites, who are called Sabionna in the Koran, derive their own name from that which they give to the Baptist, which is Abu Sabu Zakriyu, "the father who grew old with Zecharia." But this obscure etymology is not, we find, corroborated by the researches made by Colonel Taylor and Dr. Wolff on the spot.

The Sabæans have one great book, called "Sadra Raba," the authors of which, they say, were Seth and John the Baptist; and it is said that the representative of Jesus Christ is baptised every Sunday, by the representative of John the Baptist, in the river Euphrates. Colonel Taylor and Dr. Wolff derived their information from the Gaz-Awra, or representative of Jesus himself, whose son went to Dr. Wolff's school, and made considerable progress in learning English. I shall have occasion to allude, in the progress of my narrative, to the existence of other small societies in these countries, that have kept themselves aloof in name, and blood, and character, amid all the changes that have revolutionised the land from which they have continued to obtain a scanty livelihood; but I cannot, in connexion with the tenets of the Sabæans, omit a sound practical observation, of a man who has seen people of many lands and various persuasions—the enthusiastic Wolff. "Two things are very remarkable," says the doctor, "with respect to small sects. They always maintain that great numbers of their body are residing in distant countries. Thus, the Mandaites assert, and the Samaritans at Nablus told me the same thing, that great numbers of their people lived in London and Paris. And the Baptists in England rejoice very much to hear that there exists a sect on the Euphrates, who, like them, are called disciples

of St. John the Baptist, and who baptise in rivers. This anxiety on their part indicates catholicity to be a natural and inherent principle."

VI.—HAWISAH AND ITS GOVERNOR.

Hawisah, is the residence of a wali, or governor, who claims descent from a Sayyid, or descendant of the Prophet, who emigrated hither originally from Medinah. One of the family, called Wali Sultan (a religious, not a civil, title in this instance) Husein, built a castle at Hawisah; on an island of the river. The same chieftain induced a family of holy descent, whom Layard calls the tribe of Sherif, to settle in this place, and, collecting the neighbouring tribes, he obtained great power, and held in subjection a part of the Cha'b, Beni Lam, and Muntifij Arab tribes. The power of the walis declined, however, rapidly; and the final blow to the prosperity of the place was given in 1837, when the river having risen to an unusual height in spring, the dam, by means of which the surrounding country was fertilised, gave way. This occurred during the night; and the town, which in the previous evening had been traversed by a broad and noble stream, in the morning stood in the midst of a waterless desert. As no steps have since been taken to repair the dam, the river has not resumed its ancient course, and the town has consequently fallen into ruin.* Mr. Layard, who is, I believe, the only European who has visited this town, describes the population as scarcely exceeding five hundred souls, whom he divides into four families; the Sadat, equivalent to the plural of Sayyid and Sherif, "Lord, or pre-eminent in holiness," and no doubt given to the descendants of the Arabs, who migrated hither from Medinah; the Neis, the Kuti, the Saki, the latter a family from Luristan, and a sprinkling of Sabæans.

Mohammed Taki Khan, the great Bakhtiyari chieftain, took possession of Hawisah, in 1839, and attached the district to the province of Arabistan, by which the Persians designate the territory of Shuster and Dizful. The conquered wali, Mulla 'Erajū-Allah, was mulcted, by the Persians, in an annual tribute of six thousand toman; not being able to pay which, he was imprisoned by the mo'tamid, or viceroy, in Kirmanshah; but, with characteristic Oriental duplicity, he earned favour by vindicating the claims of Persia to the territory of the Cha'b Arabs. He became the chief adviser of the expedition of the Prince of Kirmanshah against these Arabs; and being willing to prostitute the influence of his peculiarly Arabic and sacred character as mullah and sayyid, to assist the cause of the Persians, he was restored to his government.

VII.—THE BENI-LAM: A POWERFUL PREDATORY TRIBE OF ARABS.

Excepting at the villages of Suweib and Sahab, the islands of the left bank of the Tigris are inhabited by Arabs of the Beni-Lam tribe, who neither acknowledge the wali of Hawisah on the one side, or the Sheikh of Muntifij, on the other, but who own a very undefined allegiance to the government of Turkish Arabia. The Beni-Lam is a very great and powerful tribe, composed of a great number of families, but divided among themselves. This tribe occupies almost the whole of the vast

* None but small boats, called beilams, or "cotton pods," from their diminutive size, can now reach the town, which was formerly approached by vessels of moderate size.

territory that extends along the left bank of the Tigris from Baghdad to the Kerkhah. The family that dwells in the Jesayir, is called that of Al Bú Mohammed. Many families encamp occasionally on the banks of the Kerkhah, within the territory of the Wali of Hawisah. This great tribe is continually engaged in plundering expeditions against Turks and Persians alike. In war they are treacherous and dishonest; nor is it safe for a European to travel among them.* They carry on a perpetual war with the Muntifij Arabs, who dwell upon the right bank of the Tigris. As we ascended the river, we saw an example of their inefficient warfare, as carried on across the river. The enemy fought, on both sides, under cover of trees, shrubs, and banks: and as a musket was only fired as the occasion presented itself, this was at intervals of several minutes, and then with scarcely the chance of hitting an antagonist. These belligerent Arabs had to cease their firing as the steamer passed by, but they began again the moment the river was open.

The Beni-Lam are not only at war with all their neighbours, but also with one another. The acknowledged chieftain is Sheikh Madhkur; but he has a rival called Sheikh Namah who is at the head of many discontented families. Many other petty sheikhs are also frequently engaged in predatory wars carried on on their own account. Mr. Layard estimates the number of families at 30,000, but the Sheikh Madhkur has not more than 15,000 armed men at his command, of whom about 4000 or 5000 are horsemen. Pretty well, however, for a tribe that lives in part by plunder! The Beni-Lam are not, however, celebrated for courage even among the Arabs; and in their wars with the Muntifij tribe they have been constantly defeated.

Placed in the confines of both Persian and Turkish Arabia, the Beni-Lam pay tribute to both, a taxation from which they can only withdraw themselves when encamped in the islands and marshes of the Jesayir. Hence Sheikh Madhkur's favourite residence is at Amarat, a village situated on the banks of the River Tigris, a few miles below the junction of the Iladd, the largest tributary of the Kerkhah that flows into the Tigris. The families which led their cattle to pasture in the Kerkhah were plundered in 1841 by the mo'tamid—their cattle, horses, sheep, tents, and even wives and children having been carried off, and the men compelled to take shelter in the brushwood near the river.

As the Kerkhah flows for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles in a kind of parallelism with the Tigris excepting where the range of hills called the Kebir Kuhah interfere, its water might be drawn off to irrigate and fertilise the intervening plains and the great tract of country occupied by the Beni-Lam Arabs, and watered by its own rivers the Diyalah, the Mendali, the Jistaq, the Tib, the Duwarij, and others, might, under a civilised population, be rendered one continuous scene of cultivation; but under a half-savage and inefficient government at both extremities, a length of upwards of two hundred miles and a breadth of fifty, of lands highly favoured by climate, by position, by the nature of the soil, and by the facilities for irrigation, are given over to a nomadic and predatory tribe, and the highway of Semiramis and Alexander, and all means of

* Mr. Layard succeeded twice in traversing the country in disguise, but was plundered by those who were sent to protect him; and narrowly escaped, on several occasions, with his life.

communication between the great towns of Baghdad and Dizful and Shuster, are alike effaced from the earth.

The physical characters of this great tract of country are in the present day, long and continuous belts of forest near the river, pasture lands and marsh, and level tracts with a sandy or clayey and sometimes stony substratum. The latter naturally increases as the hills are neared, and these great uncultivated plains are frequented by immense flocks of desert partridges.

VIII.—THE GREAT NAHR-WAN CANAL.

In the palmy days of the Khalifat, a portion of this country was brought into utility by a system of irrigation, which, although not upon so extensive a scale as that which has been adverted to, still evidently, from existing ruins, maintained a host of towns and villages in comparative affluence. This is the system of the Katur or Nahr-wan, which had its origin from the Tigris by three different branches, one from the neighbourhood of Imam Dur, not improbably the plain of Dura, in which Nebuchadnezzar set up his golden image (Dan. iii. 1), the Dura of Polybius and the Rusa or Surc. of the historians of Heraclius; the other from the neighbourhood of Opis or Eski Baghdad; the third from the ruins of Ghaim, which, according to Captain Lynch, resemble in structure those of the neighbouring walls of Nimrod. The northernmost branch of the Katur appears indeed once to have extended upwards under the name of Nahr Hafu to the point where the Tigris quits the Hamrin or Makhul hills, a further distance of fifty miles.

The more ancient Arabian geographers, as Tabari and Zakariya Kazvini, describe this system of irrigation as dating from a very remote antiquity, and relate that it was repaired and kept in order by Anushirivam and Harun al Rashid; but it is probable, as Colonel Rawlinson has justly remarked, that the Sassanian monarch and afterwards the renowned khalif only repaired an ancient excavation which dated from the time of the Assyrian monarchs. There is, indeed, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, every reason to believe that this artificial canal corresponds to the river Physcus noticed by Xenophon in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. Yakut calls all that part of the Nahr-wan which is north of the Diyalah, Katul, but in Abulfeda's time the canal lost the name Katur or Katul after the junction of the three streams. This great canal was continued beyond the Diyalah, following a course parallel to the Tigris, to Kut el Hamra, nearly half the distance from Baghdad to Kornah; and where the Tigris makes a great easterly bend after parting with a stream, the so-called Shat el Haih, which flows across to the Euphrates and nearly parallel, to which the Nahr-wan was continued in a similar direction and with a similar *debouchure*, after irrigating the lands and gardens of the once flourishing town of Wasit, and which is identified by D'Anville with the Cybate of the Theodosian tables placed on the road from Seleucia to Spasini Charax. Mr. Frazer identifies the same site with Cascara. Certain it is from Assemanus that Wasit was once an episcopal city, and from Abulfeda that it was a flourishing town. The channel which flowed past Wasit, carried off, at one time, so large a body of the waters of the Tigris, as to have been termed, as we see in Abulfeda, the Dijail. It is, however, more generally called the Shal el Wasit. According to Mr. Fraser, Wasit was visited by Captain

Mignan and Lieutenant Ormsby, who found no remains of antiquity, or even indications of its former magnitude or importance.

Several occasions presented themselves while the steamer was at anchor in the upper part of the Tigris, of walking over the intervening space, and exploring the territories in the neighbourhood of the Nahr-wan, and on all such occasions the same evidences of an extended cultivation, and of a busy, numerous population, were obtained. Everywhere were to be seen mounds of ruin, containing fragments of pottery, tiles and bricks of early Muhammedan times. Here were long ridges of less lofty ruin, there fragments of ruin level with the ground; here were small channels of irrigation, remains of wells and bridges, and still above all these the same imposing mounds of ruin dominated at every locality that we visited. It was a scene that suggested painful reflections upon the mutability of populations and institutions. It seemed as if death and destruction had swept lately and suddenly over the land, had carried off a nation and its tenements, and had left only the traces of their existence as memorials of what once was. A ruined village, or a still more ruinous city, is a thing common enough in the territory of Babylonist and Chaldea, but the ruins of an infinite number of towns and villages linked continuously on the banks of the same fertilising and life-giving stream, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and found again in precisely similar circumstances when approached at other and distant points, startles the imagination, and involuntarily calls back the mind to the stories of evil genii and ghouls, who were contemporary with those toiling and now extinct populations.

Captain Robert Mignan visited a portion of these ruins on the Nahr-wan on his pedestrian trip from Bassora to Baghdad, in 1827. The mounds which this traveller visited stretched for nearly a mile north and south, and were distant about four miles from the river. These mounds were composed of soft clay, externally covered with broken pieces of pottery, fragments of tile, flint-glass, and shells. One mound higher than the others occupied a central position, and was surrounded by minor ridges of hillock, invariably, as the traveller justly remarked, proofs of ruined buildings. On the top of this central highest mound Captain Mignan found blocks of black stone, four or five feet square, completely honey-combed from exposure. Concluding that these stones came from beneath, the traveller began to excavate, and found that the mound rested on layers of stone, each about four feet square, firmly joined together. Captain Mignan also obtained fragments of cinerary urns, made of baked clay, and painted all over, as also of black and molten brickwork.

IX.—TOMB OF THE PROPHET EZRA.

It is unnecessary in a first ascent of 540 miles of river, which lasted several days, and where, from the absence of towns and villages, there is great sameness of objects and scenery, to give details of each day's proceedings. On the Muntisij, or Chaldean side of the river, and opposite to the Hadd, was a village called Zeit-chiyah, with a few palm-trees and olives, and a ruined mosque, and beyond this was the most interesting object on the lower Tigris—the tomb of the celebrated Jewish scribe and priest Ezra—who about the year B.C. 458, led the second expedition of the Jews back from the Babylonian exile into Palestine. The tomb is of the form common to Imams of the second class, an elliptical dome, roofed with glazed tiles, surmounts a square mausoleum, and over the door-way

are two tablets of black marble with a commemorative inscription in the Hebrew language. The mausoleum is surrounded by an outer wall of sun-dried bricks, and within the enclosure grows a solitary palm-tree. This monument, as seen from the river rising out of these monotonous wastes, had a striking appearance, and more especially so when the sun shone upon it.

The statement of the Talmud is that Ezra died at Zamzuma, a town on the Tigris, while on his road from Jerusalem to Susa, whither he was going, as usual, to plead the cause of the captive Jews before King Artaxerxes. The name of Zamzuma is unknown in the present day, but the position of the tomb is on the Tigris, and certainly on the way to Susa. According to Josephus, Ezra died and was buried at Jerusalem with great magnificence, but the traditions of the Babylonian Jews coincide with the Talmudic statement. They perform frequent pilgrimages to the tomb of their great benefactor, upon which occasions the Arabs waylay, rob, and strip them, and in this state they almost invariably return to their homes.

X.—THE FOREST AND ITS WILD ANIMALS.

The forest, brush-wood, and jungle, which clothes the banks of the Tigris, in the greater portion of its course from Baghdad to Kornah, consists for the most part of tamarisk, amid the continuous growth of which are a few poplar trees (gift of the Arabs) and beneath, a luxuriant growth of liquorice plants and mimosa agrestis, while species of rubus, lygeum and clematis often intertwine to form an impenetrable jungle. Beyond the forest's limits saline and succulent plants of low growth succeed to grasses and sedges, and are themselves ultimately succeeded by naked plains, with here and there tufts of wormwood, mimosa, or flowering plants.

An infinite number of animals, birds, and reptiles, frequent these undisturbed solitudes. At the head of these stands the lion, but it must be rare, for I never saw one, or heard its roar. M. Fontanier, who accompanied us, and who has published a brief and superficial account of this first ascent of the Tigris, speaks, however, of the roaring of lions keeping him awake at night. A live specimen of this monarch of the forest existed at the Residency at Baghdad, and had not the fur of the isabella yellow colour attributed to the Arabian and Persian species, but was as brown as that of Bombay. Two kinds of tiger were more common in the forests, the largest of these was a maneless variety of the hunting tiger, which has been distinguished by some naturalists from the maned hunting tiger (*Felix jubata*) by the title of *Felix venatica*. Dr. Ross, the surgeon of the Residency, had one of these beautiful creatures tamed, which followed him everywhere like a dog, and used to climb trees like a cat. A smaller species of tiger, the *Felix chaus*, is still more common. Wolves, hyænas, jackalls, and foxes abounded. Amid such a host of predatory animals, the more peaceful ruminants were exceedingly rare, the gazelle kept to the open plains, and hares were seldom to be met with. Wild boars, which could fight their own battles, were common enough, but not so much so as on the upper Tigris, where there are fewer of the larger feline animals. The chief winged tenant of these woods was the beautiful francolin, which afforded invariable sport at every point at which the jungle could be penetrated. In the more open glades, the desert grouse

was also occasionally met with, and I shot one of that beautiful variety of grouse, with long feathers to its tail, known to naturalists as the *Syrrhaptes Palassii*.

Every afternoon, when the steamer lay-to, to cut wood, for the ensuing day, I used to take my gun and wander in these lonely solitudes in search of game. On most of these occasions I accompanied General Chesney. The gallant general was as partial to these wild regions as myself, and perhaps, still more so, to sports of the field. We became familiarised, during two ascents and descents of nearly five hundred miles of forest, with their peculiarities and their products, to a degree which the sportsman alone can understand. Often wearied by the walk, we have sat in some beautiful and open glade, two or three miles away from the steamer, and conversed together for hours, totally separated from the bustle and turmoil of the world. There was something in the loneliness and undisturbed tranquillity of the interior of the forests, added to the fine climate and refreshing verdure, that made one involuntarily give way to quiet musings and thoughts, sometimes of home, but more frequently of the prospects of our ill-fated expedition. Never on any of these occasions did we meet with the slightest interruption from man or beast. Often have I prolonged my excursions till evening has overtaken me, and I have had to return to the steamer alone, and at a time when the wild beasts were quitting their cover to hunt for an evening meal. The surly hyæna has, on such occasions, bared his teeth at me at a few paces' distance, and the forest actually bristled with living things, but all skulked away alike with angry looks. When I went into the woods neighbouring to any Arab village or encampment, the natives invariably interfered, and urgently represented danger from lions, but, as before said, I never met one. Once I came within a few paces of a hunting tiger in the open day. The animal was sitting like a cat, on the sunny side of a little glade about thirty feet in extent, and I stood at the entrance of it. It did not see me, and I remained for some seconds contemplating it, and hesitating what to do as I had only small shot for francolin in my fowling-piece. Caution got the upper hand for a moment and I retired, but then again the value of the specimen and the wish to possess a tiger's skin, led me back again, and I once more stood at the entrance of the glade. The tiger was now looking fierce and on the alert, and I felt quite convinced that the first discharge of small shot would bring the animal on me before I could fire another, so I once more withdrew as quietly as possible, and hastening to the steamer got two of the artillerymen to take their carbines, and loading my fowling-piece with ball, we divided as we approached the spot, which I had marked from certain overtopping trees. The tiger had, however, apparently heard our approach, for as we neared the glade he cleared the surrounding shrubbery, at least twelve feet high, with scarcely an effort, just allowing us a flying shot, and was lost in the jungle.

Our men used to amuse themselves in the evenings by fixing a piece of meat to a hook made fast to a rope and a stake stuck firmly into the ground. The wolves and jackalls would come constantly to try and pull the bait off the hook, but were not so foolish as to allow themselves to be caught by it. One evening Captain Charlewood and myself laid ourselves in the bushes close by the bait, and a jackall coming down on Charlewood's side, he got a good shot at it, but although wounded, it got

into the jungle close to us, where it was so thick that we could not follow it a yard. One day, while steaming up the river, we came up with a jackall that was swimming across the river. One or two shots were fired at it unsuccessfully, but a boat having been let go, the poor creature was knocked on the head, and I got its skin. On another occasion General Chesney shot a pelican from among a group that were seated on a little island. I went in the boat to get the bird, which, being only winged, defended itself so vigorously with its long bill, that I was obliged to get an oar to knock it down before I could secure the prize—an engagement which gave infinite merriment to the ship's crew at my expense.

XI.—CONDUCT OF THE ARABS.

The Arabs who were encamped along the banks of the river were at first naturally very suspicious of us. When we happened to stop in the neighbourhood of one of their encampments, Mr. Rassan hastened to make purchases of fowls, eggs, and milk, for which they were paid according to their demands, yet they would constantly decamp during the night, and when in the morning we looked out for new milk and fresh eggs for breakfast, tents, men, women, and children, fowls and buffaloes, were all gone, and there was not a trace of a living thing to be seen in the neighbourhood. This, however, did not apply to the sedentary Arabs, or those dwelling in villages, which are not only more scarce in the lower Tigris than on the Euphrates, but are very rare indeed. The chief village between Baghdad and Kornah is Kut-el-Hamra, which is situated nearly half-way between the two, and opposite to where the Shat-el-Haih leaves the Tigris. This is a kind of official station for a Sheikh of the Muntifj Arabs to regulate the navigation of the last-mentioned river, yet it contains but half-a-dozen houses. The sedentary Arabs were also quite willing to help us to cut wood for fuel, and further to lay up stores for our return. This was placing great confidence in us, for the Turkish government, under similar circumstances, would not have remunerated the workmen, and Arabs, Turks, and Christians alike, are all aware of these little official peculiarities. We even sometimes got the wandering Arabs to give a hand, upon which occasions they generally preceded their labours by a savage dance, singing at the same time with a general chorus in honour of their fathers' beards. In the face of these facts, which are exactly as I relate them, the French Consul states, in his narrative previously quoted from, that when wood was required to be cut, the Arabs generally refused to do it; and when the crew were employed on this service, it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out lest they should be attacked! This, observe, while on every occasion (except when too ill to go out) the commander and myself enjoyed ourselves in the woods, undisturbed by even the thoughts of danger.

"I do not doubt," says M. Fontanier, speaking of the Arabs, "that, had they dared, they would have attacked us; but a vessel impelled without oars or sails, and emitting a dense black smoke, appeared to them a production of hell; and many of them asked us, in right earnest, whether we were good or evil spirits—whether we were the offspring of angels or devils? I am of opinion that they were rather inclined to the more favourable view, for they were not a little astonished at our peaceable conduct. Had the first steamer ever seen on the Seine or the Thames been manned by Arabs, we may be sure that they would have made themselves notorious for misdeeds of every kind; and that the banks of those streams would not have been a safe or tranquil place of abode. Judging, therefore, of others by themselves, every tribe fled at our approach,

and avoided all communication with us. 'Whenever we passed by any inhabited spot, the population pursued us with insults. It was very amusing to see this motley crowd as they ran; and the admirer of the picturesque would most certainly never have forgotten this scene. Men, some clad, others naked, women, children, and horses, rushed forth pell-mell to look at us; and when we had passed, scampered off to some other point, where the winding of the river afforded them another opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. As they were armed only with spears, we heeded their hostile demonstrations but little; but several times they threw stones at us; and if they had had muskets, I dare say they would have used them without scruple. They looked upon themselves as very fortunate that we did not take advantage of our superiority, and plunder and levy contributions on them, a duty which they would most assuredly have performed, had they been in our place. As we were sometimes obliged to stop for want of fuel, *some of us*, on these occasions, went out shooting, and succeeded in bagging a great quantity of heathcocks (francolin)."

This is excellent on the part of our good friend M. Fontanier, and, with the exception of what is sacrificed for the sake of picturesque effect, contains some truths. It will be obvious, however, to the most careless reader, that it is impossible that *every* tribe should have fled at our approach, and yet have remained at the same time to gratify their curiosity over and over again; nor does it well tally with their supposed gratitude for our peaceful conduct, that they should have experienced at the same time unalloyed feelings of hostility. Of muskets they had plenty; for, as previously mentioned, we saw them using them against one another: but it is quite out of the question that the low-caste tribes of the lower Tigris, could have ever dreamt of attacking us, when the assembled and armed multitudes of the Anaisah, Samar and Muntifj, had not even offered to insult us. Our good friend must have certainly been slightly intimidated by the, to him, somewhat novel circumstances in which he was placed. His eye-sight was sharper in seeing insults than ours, as his hearing was in its discrimination of the roaring of lions amid the hubbub and howling of so many wild animals: and as to the "*some of us*," who went out shooting, such amusements were, at Kut-el-Hamra and some other stations, general; but still I do not remember to have ever seen M. Fontanier a participator in them. We reached Kut-el-Hamra in three days, although the river being unknown to us, we were frequently obliged to seek our way among sand-banks, added to which, it was the season of the year when the river was very shallow. We ascertained that the River Tigris, in its course between this point and Kornah, takes a great easterly bend, which had not been hitherto marked on the maps. At one district, designated as Ghubair, it approached so closely to the Kebir Kuhu hills, as to refresh the nightly breezes, for this was a trying season of the year, the heats were extreme, and my own health was giving way with that of others. We dined on deck, and many slept on deck; but the mosquitoes, and other winged assailants, made rest as comfortless there as it was down below.

XII.—BRIDGE OF SEMIRAMIS.

About twelve miles north of Kut-el-Hamra are the remains of a bridge, evidently, by its structure, of great antiquity, and which, by its position, would serve to indicate the direction taken by the great road from Babylon to Susa, which, according to olden geographers, was paved throughout its whole extent, and the construction of which as was usually the case

with all great works of that age attributed to the renowned Semiramis. At present only three piers of this old bridge remain, and they are constructed of the finest kiln-burnt bricks, exhibiting a perfect resemblance to the Babylonian material in dimension and composition, but they have been kiln-burnt to resist the action of the water. The boat that conveyed Colonel Macdonald Kinneir down the river in 1813 stranded on one of the piers of this Assyrian bridge, and at the season of the year that Captain Mignan passed (latter end of October, 1827), there were sixty feet of ruins above the water. As this was the great connecting medium between Babylon and Susa, it is truly interesting to think how many kings and prophets and other great personages of old have passed over this relic of ancient times. The conquering Nebuchadnezzar, and the proud Belshazzar, and Daniel, so favoured by God, whose dwelling-place was alternately at both cities, must have passed and repassed this way. Then came the powerful Cyrus, and with him a new domination, the period of the exertions of the persevering Ezra, whose mausoleum decorates the banks of the river, and of the fortunes of that fair Jewish damsel whose name was "myrtle" (Kadassah) before she was received into the royal harem of Ahasuerus. Lastly, the Macedonian hero and his turbulent successors trod in the same footsteps, the traces of which were probably extinct at the time when Trajan envied on these very lands the past glories of his predecessor. And how are all these great powers fallen now? Their greatest highway has hitherto never even been sought for, and it is only traversed by half-savage shepherds and lawless robbers.

At Mumlilah we visited the ruins previously described by Keppel and Mignan, consisting of mounds with foundations of kiln-burnt bricks, and an irregular surface covered with broken bricks and pottery of various kinds and colours. The aspect of this site has been totally changed by the erosion of the river, and its ancient name is unknown. At another site, now called Hurmaniyah, an earthen jar was found in 1810, containing upwards of two thousand Greek coins, many of which were purchased by Mr. Rich, and are now in the British Museum.

Beyond this, we arrived at the extensive and still imposing ruins of Ctesiphon, with the more humbled Seleucia on the opposite bank, and we lay to between the rival cities, both alike untenanted in the present day. As, however, I afterwards spent a Christmas at this remarkable site, and had time for more careful exploration, I shall defer their description for the present. Beyond the junction of the River Diyalah we were detained a short time by running on a bank, and I had the painful duty of reading the funeral service over one of our men, whom I had long tended in sickness, the fourth loss to the expedition by death since we had been afloat.

XIII.—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER AT BAGHDAD.

The arrival of the steamer at Baghdad was celebrated by a discharge of musketry, from the flat roof of the British Residency, where the guard of sepoy could be disposed in a file two deep. This salutation was answered by an appropriate noisy compliment on our part, and the sharp fire of musketry, and the booming of great guns, roused all the motley denizens of the City of the Khalifs to a consciousness of our presence. The multitudes that came on the ensuing days to see the vessel were truly surprising. It was justly suggested by General Chesney, that if they could have been counted, a better idea would have been ob-

tained of the real population of Baghdad, than from the inaccurate statistical reports of the Turks. The soldiers came first, for some of them had seen similar wonders at Constantinople, these were followed by Christian and Mohammedan citizens, then came the mullahs, and last of all the women picked up courage enough to gratify their curiosity. All came in kufahs, the round wicker boat or coracle, covered with pitch, such as was described by Herodotus; and although many were allowed on board, still kufah after kufah were all day long plying as fast as space was allowed round the ship. And this lasted from earliest dawn to sunset, for several days before even a diminution in the influx was perceived. It must have been a rare harvest for the kufah-men of Baghdad.

Owing to the difficulties experienced in getting wood, in a first navigation, and the shallowness of the water at this season of the year, we had been many days on this journey, but the actual time expended in steaming was exactly 104 hours, 31 minutes; the distance by the windings of the river from Kornah to Baghdad being 543 miles.

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

NO II.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Recollections of Richard Cumberland continued—Contributions of Rogers, Moore, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others to the *Pic-Nic* and *Cabinet* Newspapers—Epigram by James Smith—Duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara—Improvising a Leading Article—Pseudo "Original Letters"—Cumberland's Attempt to secure for Authors a larger Share of Literary Profits—Its Failure.

THE *Pic-Nic* newspaper soon came to an untimely end. With a careless, fashionable, and needy proprietor; with gratuitous, and therefore precarious contributors; and with an editor living within the Rules of the Bench, it was little calculated for longevity, and its doom was accelerated by differences of opinion among its staff officers. Some objected to the frivolity of Colonel Greville's papers; others vilipended the dulness of Sir James Bland Burges's "Man in the Moon;" Cumberland sneered at both; until the colonel, assuming despotic power in right of his proprietorship, and treating all remonstrance as open mutiny, informed us at one of our Thursday meetings, that he had no further occasion for our services, as he had engaged a young Irishman of surpassing talent, who, for a weekly *honorarium*, not exceeding what was paid to Combe, would undertake to get up and edit the whole paper. So saying he left the room, and returned with Mr. John Wilson Croker, who, under the impression that he was to be intellectually "trotted out" before the company, began instantly to exhibit his conversational powers, which were even then of a very high order, with all the ardour and copiousness of

an aspiring Hibernian. Cumberland, buttoning up his coat, preserved a sullen silence, until he had left the room, when Greville said to him,

"Well, what think you of my new friend? He talks a good deal, I must confess, but he talks well."

"Half of that is true," replied the dramatist, laying a malicious emphasis on the first word; after which he finished the fastening of his coat, with vehement twitches that threatened to tear off the buttons, twisted a comforter hastily round his throat, put on his broad-brimmed hat, pulled it over his eyes, and departed in dudgeon.

Much ridicule and misrepresentation having been attached to the *Pic-Nic*, the effect of an *alias* was tried, by conferring upon it the title of the *Cabinet*, to which most of the parties already mentioned still gave their support, a courteous invitation from the colonel inducing them to overlook their unceremonious dismissal. Want of aim, of method, of money, and even of the talent and political intelligence that give popularity to a newspaper, were impediments to success which not all the abilities of the new editor, varied as they were, could overcome; and the *Cabinet*, after a sickly existence of a few months, disappeared in the autumn of 1803.

Besides the names that I have recorded, stray articles were sometimes furnished by men of rank and likelihood. The well-known lines of Rogers,

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away,
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could be gay, &c.

appeared originally in the *Cabinet*. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose dalliance with the Muse, was then totally unsuspected, sent two poetical effusions to the *Pic-Nic*, and to Tom Moore was attributed a burlesque prose article, entitled, "The Lamp of St. Agatha: a Hint for a Romance." It appeared with his initials in the *Cabinet*, but I know not whether it was ever recognised by its reputed author.

Cumberland's articles, occasionally scholastic, as became the grandson of Doctor Bentley, but more frequently assuming the form of short essays, with classical signatures, upon the morals and manners of the day, were written in that smart, epigrammatic, antithetical style which he affected in later life, but of which he exhibited few traces in his earlier productions. In his comedies he did not commit the mistake of Congreve and Farquhar, whose interlocutors, like intellectual gladiators, were engaged in a perpetual combat of wit, attacking and defending, thrusting and parrying, with little or no distinction of individual character; but there was an elaboration, a polish, a glitter about his later productions, a greater attention to the workmanship than to the material, which seemed to betray that he deemed the sparkling of the mica more important than the general quality of the granite. In long and sustained works, such as his "Autobiography," published in his declining years, this constant straining for effect defeated its purpose, readers not only doubting, when they saw them so thickly clustered,—“if those be stars that paint the galaxy,” but becoming soon wearied of accompanying a writer who loses the race, like Atalanta, by running after every glittering object that may cross his path. In shorter pieces, however, intended for

the narrow compass of a periodical, it may be questioned whether the spangled, piquant, and highly-varnished style be not excusable, and even preferable. This is a matter of taste. The pleasure which I derived, as a youth, from the perusal of Cumberland's pointed and glittering essays, even though some of their adornments might have been tinsel, is not diminished when I recur to them in mine old age. In productions born but to die, and only read to be forgotten, it is better to produce sparks by incessant hammering, however evanescent the scintillations, than to wire-draw the ore, as is too much the modern fashion, into tenuity and flimsy diffusion. When authors, however, are paid by the sheet, we cannot wonder that they should write by it. In measurement literature, depth will always be sacrificed to width and breadth.

Mr. Croker's contributions did not exhibit any of the brilliant banter and sly satire which obtained so much popularity for his "Familiar Epistles," his poetical pieces being mostly of a political character, applicable to the circumstances of the times. One of these, in imitation of the Chatterton modern antiques, and entitled, "A Warre Songe, by Thomas Rowlie, penned for an entyrlud offe Kinge Johan Hys Reygne," was quite equal to any of those pretended to have been discovered by the Bristol boy in the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe. Of the poetical pieces, however, the best and the most successful were from the pen of James Smith, whose "Mammoth—Harlequin's Invasion—Witch Scene," and others, though now forgotten, won a good deal of contemporary notice and favour. His prose contributions were hardly so good, but in one of them he has inserted an epigram not unworthy of preservation.

My spouse to auctions oft repairs,
Pleased to behold the biddings rise,
Doats on each lot of motley wares,
And ev'ry thing she doats on, buys.

I, with *my* lot am quite enchanted,
To see my house with gewgaws fraught,
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

His brother's articles, whether in prose or verse, did not excite much notice, with the exception of some remarks on the duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, which so delighted Cumberland that he pronounced them equal to any thing in the *Spectator*, and carried the paper for several days in his pocket, that he might read it to his friends. The following short extract will indicate the writer's line of argument:—

"From the suavity of manners, the delicacy of demeanour, the refinement of sentiment which characterise the modern æra, proceed all the harmony of mutual intercourse, all the grace and delights of society and of civilised life. These constituents of human happiness require as much the aid and protection of laws and punishments, as the property, or lives, or freedom of the community. A social compact was therefore formed for their security, and as offences against this compact were not amenable to the legal tribunals of the country, a code of honour was established. No penal restraint, however, existed to bind men to the observance of its regulations, and it became, therefore, necessary to create

a mode of punishing any infringement of its law, which, by levelling all distinctions, should operate as a check upon the brutality of strength or the insults of petulance."

What a strange, what an anomalous thing is the memory! Recent occurrences fade from an old man's remembrance, as if they had been written on sand, to be presently washed out by the tide of time: early impressions, like inscriptions cut upon a rock, seem, as they grow older, to become more indelible. How fortunate that our youthful reminiscences, which are ever the pleasantest, should be the most enduring; while the records of that period when "the contraction of time and the diminution of hope throw a browner shade upon the sunset of life," should be too superficial to wound, too evanescent to sully the mental tablet. Fortunate, did I say? Away with the word! Not to thee, O blind goddess of the blind, be the praise, but to the Great mother, all whose arrangements have a beneficent reference to the happiness of her children.

Oh! how well do I recollect the victim of the duel which occurred forty-four years ago, and has suggested these remarks! In my Sunday excursions to Hyde Park I had always admired Colonel Montgomery's figure, as he careered up and down upon his beautiful white Arab, skirting closely the principal promenade, evidently seeking to "witch the world with noble horsemanship!" and not less evidently succeeding in his object, if conclusions might be drawn from the eyes of the fair pedestrians. His dog and that of Captain Macnamara became engaged in a fierce fight, each owner desired the other to call off his own animal; high words were exchanged; a duel was the consequence; and Colonel Montgomery was killed! If my recollection fail me not, he was in the wrong, but as he was generally known and admired, while his opponent was a stranger, he won all the sympathy of London. Captain Macnamara, in the manly speech that procured his immediate acquittal from a jury, declared that he would willingly have avoided the duel *if the world would have let him*.

Amid the other manifold improvements of the present æra, let us be thankful that the world now condemns this practice, as equally barbarous, absurd, and unjustifiable. When Cumberland was told that the catastrophe had for several days alienated the senses of a Mrs. Biggin, who was understood to be attached to the colonel, he replied, "Ha! very sad, very sad! but this public association of her name with his, will not, I fear, add much to her reputation; and, besides, the world cannot be expected to sympathise very deeply with a lady who has given her name to a coffee-strainer."

This anecdote is recorded, because it is characteristic of Cumberland, who had strict notions of morality and decorum; while his connexions and previous occupations, for he had been secretary to the Board of Trade, and special ambassador to Madrid and Lisbon, all inspired him with somewhat aristocratic notions. Nor was he by any means insensible of his dignity as major-commandant of the volunteer infantry at Tunbridge Wells, of whose attachment to his person, and of the handsome sword they presented to him, he loved to discourse with a sensibility that sometimes bordered upon the mawkish.

With the prevalent Buonaparte-phobia, and the general odium *Gallicum*, he was more than sufficiently imbued. On one occasion the prin-

cial contributors to the paper had agreed to dine together at Sablonière's Hotel in Leicester Square, and at Colonel Greville's special request, the dinner was to be a specimen of French cookery. With the single exception of the colonel, we were all too John Bullish to find any thing palatable upon the table, but our most patriotic abhorrence was reserved for an unfortunate fricandeau, which, as one of the party declared, was only fit to be given to a dog. "A dog, sir," exclaimed Cumberland, pushing away his plate with a look of infinite disgust, "not even fit for that, unless it were a French dog."

While I am in my anecdote, let me record an occurrence to which I cannot even now recur without a smile. Calling at Hatchard's one evening, I found the printers in great tribulation, owing to their not having received from Combe, the editor, the political article, which he had promised for the following morning's paper. They had not been able to find him at his residence in St. George's Fields, the other contributors were out of town; there was no time to lose, and the publisher assured me that if I did not sit down, then and there, and write the leading article, the paper could not appear. Necessity has no law, so I hurried into a back room, seized sympathetically a goose quill, and sat myself down before a most appropriate sheet of foolscap. This was in 1803, when the public were intensely interested in the probability of renewed hostilities with France, so that I was at no loss for a subject. Thank Heaven! I have forgotten what I wrote; but that I, an ignorant youngster, made grave use of the solemn and mysterious *We*,—that I bespattered Buonaparte with a rampant and rancorous loyalty, predicting his speedy downfall and the glorious triumph of old England, if he dared us to a renewal of the war, I have not the smallest doubt. Cicero (what a sceptical fellow!) wondered that one Roman haruspex could ever look another in the face without smiling; and I must confess, that when I recall my own editorial vaticinations, and peruse the leading articles of our political soothsayers, a sense of the ridiculous will sometimes relax my muscles.

Let me here record a circumstance which has equally shaken my confidence in the "original letters" of celebrated persons. Combe, who made no secret that he wrote the two volumes of Lord Lyttleton's letters, occasionally gave the *Pic-Nic* Paper the benefit of a spurious original, by inditing, whenever he was at a loss to fill up a column, an epistle from STERNE, dated from Sutton or Coxwold, so closely imitating the eccentricities of that mannerist, that no one doubted its authenticity. Combe was by means an over-scrupulous person. When employed by the booksellers to write a volume upon the River Thames, with illustrations and views of the seats visible from the water, he called with his credentials at the mansions so situated, for the ostensible purpose of collecting materials, and being a gentleman and a scholar, he was not only often invited to dinner, but occasionally requested to prolong his visit for a day or two. Having calculated, however, that if he strictly obeyed his commission, by merely taking the seats within view of the river, his list of hospitable boards would soon be exhausted, he pretended that his instructions extended to the vicinity of the Thames, and thus enlarged his dinner chances *ad libitum*. On complaint being subsequently made by some of the parties whose mansions were never noticed, and who had thus been most unwarrantably defrauded of their meals, he excused one untruth by

another, writing them word that the publisher, finding his materials too voluminous, had been obliged to alter his original plan, and contract the range of the work. The author of this discreditable hoax affected to think that he had done his victims a favour, and would say, with a smile, "Confound the blockheads! if I did not give them a place in my book, I gave them my company, and they ought to feel highly honoured in having a literary man at their tables."

Notwithstanding his occasional abuse of an author's privilege, Combe was tenacious of the respect due to the profession. I remember supping with him at his lodging in the Rules, when Colonel Greville, whose familiarity was sometimes exchanged for *hauteur*, applied some supercilious remark to our host, who immediately rose from his chair, tapped the colonel on his shoulder, and said, in an austere tone, "May I trouble you, sir, to accompany me for one minute into the next room?"

The invitation was accepted, the door was closed, and the guests looked at each other with some anxiety, for though we could hardly suspect that the author, a bald-headed old man, would assault the gallant colonel, we were not without fear of some unpleasant altercation. No loud or angry words however were heard, the parties presently returned to us with amicable faces, and I subsequently learnt that Combe, on shutting the door behind them, pointed to a shelf containing a goodly row of books, and said to his companion, "Sir, I beg to inform you that I wrote every one of those volumes. Do you think such a man ought to be treated with indignity? If you do, I pity you. If you do not, I am sure you will be sorry for what you have just said." With these words he rejoined the company, followed by Greville, who had so far benefited by the rebuke, as to avoid similar cause of offence during the remainder of the evening.

In his memoirs, published in 1806, Cumberland omits all mention of his contributions to the *Pic-Nic* and *Cabinet*, but he republished some of the shorter poems, as well as the whole of John de Lancaster, portions of which were originally inserted in those newspapers.

The next literary undertaking in which I had the honour of being associated with this distinguished writer, was a new edition of "Bell's British Theatre," in small numbers, published by Cooke, a bookseller, then living in Paternoster Row. Cumberland was the editor, and the critical prefaces to each play were announced as coming from his pen; but his other avocations at that time, not giving him leisure to compose them, he applied to one of my near relations and to myself for assistance, which we were proud to supply, receiving his high laudations for the manner in which we executed our task, as well as for our refusal to share the liberal remuneration which he received from the publisher.

The worthy bibliopolist had built himself a Tusculum in some sequestered part of Epping Forest, where there was a great difficulty of procuring water; to guard against which inconvenience he constructed a lofty tank of brickwork,—a peculiarity which, in conjunction with other architectural oddities, procured for the structure the name of Cooke's Folly. When I mentioned this to Cumberland, he exclaimed,—

"My dear boy!" (such was his usual mode of addressing me,) "it should be called *our* folly, not *his*; for it is we who enable him thus to play the fool. Ha! the bookseller in his carriage splashes the poor pedestrian author who put him into it, and lolls, like Tityrus, under the

beeches of a Tusculum, for which a Grubb-street scribbler, perchance, has furnished the purchase-money. *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.* The Scandinavian warriors in the hall of Odin were much more honest and humane. They drank their wine out of the skulls of their enemies only, but these ruthless fellows drink out of the skulls of their best friends. Cooke's Folly, indeed! Why, if the man had no brains, how could he contrive to feast upon ours?"

"But they cannot rob you of your laurels," I remarked.

"Oh, no!" replied my companion, bitterly; "they allow their victim to wear a chaplet when they sacrifice him."

This was a question which deeply concerned him, both as a matter of principle and of interest. The monstrous inequality in the division of the profits of literature; the system which enables the brainless drones to monopolise the brain-honey of the working bees; the outwitting of the witty by the witless; the triumph of craft over genius, of Mercury over Minerva,—these were subjects upon which Cumberland, who was usually quiet and sarcastic, rather than declamatory, could not speak without vehement indignation. Nothing, indeed, can be more anomalous as well as unfair than the basis of the book-trade. At a time when other men of business are generally adopting the practice of quick returns and small profits, the publishers, giving long-winded credits, will allow a deduction to booksellers of twenty-five per cent., or even more, charging, moreover, a commission of ten per cent., with an *ad libitum* addition for minor expenses, to any man who ventures to publish on his own account; so that the public, who pay full price, are victimised in the first instance to the extent of about fifty per cent. That they really suffer to a much larger amount, is manifest from the fact that a publisher, after exacting a guinea and a half for three volumes, will republish the same, word for word, in a single volume, for five or six shillings, out of which reduced sum he will still derive a profit. With the maintenance of these exorbitant advantages; with the concomitant increase of an educated population; with constant addition to our reading-rooms, until every petty village has at least one circulating library,—it might reasonably be expected that the value of authors' copyright should be maintained; whereas it is notorious that in the last few years it has gradually dwindled away, until it has ceased to be worth the attention of any man who is not prepared to enroll himself among the penny-a-liners of the press, or to play at chuck-farthing with booksellers' helots. Does any man doubt the fact, that authors are the slaves who dig the gold for the enrichment of their hard task-masters? Let him show me a single living man of literature, who has realised even a moderate fortune by his writings. I could point out half-a-dozen publishers who are opulent; and it is well known that the late Mr. Longman, as well as Mr. Tegg, to say nothing of less recent instances, died in the possession of enormous wealth. He who would contrast such easily-won opulence with the utter destitution in which several, even of our most popular writers, have lately sunk under their labours, have only to recall the names of Laman Blanchard, of Thomas Hood, and of J. T. Hewlett, none of whom, be it remembered, were men of self-indulgent or unthriftly habits.*

* Lord Brougham, in his "*Life of Hume*," states that Dr. Robertson only received 600*l.* for his "*History of Scotland*," the publishers having cleared 6000*l.* For "*Charles V.*," and his "*America*," he received respectively 3600*l.* and 2400*l.* while 50,000*l.*, at least, must have been realised by the sale of those works!

Nor are the injurious effects of this system confined to the two apparent victims—authors and the public, for the standard of literature is reduced to the degraded standard of copyright. Quality is diminished, in order to increase the quantity; and the writer who used to produce one sterling, because well-paid, work in a year, now furnishes three washy ones, justly urging in his defence, that they are at least worth what he gets for them. Periodicals pay better than any other description of literature; as a natural consequence, they have been less deteriorated; and our best novelists, as the columns of the *New Monthly* and *Ainsworth's Magazines* strikingly testify, now pass their best works through the pages of a magazine.

Signal is the instance afforded by France of the benefits derived both by writers and by the public, from a liberal, as compared with a beggarly scale of copyright. A few years ago our neighbours, having few or no novelists of their own, imported and translated all our works of fiction that had obtained any popularity. At length, some of their own writers entered into competition with us; a munificent remuneration tempting others of first-rate genius into the field, they obtained a payment which, to their English brethren, seems almost incredible; and the result is, that the French works of fiction, fully admitting the objection to which some of them may be liable on the score of decorum, which, however, is rather a conventional than a moral question, surpass ours both as to conception and execution, in the full proportion of the difference between the copyrights of London and Paris.

Suffering in his purse from this unequal distribution of literary spoils, as well as stung by a sense of its flagrant injustice, Cumberland determined to form an association for the purpose of preventing, if possible, such wholesale pillage of the auctorial hive. Circulars were forwarded to all the leading writers,—a meeting was called, its summoner took the chair, and, in a speech of some length, propounded his remedy; which was neither more nor less than that authors, discarding all subordinate agents, should sell their own works at their own houses. Alas! "most lame and impotent conclusion!" Many of the aggrieved scribblers had a name without a local habitation which they would choose to avow; Grub-street was not very accessible, garrets still less so; it would be necessary to have agents in every country-town; the local booksellers, deeming the wrongs of authors their vested right, would crush any one who should attempt to invade their monopoly. The project, in short, however praiseworthy as an attempt to remedy a gross and admitted abuse, was found utterly impracticable in detail; and its concoctor contented himself with an energetic appeal to the public; in answer to which, the aforesaid public contented itself with quoting the stanzas of Hall Stevenson:—

- You think yourself abused and put on,
 'Tis natural to make a fuss;
 To see it, and not care a button,
 Is just as natural for us.
 Like some one viewing at a distance,
 Another thrown from out a casement,
 All we can do for your assistance,
 Is to afford you our amazement!

TANCRED.*

THIS new work of fiction, by Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, is well calculated to find favour with the more thinking and feeling portions of the community. Teeming, as it does, with the poetry of politics and the sublimities of religion, it stands on higher and more abstract grounds than mere conventionalities and utilitarianism. It is impossible to peruse the high aspirations and eloquent appeals of a revived antiquity, without a material benefit being derived to both heart and intellect. There is nothing worldly or sectarian in such a revival: the happiness of the whole human race—constantly placed in jeopardy by the conflicting interests of opposing creeds—is as much concerned in this glowing advocacy of a divine emancipation, as is the land of the Holy Sepulchre itself, the shrine before which opposing creeds alone meet in unison.

"Christendom," says Mr. Disraeli, "cares nothing for that tomb now; has, indeed, forgotten its own name, and calls itself enlightened Europe. But enlightened Europe is not happy. Its existence is a fever, which it calls progress. Progress to what?"

Young England, as represented by Sidonia, or Tancred, and Young Syria, as emblemized forth by the Druse Emir Fakreddeen, or Francis el Kazin, are in the same religious and political prostration. The native land of each, maintains a certain order of things, but in neither of which can an enduring principle be discerned. There is no such thing as a paramount religious truth; no such thing as a dominating political right; not even is social property safe or secure. If truth is in the established church, why does government support dissent? If the monarch has the right to govern, wherefore is he robbed of his prerogative? If the people are the state, why refuse to educate them? No; money is to be the cupel of their worth, as it is of all other classes. Their welfare is to be tested by the amount of their wages. The least ennobling of all impulses is proposed for their conduct. In nothing, consequently, whether it be religion, or government, or manners, sacred or political, or social life, do we find Faith paramount over Mammon; and if there is no Faith, no leading or divine principle, how can there be Duty? Happiness here below, and the futurity of a nation, are alike prostrated before the golden idol, that has been transferred from the plain of Dura to the great centres of a so-called civilisation.

Tancred, Lord Montacute, the representative of the philosophy of a new crusade, was the only and much-beloved son of the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont. Pale, handsome, tall, and graceful, with "dark brown hair, in those hyacinthine curls which Grecian poets have celebrated, and which Grecian sculptors have immortalised," clustering over his brow, there were marks of deep meditation on that fine countenance, which intimated indomitable will and an iron resolution.

After a college life, in which the young heir had taken the highest honours of his university, during which his moral behaviour had been immaculate, and his habits studious and retired, he had been emancipated by attaining his majority, and his doting parents looked forward with

* Tancred; or, the New Crusade. By B. Disraeli, M. P. Author of "Coningsby," "Sybil," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

impatience to their son's being at once installed in the usual matrimonial and parliamentary nonentity.

But Tancred was of a different order of mind. Six centuries before, the House of Montacute had sent a Tancred to Palestine, and the heir of that house had nurtured an enthusiastic desire to tread in his steps. His mind disturbed, instead of satisfied, by college studies, and perplexed by conflicting and opposing creeds, had imbibed the idea that, since the Creator had deigned to reveal himself to his creatures in only one land, that a country, sanctified by such intercourse and such events, must be endowed with marvellous and peculiar qualities, which man may not in all ages be competent to penetrate, but which, nevertheless, at all times exercise an irresistible influence upon the destiny. Tancred had resolved to go and kneel, as his ancestor had knelt before him, at the tomb of his Redeemer, and to lift up his voice to Heaven, and ask "What is DUTY, and what is FAITH?—what ought he to do, and what ought he to BELIEVE?"

It can be readily imagined that the announcement of this resolution from the heir-apparent and only child, caused infinite dismay in the bosom of his parents. He was lectured, but in vain. The son would not admit that the material or mental prosperity of this country was such as the father would represent it to be. He denied that a principle of good government or of action existed. He denied, indeed, this country's existence as a nation, and stigmatised it as a crowd of money-changers congregated in the great temple—the land that God had given them. The tutor was called and arraigned. The bishop (the right reverend prelate, who gave so much celebrity to his early career by standing sponsor to a reformation of the Irish Church, was the individual chosen,) was called in to convince the stubborn youth that the principles of religious truth as well as of political justice required no further investigation, at least by young marquisses. But Tancred averred that society which was once regulated by God, was now regulated by man, that he preferred divine to self-government, and that in this country the church did not possess the rule necessary to enforce duty. The interference of a practical man, Lord Eskdale, a relative, was next obtained. He recommended launching the young lord into society. Ridicule, he asserted, would often accomplish that which reason failed to effect.

The social experiences of Tancred were of rather a peculiar order. "A free Press," and "a servile Public" soon imparted publicity to all his movements. At first he blushed, but this soon went off. After the party at Coningsby Castle, our old friend Mrs. Guy Flouncey had succeeded in being asked to one of Lady Julian's assemblies. Mrs. Guy Flouncey was then not only in every list, but kept her own list. A tone that lingered in his ear, that of the Lady Constance Rawleigh, not only took our hero to *déjeuners* at Craven Cottage, but actually for a moment superseded the thought of that resolution which in his profound and steadfast temper, and his strong and fervent imagination, had assumed a sacred character. Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby were also there. Edith, whom we have only known in her girlhood, bred up to a life of great simplicity, had been taunted by the world, and she had learnt to retort. Her character had developed itself as a married woman, and Mrs. Coningsby had become the fashion; she was a wit as well as a beauty. The marriage had been a happy one.

- "With persons of a noble nature," says Mr. Disraeli, "the straitened for-

tunes which they share together, and manage and mitigate by mutual forbearance are more conducive to the sustenance of a high-toned and romantic passion than a luxurious and splendid prosperity."

But the Lady Constance had read the "Natural History of Creation" or of "chaos" as the author terms it, she believed we had been fishes, and were to be crows.

"What a spiritual mistress," exclaimed Tancred, as he recovered from his enchantment. "And yesterday I almost dreamed of kneeling with her at the Holy Sepulchre! I must get out of this city as quickly as possible—I cannot cope with its corruption."

Tancred's next experience is equally curious. A fair lady (apparently in the world of fashion, not the less to be loved because she happens to be wedded)—the Lady Bertie and Bellair wins his affections by her poetical sympathy with the proposed crusade. Tancred wavers; but he is saved by the discovery that her ladyship, instead of loving himself, poetry, and religion, really loves nothing but railroad shares.

These experiences confirmed the young lord in his original resolution. He had purchased a yacht and had hurried to Sidonia for introductions. This great man, at once the Metternich, the Rothschild, and the Palmerston of the day, gave audiences to a favoured few in Sequin Court. It was really awful to approach so much philosophy, so much power, and so much money in one man. The most profound conversation was interrupted by despatches from Berlin, bulletins of the state of the city, consols, and foreign funds. Sidonia gave to Tancred two letters, which opened the East to him.

A letter of introduction to Alonzo Lara, Spanish Prior, at the Convent of Terra Santa, at Jerusalem.

Most holy Father,—The youth who will deliver to you this is a pilgrim who aspires to penetrate the great Asian mystery. Be to him what you were to me; and may the God of Sinai, in whom we all believe, guard over you and prosper his enterprise!

SIDONIA.

London, May, 1845.

The other letter was written in Hebrew.

A letter of credit. To Adam Besso, at Jerusalem.

My good Adam,—If the youth who bears this requires advances, let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon, the king; and if he want more, let him have as much as would form the lion that is on the left; and so on through every stair of the royal seat. For all which will be responsible to you the child of Israel, who among the Gentiles is called

SIDONIA.

Tancred knelt and worshipped in solitude and silence at the holy tomb, but without effect. He was more fortunate in his visit to Bethany, where he became by accident acquainted with a handsome and most gifted young Jewess, Eya, the daughter of Besso. Eva taunted the young English lord for venerating the mother of God, and at the same time despising her race, and with his belief in the present state of the Hebrew race being penal and miraculous. "Suppose," suggests this fair female champion of her race, "the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify Jesus, what would become of the Atonement?"

The Emir Fakredeen, whose power had survived the fall of the house of Shehaab, and the political farce of appointing a Turkish governor for the Maronites, and a Turkish governor for the Druses—people who do not dwell apart, but side by side in the mountains—was foster-brother to the "Rose of Sharon," as Eva was more generally called. Besso, exiled with the Emir Beshir, had been restored by the influence of "Sido-

nia with Metternich," at the time that Young England founded a young Syria in the East; and Fakredeen dreamt of a Syrian kingdom, founded by the Druse, and Maronite, and Ansarian power united. With these views, he had projected a marriage with Astarte, Queen of the Ansarians, whose mother, according to Mr. Disraeli, was Suedia or Seleucia, and whose tribe are descendants of the Greeks of Antioch, and worship Apollo and Astarte in their mountain fastnesses. This is a truly Macedonian mode of unravelling a knotty question. Awaiting the progress of these events, Fakredeen resolved to make the young English nobleman a prisoner, that his ransom might pay for a large debt contracted to supply the mountaineers with muskets.

The youthful votary in the meantime, who, during his vigils at the sacred tomb, had received solace but not inspiration, had resolved in consequence of a conference he had held with the Spanish Prior Lara, to wend his way to Mount Sinai. "Sinai," the prior had said, "led to Calvary; it may be wise to trace your steps from Calvary to Sinai."

It was on his road thither, accompanied by a small escort, two English servants, and an experienced interpreter, Barroni, a name borne alike, says the author, "by old clothesmen, in London and khalifs of Baghdad," that Fakredeen puts his plot into execution. The Arabs of the Syrian desert were employed for this purpose, and although Tancred defended himself bravely, he was carried off a prisoner to the desert. The ransom demanded being one of great magnitude, Tancred was treated with every attention and respect, and the Arab sheikh even allowed him to fulfil his pilgrimage to Sindi, where he was favoured with a celestial vision, which bade him, not like his Saxon and Celtic brethren, persecute an Arabian race, from whom those very Saxons and Celts had obtained their laws of sublime benevolence, but to announce "the solacing doctrine of theocratic equality." "Power," said the spirit, "passes away, but ideas remain, for they are divine. The equality of man can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God."

On his return from Sinai, Tancred was laid up with a most serious illness, during which he was nursed by Eva, who had come to the desert to plead with Fakredeen and the sheikh for the liberty of their prisoner. Nor was Tancred detained after his restoration, but that accomplished, he repaired with the young emir, between whom and Tancred a strong friendship had sprung up, to the chieftain's palace in the mountains, where he was introduced to "young Syria." Thence he visited Astarte, the fair young Queen of the Ansarians, or Seleucians, who, falling in love with the noble Englishman, caused a rupture between himself and the Druse emir, and nearly entailed the death of Eva, who had been made a prisoner by the Ansarians when on her way to Aleppo. The Rose of Sharon was, however, saved by Fakredeen from the jealousy of the Ansarian queen, and Tancred had just discovered that heroic aspirations had been wasted, and noble energies thrown away, that he had been dreaming over an unattainable end, and that Eva was to him Arabia—his life and spirit—when the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont at Jerusalem was announced, and there is a sudden end to the "Asian Mystery." It is impossible to give any idea within a moderate space, of the poetry and the beauty that lingers on the steps of the crusader. Pity that this effect is marred by an abrupt and somewhat frivolous conclusion (no doubt a temporary one) and which is not for the time being, in keeping with the tone that pervades the rest of the work.

THE OPERA.

GARDONI is a lucky man, having shot up to the summit of celebrity, with a rapidity unprecedented. He is none of your steady clamberers up the hill of fame, who, planting firmly their hands and their knees against the side, at last secure the laurel which is growing so verdantly at the top. No, he comes to us unknown, just appears for a moment at the foot of the aforesaid hill, then there is a whiz, and a rush, and lo, we see Gardoni standing far above us, with the wreath gracefully twined around his brow, and a halo formed of the scintillations of the bright eyes which gaze upon him in admiration.

It is a fashion to admire certain people, artists and non-artists,—but here is a grand point—it is the fashion to be in love with Gardoni.

Hear this, all ye lady readers, as many of you as are not in love with Gardoni, are out of the mode. We grieve to be uncivil to those icy fair ones who see Gardoni unmoved, but justice compels us to class them with hair-powder and high-heeled shoes. Yes, oh fair peruser of the *New Monthly*, if that sweet voice of Gardoni, so unbroken in its course, so tender in its expression, doth not insinuate itself through the delicate recesses of thy snow-white ears, and so overflow thy heart, as to make thy soul float like Vishnu on the sea of eternity, upon the wondrous lake of Gardonian melody;—if, while so floating, thou dost not see on the borders of that lake fairy flowers growing, every one of them exhibiting the Gardonian face in some new aspect;—if, while looking to the sky above thee, thou dost not observe little silver clouds, fantastically assuming the Gardonian form;—if, when thou awakenest from that delicious reverie, the fascinator having finished his song and left the stage, thou dost not still catch traces of the departed one, so that the cupids in the frescoes of the boxes all become little sportive Gardonis;—if thou dost not go to all thy female acquaintance, and tell every one confidentially that Gardoni is “*Bello siccome un angelo*,”—and that he himself, not Sanchioli, is the “*spirto gentil*” whereof he singeth in *La Favorita*—then is the inexorable sentence of “*taboo*” pronounced against thee, and thou art a “*thing of nought*,” flapping thy wings wistfully without the pale of mundane existence.

Therefore let us advise thee, that thou may'st not come to plight so wretched:

Assume a *passion* if thou hast it not.

We cannot think that fate exactly smiled upon Fraschini. His malediction in *Lucia*, it is true, went off like a thunder clap, but he found the world full of the Gardoni voice and the Gardoni countenance. Now the Fraschini voice is very powerful, but no one would dream of comparing it with the Gardoni organ for melody, while, as every body knows, the Gardoni face is irreproachable. Fraschini gives his audience a good, strong shake, and they are excited, but they *talk* about Gardoni.

The fact is, there was a little domestic squabble between Mars and Venus, each of whom, saving Apollo's presence, claimed supremacy in the government of song. Mars, scowling awfully, selected Fraschini as the representative of a rude energy, and brought him in a heavy war-chariot to the Haymarket. Venus, prettily pouting, caught up Gardoni as the symbol of amatory softness, and placed him on a roseate cloud, destined to carry him to the same spot. The chariot rumbled awfully over the brazen vault of heaven, but the light cloud was swifter in its course, and first deposited its burden. Thus was the first move gained by the Paphian goddess.

Let all greet on her return the beautiful and lady-like Castellan, who

has the finest feeling in the world for the *nuances* of sentiment and emotion, and is termed cold by those who are not delicate enough to interpret her conceptions. Observe her at not too great distance, mark the innocency which, as a garment, is cast about her Amina, mark the calm sorrow which sets into the heart of the young Lucia. All is so refined—so unexaggerated—so *nice*. Then her voice is magnificent, and her execution at once daring and finished.

How Rosati has come out in this new ballet of *Thea*! Never was a more perfect combination of scenic magnificence and poetical dancing. In *Coralia* Rosati was making a kind of gradual success, people applauded, but they were in no hurry with their plaudits. The words “finish” and “grace” were on their lips, but the movement from the thought to the hands was not rapid. “This will not do,” said Rosati—therefore, directly she had a new *ballet*, she put her best foot foremost, and she made such a display of brilliant steps before the occupants of the astonished stalls, that they did not know what had happened to them. Was ever seen such a “variation” as that which got two—yes, two *encores*? We will, if possible, give a notion of it. Let the right foot be before the left foot at the same moment that the left foot is before the right; let this process be gone through some six times, and lo, the problem is solved. Our readers probably think that the feat is impossible. So did we till we saw it done, but now if we do not believe that each of Rosati’s feet was before the other at the same instant, may we never believe that the god Krishna was found in sixty thousand places in the same dot of time, nor that the wonderful Rajah gave chase to the frightened earth, and stood upon the same during the whole course of the proceeding.

But if Rosati can put both her feet on the same point in the same moment, she has also a mysterious art of having a series of distinct personages. That figure that looked so languishing, and joined its drooping hands, was Carlotta Grisi, we are convinced—that flying form which traversed the stage with a few broad bounds was most assuredly Lucile Grahn—that spinning nymph, who astounded by her circumvolutions, could not possibly be other than Cerito. And yet, when they stop, and show the small features, and the little piercing black eyes, we see that they are all Rosati. These things are miracles.

It is all very well, Mr. Lumley, but if you pick up people of this kind, you will soon give us a marvellously small company. If you can get an artist who is three *danseuses* at once, you may next find a singer, who can alone accomplish a quartet, and, perhaps, a chorus into the bargain. Then will be a reign of the Monad with a vengeance.

Now we defy any body to go over the world of piquancy, and find any thing more *piquant* than Marie Taglioni. In *Thea* she is the queen of flowers—and did ever a more comical face peer through a hedge, and laugh at some wandering knight. Then that hair combed back in Chinese fashion, which so funnily terminates the *fiute*, and makes the face so prettily prominent! Stick to that mode of head-dress, dear juvenile Marie—be not tempted into ringlets, or French curls, or any other generalities. Thou hast a characteristic in that style, thou embodied spirit of unconsciousness, who doest such feats, and art not aware of thine own value—thou hast a characteristic, so that whenever that head appears, a whisper of, “Here she comes,” goes round the boxes. The whole house has a kind of paternal affection for thee—the audience regard thee with a peculiar sentiment. Thy coming is an event of delight. Ay, indeed, thou madest us forget to mind the appearance of Colletti, who comes to us as a first-rate baritone. But we forgive thee—so farewell.

LITERATURE.

GEORGE LOVELL.*

"GEORGE LOVELL," a novel, by James Sheridan Knowles, partakes largely, as might have been anticipated, of the beauties and of the faults of the author's well-known dramatic genius. There is the same heartiness which has never failed to command interest; there is the same intensity; the same earnestness and genial nature; the same exaltation of purity and indignant detestation of vice, which characterise all the author's writings; but there is no refinement of plot or construction; no relief of either humour or wit; and what is peculiarly and pre-eminently characteristic of the individual, is, that the whole story is rather made up of abstractions than realities. Beauty and goodness, villany and chivalry, confiding credulity and good-natured honesty, uneducated educability and parently pliancy, are all in similar excess; and, above all, passionate love overcomes obstacles, and breaks away from circumstances, in a manner which belongs only to the poetic world, and has no existence in actual society. Young sons of rich merchants do not fall in love with maids, as beautiful even as Phœbe, on first stepping out of their father's home, nor do they remain for weeks in hotels without inquiries being instituted after them: men of fashion do not force their infamous confessions upon the first travellers they meet; nor do fathers sympathise so wondrously with their sons' fancies in matters of this kind. Indeed, throughout, the prominent feeling is that the story and events are alike improbable, in the ordinary sense; and while it is impossible not to be warmed into enthusiasm, and to have all our more generous nature roused, by the earnestness and intensity of the author, still the stern conviction remains that the medium for the display of such moral heroism was ill-chosen, and that the subject upon whom such fine poetic painting has been lavished, and who can inspire and herself entertain such high-souled passion, is in the sad experience of life, a creation that does not harmonise with existing or contemporary probabilities.

But, apart from these slight deficiencies in the choice of subject, it is long since novel-readers have had a story so poetically conceived, so eloquently told, so rapturously worked up, as "George Lovell." It is the essence of poetry in prose—all feeling, all beauty, all ardour, in utter disregard of conventionalisms; all profligacy, all villany, all infamy, without a halt at the threshold of consistency. Mr. Knowles throws himself so into his story, makes himself so eager an advocate for the purity of his heroine, and so stern a reprobater of the villainies of his "men of fashion," that you feel as if you must stand convicted of poetical treason, if you ventured for a moment to doubt the idealised extreme of either the one or the other.

George Lovell, a home-educated youth, son of a rich jeweller, and ignorant of the world and its ways, is made to fall in love with a beautiful girl, who has been forced to fly from a milliner's shop, in London, by the persecutions of a man of fashion, on the very first journey that he takes away from parental care.

The fair and immaculate object of his love is an orphan, ignorant even

* George Lovell. A Novel. By James Sheridan Knowles, Author of "Virgilius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback," &c. 3 vols. Edward Moxon.

of the name and condition of her parents. An aged and poverty-stricken nurse cannot afford her an asylum, and she is obliged to act temporarily as a maid at the inn. Here the infamous pander to the man of fashion, traces, or rather accidentally discovers, the fugitive, and George has to rescue her from the hands of pollution. He is in consequence involved in a duel and wounded. Once re-established in health, and his affection deepened in intensity by the refined and delicate conduct of the maid, George places her at school, where her progress astonishes all her companions and her teachers, and will not fail even to astonish the reader. So marvellous a maid even makes the "professor of dancing" forget himself, and a momentary estrangement takes place on George's part, from his arriving at an unfortunate moment, when the said "professor" was in the act of worshipping at this shrine of beauty and accomplishments. George has informed his parents of his passion, and seeing Phœbe, they also become at once attached to so much goodness and virtue, and introduce her into society, where the effect produced is as with all antecedents, surpassing. This happy progress is, however, interrupted by the arrival of a supposed father, who is himself entangled with the profligate agent of the man of fashion. This imaginary father claims Phœbe, and removes her from school, while the profligate claims the fair girl from her assumed parent, under threats of excommunication and punishment, till the man of fashion detecting the double-dealing of his agent, a murderous duel is the result. In the meantime, George, assisted by the fine, old, manly citizen—a real jewel of a father—arrives once more to the rescue of his paragon, sought for by so many, but ultimately won by the most deserving, and whose real parent is at the same time discovered in the person of a family friend, a man of honour and respectability.

The excellencies of George Lovell do not, however, as before said, lie so much in the design as in the idealised and dreamy beauty with which Phœbe and George are invested, and in the sentiment and passion that breathes throughout. The book is, indeed, full of noble and charming passages. It is the soul of poetry poured into two idealised characters, etherealising their spirit, subliming their nature, and fitting them to be, what they only can be, the beautiful creations of fiction and fancy.

SIMON LORD LOVAT, AND DUNCAN FORBES, OF CULLODEN.*

AT the same time that the contrast between the two biographies contained in this interesting volume is replete with wisdom, each memoir is so touched with the character of the times, as to possess its own peculiar interest and to convey its own lesson and its own moral. The able biographer has made most excellent use of the contrast afforded between the wily Fraser and the straightforward Forbes; and if he has given precedence to the life of the lord of Castle Dounie, it has not been on account of moral superiority, but because it presented more prominent topics for the biographer's pen. The life of Lord Lovat is one, indeed, of the most remarkable character and varied incidents. At one time a laced courtier moving in the first circles of society, the Highland chieftain was at another flying from castle to island, and from cave to tree. Uniting the loyal Presbyterian

* Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes, of Culloden. From original Sources. By John Hill Burton, Advocate, author of the "Life of David Hume." London: Chapman and Hall.

Whig with the Catholic Jacobite, he was by turns a soldier, a statesman, and chieftain of a clan, and he terminated his varied career on the block.

The life of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, does not present so much varied incident; but it possesses the higher charm of a career of honourable integrity and legal humanity in the most trying times. A few more such choice examples of biography as the "Life of George Canning," the "Life of Mozart," and Mr. Burton's volume, all of which have appeared in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's series, and our national literature will no longer stand behind that of the continent in the cultivation of one of its highest branches.

• THE OUTCAST PROPHET.*

IF Mr. Sleigh, in his literary-militant career, has not acquired all the refined art, and combined skill and taste necessary to produce a first-rate work of fiction, he has an advantage on his side which the professed novelist has not always at command, which is abundance of material. The fact is that this remote fort of Ontario, with its gruff commandant and pretty daughters, the scapegrace Reginald, and that character essential to all backwood stories, "Job Wisp," have entertained us infinitely. As to the bishop and the heroine his daughter there is less to say. Whatever may be the errors of religious enthusiasm, they are not fit subjects for irreverent frivolity. But talk of fights with Indians, here they are blown up by barrels of gunpowder, and as to everesting trails, here they are carried off the snow, from branch to branch across the pathless forest! Then we have the journey to Virginia, and the "Outcast Prophet," an original and peculiar character, full of interest. Other novels of the month may be more ambitious in their themes and more gorgeous in their execution, but Mr. Sleigh's work is the most amusing, and it is very questionable if that is not the most legitimate province of fiction.

• THE FORTUNES OF COLONEL TORLOUGH O'BRIEN.†

A STORY overflowing with that succession of fun, incident, and pathos, which has almost identified itself with the literature of Ireland, as if that were its native country. When it is intimated that the "Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien" is first-rate among a class, which stands itself first among the legitimate products of the realms of fiction; and that it is as profusely, as it is ably, illustrated: as much is said, as it is almost possible to say, in a few words, in its favour.

• THE STANDARD NOVELISTS.*

MR. HURST, of King William Street, has commenced, under the above title, the publication of a series of works of fiction which, by their cheapness and excellence combined, are well deserving of favour. Two beautiful volumes, handsomely bound and illustrated, have been already issued. One is devoted to Horace Smith's admirable novel, "Arthur Arundel;" the other to Mr. Gleig's story of military adventure, "The Hussar." Both these stories are classical in the domain of fiction, and if the series is generally so well chosen, there can be no doubt of an immense success.

* The Outcast Prophet. A Novel. By W. Arthur Sleigh, Esq., 77th Regiment. 3 vols. London: T. C. Newby.

† The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien: a Tale of the Wars of King James. With Illustrations, by Habet K. Browne. James M'Glashan, Dublin.

THE STORY OF LILLY DAWSON.*

THE story of "*Susan Hopley*" at once raised its authoress, Mrs. Crowe, into the first rank of domestic novelists, and "*Lilly Dawson*" has sustained the pre-eminence so deservedly gained. It is the story of a child who, saved from a wreck boarded by smugglers, was educated in ignorance and toil, without knowledge of her parentage, by a ruffianly crew, who, to preserve her in their power, wish when she has grown up to woman's estate, to effect a compulsory marriage. Lilly, however, escaped as the companion of a blind beggar, became a nursery-maid, and then a milliner's apprentice in the great metropolis, and finally an attendant upon an invalid officer, who turned out to be her lost parent. It is, however, in the consummate art with which a character itself not very prepossessing is invested with interest, in the power with which the gradual awakening of sense and intellect, from the prostration of servitude and tyranny is portrayed, and in the life and character which is impressed upon each accessory character, rather than in the mere incident and narrative, that lie the chief merits of this truly clever and able performance. It belongs to that class of story which, since the days of Fielding and Richardson, has been the most enduring of all works of fiction.

THE WIDOW OF CHARLES HOOTON.

IN the notice given last month of the death of a valued contributor to these pages—the gifted poet and author, Mr. Charles Hooton—it will be seen that his career, cut off in the incipient years of its utility, had been of that desultory, wandering character, which, however it may enrich the mind with new ideas, and help the intellect to cast off those prejudices which, in the majority of cases, clog it for life, was by no means adapted to ensure an early competency. Taken away at the very time when the practical application of wisdom and experience, never obtained without some loss or expense, would have begun to be of avail to him and his; we regret to have to announce that he has left behind him a bereaved widow and a little daughter about five years of age, without any resources whatsoever. An instance in which charity and benevolence could be more humanely exercised, very seldom presents itself, and these are virtues which more than any others characterise and adorn the happy land we live in. Mrs. Hooton, we believe, wishes to earn an honourable livelihood for herself and for the poet's orphan, by setting up a small school. The pittance to enable the bereaved lady to accomplish this act of parental solicitude, will not, we feel well assured, be asked in vain.

We are compelled to postpone our notices of—1. *Adventures of the Connaught Rangers*, from 1808 to 1814, by W. Grattan, Esq. 2 vols. 2. *The Jesuit in the Family*: a tale, by A. Steinmetz. 3. *Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters*, by the Rev. A. J. Gregg. 4. *Geological Excursions in the Isle of Wight*, by G. A. Mantell, Esq., LL.D., &c. 5. *Outlines of Structural and Physiological Botany*, by A. Hentley, F.L.S., &c. 6. *The Boy's Autumn Book*, by Thomas Miller. 7. *The Boy's Winter Book*, by Thomas Miller. 8. *Observations on Hydropathy*, by Dr. Bushan. 9. *The Pilgrim of India, an Eastern Tale, and other Poems*, by James Hutchinson, Esq. 10. *The Vision of Peace*, by the Rev. W. J. Edge. 11. *The Black Prophet*, by W. Carleton, being No. 1 of the Parlour Library. 12. *The first volume of Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy*, by Thomas Roscoe, in Bohn's Standard Library. 13. *The second volume of the Select Writings of Robert Chambers*. 14. *Four parts of the Chronicles of the Bastille*. 15. *Part I. of Dr. Robertson's Treatise on Diet and Regimen*. 16. *The first number of a Popular Atlas of the World*, by James Wyld. 17. *A Comprehensive Tune book*, by H. L. Cauntlett. 18. *Part I. of Diseases of the Millon*, by Dr. J. Jeffray.

* *The Story of Lilly Dawson*. By Mrs. Crowe, authoress of the "*Adventures of Susan Hopley*," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

